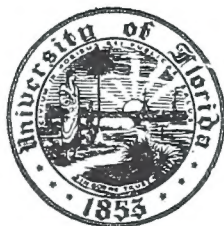
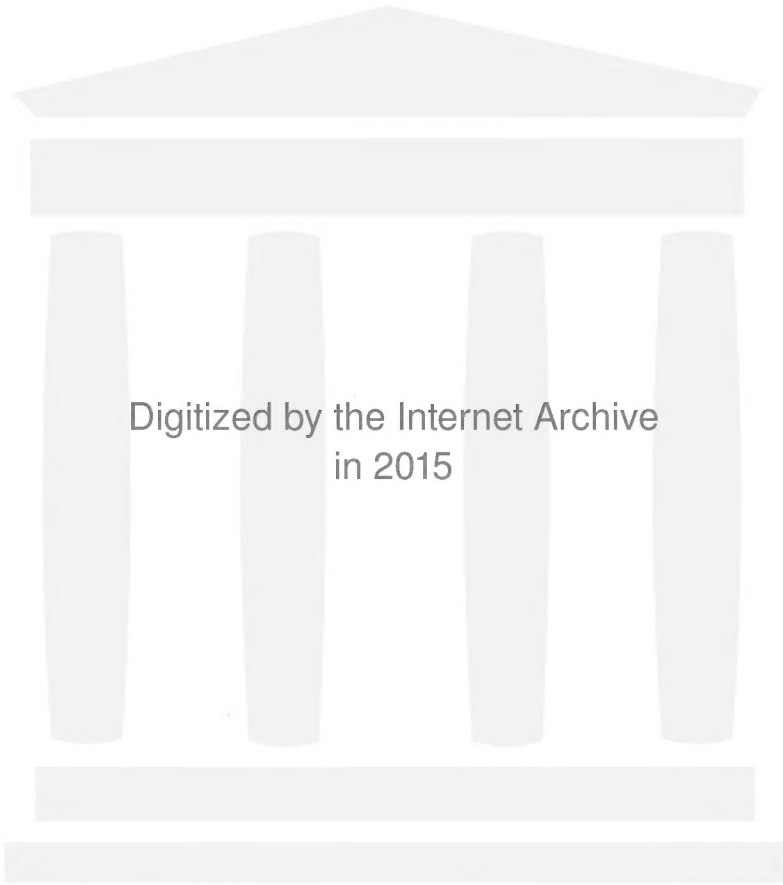


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VOLUME X.

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RICHMOND, VA.:

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society.

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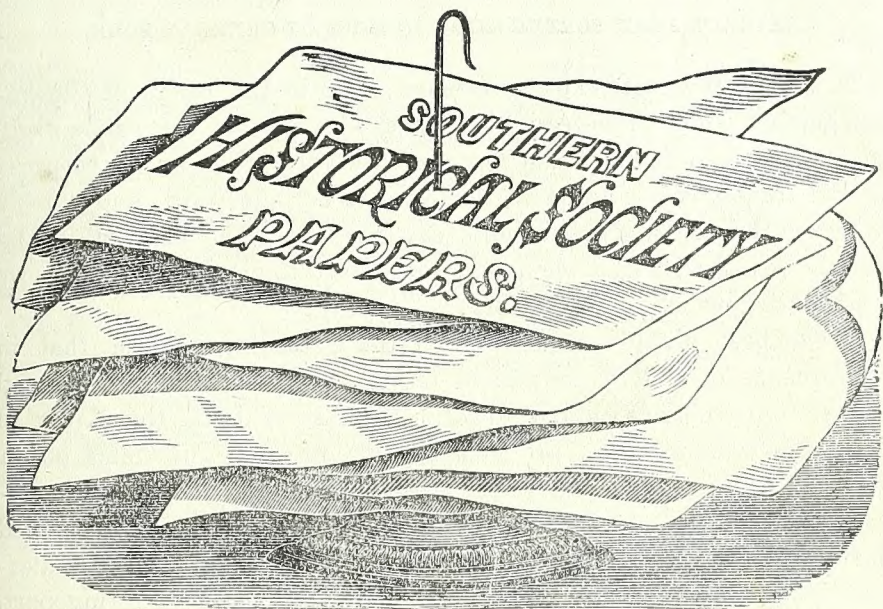
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The Battle of Chickamauga—Letter from Captain W. N. Polk.

To the Editor of the Southern Historical Society Papers :

SIR,—Will you kindly give a place to the following account of the Chickamauga campaign. It is an extract from a work shortly to be given to the public, "The Life of Leonidas Polk," and as such may possess some historical interest. The occasion of my request is an address upon the Campaign and Battle of Chickamauga, made by Colonel Archer Anderson, in your city, and recently published in your journal. This battle is one about which there has been from the first a great deal of controversy. The close of the war and the dire necessities pressing upon all Confederates, buried such questions for a time, and perhaps it is a mistake to revive them now; but history is being written, and articles such as Colonel Anderson's will exercise no light influence upon the compilers. The paragraphs to which we ask special attention are those that cover the movements of Generals Crittenden and Polk on September 12th and 13th, and those describing the formation of General Bragg's line of battle on September 20th, together with such as dwell upon the efforts made to correct the errors of that formation.

EXTRACT FROM FORTHCOMING MEMOIR OF GENERAL POLK.

In tracing the part taken by General Polk in the battle of Chickamauga, and which of necessity embraces a survey of the battle itself, we are deprived of an official report of the part taken by his corps, as he was transferred to a distant command soon afterward, and unable to secure reports from subordinate commanders. The material left by him, however, with what we have been enabled to procure, will do, as we trust, entire justice to his memory.

It has been already mentioned in the preceding chapter that in consequence of a flank movement on the right, and the threatened danger to its communications towards the last of June, the Army of Tennessee was put in retreat from Shelbyville and Tullahoma on or toward Chattanooga. The retreat was effected with slight or inconsiderable loss in men and transportation, and Chattanooga was occupied during the days of the first week of July. Polk's corps, except Anderson's brigade of Withers's division, which was ordered to Bridgeport, where the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad crosses the Tennessee river, for purposes of observation, was retained in and around Chattanooga, and Hardee's corps was distributed along the line of the Knoxville railroad, with Tyner's station as its centre, General Bragg establishing the army headquarters at Chattanooga. The work of fortifying was begun and prosecuted for some weeks, during which the army seemed to await the development of the enemy's plans.

Beyond reconnoissances in some force at Bridgeport, and at the mouth of Battle creek, the enemy made no demonstration until the 21st of August, when he succeeded in covering the town of Chattanooga with his artillery from the heights overlooking the Tennessee river and the town. This bombardment of our position, which was intended as a demoralizing *coup de main*, had the more pregnant significance of an announcement that the enemy's plans were completed, and were about being put in active operation. The effect of the bombardment was the official evacuation of the place to points beyond range outside, and the withdrawal of stores to points of convenience on the railroad to the rear, and the withdrawal of Anderson's brigade from Bridgeport.

On the 26th, or 27th of August, or some five or six days after the surprise of Chattanooga, Burnside's advance into East Tennessee was announced by the presence of his cavalry in the vicinity of Knoxville, and Major-General Buckner received orders to evacuate Knoxville, and occupy Loudon. In consequence of a demonstration, it is said, by

a portion of Rosecrans's army at Blythe's ferry, on the Tennessee river, opposite the mouth of the Hiwassee, he was ordered to fall back from Loudon to Charleston, and soon after to the vicinity of Chattanooga. Pending these movements above, which were to give East Tennessee to the Federals, not only for occupation, but for coöperation with Rosecrans in his designs upon Chattanooga and the Army of Tennessee, Rosecrans was not idle below. On Tuesday morning, September 1st, citizens living near Caperton's ferry reported that the enemy was crossing the Tennessee river in force at that point (Caperton's ferry); that on Saturday, the 29th August, three days before, a Federal cavalry force had forded the river at some shallows above to the south side, had proceeded down the river to Caperton's, and in conjunction with another force, appearing contemporaneously on the opposite shore, had thrown a pontoon bridge across the river; and that the enemy commenced immediately to cross in force, and had been crossing for three days, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and were moving across Sand mountain in the direction of Wills's valley and Trenton. This story, regarded at army headquarters as incredible, was soon after confirmed by reports of the occupation of Trenton by the enemy's cavalry, and its advance up the Wills Valley railroad in the direction of Chattanooga as far as Wahatchie, within seven miles, as a covering force to the advance of its infantry columns on Trenton.

In order to understand this movement of Rosecrans, and subsequent operations, a topographical view is necessary.

Chattanooga is situated on the Tennessee river at the mouth of Chattanooga valley—a valley following the course of the Chattanooga creek, and formed by Lookout mountain and Missionary ridge. East of Missionary ridge, and running parallel with it, is another valley—Chickamauga valley—following the course of Chickamauga creek, which, with the Chattanooga creek, discharges its waters into the Tennessee river—the first above and the latter below the town of Chattanooga, and has with it a common source in McLemore's cove, the common head of both valleys, and formed by Lookout mountain on the west, and Pigeon mountain on the east. Wills's valley is a narrow valley lying to the west of Chattanooga, formed by Lookout mountain and Sand mountain, and traversed by a railroad which takes its name from the valley, and which, reaching from the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad where the latter crosses the valley, has its present terminus at Trenton, and future as Tuscaloosa, Alabama. The distance of Bridgeport from Chattanooga is twenty-eight miles, of Caperton's ferry about forty, and of Trenton something over twenty. Ringgold is

eighteen miles from Chattanooga, on the Georgia State road, and Dalton some forty, at the point where the Georgia State road connects with the East Tennessee railroad. Rome is sixty-five miles southwest of Chattanooga on Coosa river, at the point of confluence of the Etowah and Estanalah. The wagon road from Chattanooga to Rome, known as the Lafayette road, crosses Missionary ridge into Chickamauga valley at Roseville, and proceeding in a southwesterly direction, crosses Chickamauga creek eleven miles from Chattanooga, at Lee and Gordon's mills, and passing to the east of Pigeon mountain, goes through Lafayette—distant some twenty-two miles from Chattanooga—and Summerville within twenty-five miles of Rome. From Caperton's ferry there is a road leading over Sand mountain into Wills's valley at Trenton, and from Trenton to Lafayette and Dalton, over Lookout mountain, through Cooper's and Stevens's gaps, into McLemore's cove, and over Pigeon mountain by Dug gap. The road from Trenton, following Will's valley, exposed by easy communications, Rome, and through it Western Georgia and Eastern Alabama, with easy access to the important central positions, Atlanta and Selma.

The General commanding believing a flanking movement to be the purpose of the enemy in his movements on the left, ordered Lieutenant-General Hill on Monday, September 7th, to move with his corps to Lafayette, and General Polk to Lee and Gordon's mill, and Major-General Buckner, with the Army of East Tennessee, and Major-General Walker, with his division from the Army of Mississippi, to concentrate at Lafayette, and Brigadier-General Pegram to cover the railroad with his cavalry. These dispositions having been made of the Confederate forces, Major-General Crittenden, commanding the left wing of Rosecrans's army, which had not moved with the right and centre, but had been left in the Sequatchie valley, crossed the Tennessee river at the mouth of Battle creek, and moved upon Chattanooga. Major-General McCook, commanding the right wing, was thrown forward to threaten Rome, and the corps of Major-General Thomas was put in motion over Lookout mountain, in the direction of Lafayette.

In view of the situation of the enemy, as above given, General Polk suggested to the attention of the Commanding General the opportunity offered of striking Rosecrans in detail. A force was thrown forward into McLemore's cove, but the movement was inadequate, and by no means equal to the magnitude or the consequences suspended on its success. Various causes have been assigned for its failure, but among the best informed it is set down to the score of the limited scale on which it was planned.

Hindman's division had been detached from General Polk's corps, and under direct orders from army headquarters was to make this movement under its supervision. General Polk was assigned a position where he could protect Hindman against Crittenden.

The force approaching the cove was known to be a portion, if not the whole, of Thomas's corps, much the largest in the opposing army.

A reference to General Bragg's official report will show that during the 9th of September it was ascertained a column of the enemy, estimated variously from four thousand to eight thousand strong, had crossed Lookout mountain and reached the cove, by way of Stevens's and Cooper's gaps, this body doubtless being the advance of a corps then known to be opposite the cove, on the other side of the mountain.

Hindman was ordered to move at midnight of the 9th September, and be in position as early as practicable to attack the enemy at the cove. Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill, whose forces were in the direction of Lafayette, was ordered to move at the same time, with Cleburne's division, across Pigeon mountain, by way of Dug's and Collit's gaps, to unite with Hindman and take charge of the forces. Timber felled by the enemy impeded Hill's march through Dug's gap to such an extent that Buckner was directed, at 8 A. M. on the 10th September, to move Preston's and Stewart's commands to Hindman's support and supply Hill's place. Hindman got into position early on the morning of the 10th. Buckner followed without delay, but owing to the distance was unable to reach Hindman until about half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon—rather late for the accomplishment of the object in view on that day.

While these movements were going on Negley's division of the opposing forces advanced to within a mile of Dug's gap, Baird's moved up to within supporting distance, leaving Reynold's and Brannan's still to the west of the mountain.

By daylight of the 11th September Cleburne had forced his way through the felled timber of Dug's gap, and was ready to respond to Hindman's attack,* but being uncertain of his position, did not attack, and Negley, realizing the peril of his position, withdrew with Baird, about 10 A. M. to a secure position at the foot and sides of the mountain, and foiled the manœuvre planned by the Commanding General of the Army of Tennessee.

Thomas had escaped, but Crittenden, in the direction of Ringgold,

* General Hindman's reasons for not attacking at daylight are given in his report, now in the archives of the Southern Historical Society.

was isolated. It was believed throughout the army that a prompt movement on the part of General Bragg in the direction of Chattanooga would have intercepted and crushed him. But the attention of the Commanding General was fixed on McCook, who had crossed Lookout mountain to the south of Lafayette, and thrown a column of observation northward to feel for his enemy.

McCook's column of observation having approached Lafayette, gave General Bragg the impression that a heavy force threatened him from that quarter. He therefore concentrated his strength at Lafayette, and Crittenden pursued his way unmolested.

On the morning of the 12th of September the nature of McCook's movement having been ascertained, attention was turned to Crittenden; as the Confederate army was not then pressed by either Thomas or McCook, its prompt movement to Chattanooga was feasible, and would have resulted in his capture. The movement was not made; what was done we shall now mention.

At 10 A. M. on the 12th September General Polk was instructed to proceed with the divisions of Cheatham and Walker, *and take position at Rock Spring*. Hindman's division was to follow as early as practicable.*

Rock Spring, on a road leading from Ringgold to Lafayette, is about twelve miles from Lafayette to the north, about seven from Ringgold, to the southwest, and about four and a half from Gordon's mill to the southeast.† It marks the intersection of roads from Ringgold, Peavine church and Gordon's mill, and it was along these roads that Crittenden was believed to be advancing. Such was General Polk's information from the Commanding General and from the cavalry in his front.

General Polk's orders were to attack at daylight on the 13th September. After having placed Cheatham's and Walker's divisions so as to cover all anticipated approaches, General Polk at 8 P. M. of the same day sent a dispatch to General Bragg, in which he gave a disposition of the forces under him, made a suggestion as to the protection of his left flank, and other details.

Hindman arrived about dawn, his division was at once placed in line, Polk was ready, but there was no enemy; reconnoissances were made without avail on the roads upon which he was expected. Gen-

* This division, marching from its position near Dug's gap, reached Lafayette about dark on the 12th, and started for Rock Spring about 9 the same evening.

† These measurements taken from a map prepared by Major-General Tower to show movements of Federal armies.

The Battle of Chickamauga.

eral Bragg now came upon the field, and the situation was reported to him by General Polk.

A reference to General Crittenden's report of the part taken by his corps in the battle of Chickamauga will show where the opposing forces really were.

Wood had been sent to Gordon's mills on the 11th September. Crittenden, with VanClevess's and Palmer's Divisions, on the morning of the 12th of September, moved from Ringgold in a westerly direction, crossed the Chickamauga and marched directly to Gordon's mills, where his corps was concentrated on the evening of the same day (September 12). So that the expected enemy from the direction of Ringgold and Peavine church, which was to be attacked at Rock Spring at daylight on the 13th September, had reached Gordon's mills on the preceding evening, thus placing himself behind the Chickamauga, covering his line of retreat, and securing his communications with Thomas. The Commanding General had ordered Polk's movement just twelve hours late. See Rebel Record, volume 7, page 526.

General Bragg, in his official report of the battle of Chickamauga, charges General Polk with the failure to crush Crittenden's forces in their isolated position at Ringgold. It will be noted, however, that General Polk was ordered to take position at a particular spot—Rock Spring—thence, if not attacked, to advance by daylight of the 13th September, and assume the offensive against the opposing forces which were expected from the direction of Ringgold. But Crittenden was at Gordon's mill behind the Chickamauga on the evening of the 12th September; the order simply was impracticable. There was no enemy, save scouting cavalry, in Polk's front, as General Bragg, who was on the ground at the time, was able to ascertain from personal observation; and the manœuvre failed, not by a fault of a subordinate in neglecting to carry out a specific order, which, being fulfilled, relieved him of responsibility, but the failure was due to the fact that the alertness and celerity of the enemy, although not remarkable in its way, overmatched the movements of the General commanding the Army of Tennessee.

Although these movements on the part of General Bragg to destroy fractions of the enemy's force, were without effect, it might be supposed they would at least serve as warnings to Rosecrans, but the several corps of the army under him were still far apart, and General Bragg was aware of it. In the official report made by General D. H. Hill, of the part taken by his command in the battle of Chickamauga, he mentions that General Bragg stated at a council of officers held on,

the morning of the 14th of September, that McCook was at Alpine, Thomas in McLemore's cove and Crittenden at Lee and Gordon's mills. The Federal right, therefore, was separated from its left by about forty miles, in a straight line, with a mountain of difficult passage intervening. The Confederate force, at the time, could have been thrown upon either corps."

Rosecrans finally seems to have abandoned the vain imaginings with which he had been possessed, that Bragg was in disorderly retreat, and to have awakened to a sense of the peril of his divided and weakened forces against such masses as the Confederates possibly might move against him. He therefore retired Crittenden to the foot of Missionary ridge, and directed McCook to close on Thomas at Stevens's gap. On the 17th of September these three corps were within supporting distance of each other.

Moving up carefully, General Bragg succeeded by the night of the 17th of September in placing the army in position upon the east side of the Chickamauga, its line extending from McLemore's cove on the left to Reed's bridge on the right; its centre, commanded by General Polk, resting about Lee and Gordon's mills. The Federal army lay along the west side of the stream, its corps in easy supporting distance, the right in the cove, its left at Lee and Gordon's mills, while the reserve corps (Granger's) rested at Rossville; reached that point on the 14th, moving from Bridgeport.

In view of the tempting and magnificent opportunity now offered to the Confederate General, with the army of Rosecrans before him, General Polk proposed a strong demonstration be made at Lee and Gordon's mills. Under cover of that feint the remainder of the army should march rapidly by the right flank as far as Reed's bridge and fords near there, and, having crossed Chickamauga creek and valley, should move at right angles to the Lafayette and Chattanooga road, by that means closing the exit of the opposing forces from the valley in the direction of Chattanooga.

The movement could have been met by the Virginia troops now arriving at Ringgold, and would have effectually imprisoned the Federal army in McLemore's cove, barred its communication with Chattanooga, and placed it in the power of the Confederate General.

This movement, which might have been executed on the night of the 17th of September and morning of the 18th, was unquestionably that upon which General Bragg had determined. In making it, however, the crossing was effected at points too near Lee and Gordon's mills—the enemy's left.

By nightfall of the 18th of September General Bragg had placed Hood's and Walker's commands, with Forrest's cavalry, to the west of the creek, covering the bridges and fords by which he intended to cross the remainder of the army on the following day.

Forrest was at Alexander's bridge, Walker half a mile in front of him, Hood in front of Tedford's ford, about nine hundred yards east of the Chattanooga road, while Buckner held Byron's and Thedford's fords. Polk and Hill were opposite Lee and Gordon's and Glass's mills, and during the day had been making demonstrations against the forces at these points in order to cover the movements just noted.

Pending these movements Rosecrans, perceiving Bragg's purpose, shifted his line further down the stream. Retaining Crittenden at Lee and Gordon's mills, he moved McCook near Bond's spring, and Thomas was directed to pass to the rear of Crittenden and take position near Kelly's house, on the Lafayette and Chattanooga road, nearly opposite Reed's bridge (see map 1 of the series).

Thomas succeeded by dawn of the 19th of September in placing Brannan's and Baird's divisions in position.

The ground upon which the shock of arms was imminent is undulating and gradually rising from the stream to the State road from Lafayette to Chattanooga. It was at the time covered in the main with dense undergrowth, interspersed with oak and pine timber, with here and there small cultivated fields.

BATTLE OF THE NINETEENTH.

At dawn on the 19th of September, the Confederate demonstration at Lee and Gordon's mills, and Glass's mill, was resumed with a view of holding the enemy in their position at those points.

In order to complete the left of the Confederate line, Buckner now took position to the left of Hood, Buckner's left resting on the stream some fifteen hundred yards from Lee and Gordon's mills.

Cheatham, who had been detached from General Polk's command during the previous night, crossed Hunt's ford about 7 A. M., and took post in the rear of Walker's position of the day previous, from which Walker had moved to take post on Hood's right.

Forest, under orders direct from army headquarters, moved at dawn with Pegram's division to reconnoitre in the direction of the roads leading west from Reed's bridge, and struck a brigade that had gone out in like observation, under direction of General Thomas. Forrest, with characteristic promptness, attacked the brigade and opened the

battle, unexpectedly to General Bragg, who was under the impression that the enemy's left was at Lee and Gordon's mills, where he had expected to assail and turn it.

But Rosecrans had judiciously thrust his left beyond the Confederate right to an advantageous position, which enabled him not only to cover his line to Chattanooga, but to assault the Confederate right, with the expectation of crushing it in the bed of the Chickamauga.

Thomas was honored with command of this assault, and strove with a will to achieve it. With Brennan's and Baird's Divisions he bore down heavily against Forrest until the latter, who seldom asked for aid, appealed to Walker for relief. Ector's and Wilson's brigades speedily responded, and with this light force the gallant cavalry chief stayed the tide of battle. The check was temporary. Bragg dispatched the remainder of Walker's command to his support. Its timely onset about 11:30 A. M., again placed advantage with the White and Red.

The divisions of Johnston, Palmer and Reynolds now came into Federal line, to the right of Brennan's and Baird's, and pushing against the left flank of Walker whilst he was forcing back the latter two divisions, threatened his capture. Walker skilfully extricated his command from the danger involved, and slowly withdrew it.

It was now about 1 P. M. It appeared Thomas would accomplish his design of driving the Confederate right to the stream. But Cheatham had been ordered to Walker's support. He formed his division to the left and rear of Walker, in two lines, across the road from Alexander's bridge, and moving steadily up to Thomas's exultant divisions, struck their exposed right, and threw them back in disorder.

General Polk, who had remained with Hindman to press the demonstration at Lee and Gordon's mills, received orders at noon to withdraw Hindman's division as early as practicable, move it across the stream, and assume command of the operations in progress on the right. After having issued the necessary orders to Hindman, he rode at once to the scene of conflict, which he reached just as Cheatham was moving forward to the assault we have already mentioned. From a reconnoissance of the position, necessarily brief, he formed the opinion the forces under him were contending with the entire corps of Thomas, and perhaps fractions of other corps. He reported his views to General Bragg, and as Walker had suffered severely, asked that another division might be placed at his disposition.

In the mean while Cheatham had been steadily pressing forward, and Walker having reformed his command was moved to the right, so

as to take position to cover Cheatham's right flank, Forrest covering the extreme right.

The Federal forces, now again in line, surged against Cheatham's front till he was compelled to yield ground. Liddell was now thrown forward on the right of Cheatham, to meet the pressure in that direction.

Stewart's division of Buckner's corps now came upon the ground. Its arrival was opportune. Cheatham's left had been turned by Reynolds, and his entire command was falling back. Lieutenant Richmond, of General Polk's staff, indicated to Stewart his position on Cheatham's left. Moving promptly forward, this division struck Reynolds's and swept it out of the way; continuing forward, it met Van Cleve's division, on its way to the relief of Thomas, and drove it in disorder across the State road.

While Stewart was executing this daring and brilliant advance, Cheatham, in falling back had reached a strong position, where he halted his line, ran forward Lieutenant Turner's battery, and opened so fierce a fire the centre of Thomas's line gave way just as its left had been struck by Liddell. Thomas, now with Stewart on his right, Cheatham in front and Liddell on his left, was compelled to retire. Stewart, after disposing of Van Cleve, pierced Rosecrans's line and moved across the State road some four hundred yards. Negley and Davis now threatening his rear, made retreat expedient. About sunset he took post about six hundred yards to the east of the road.

Thomas retreated until he reached a position near the State road, where he placed Palmer, Reynold and Brannan, in line, leaving Johnson and Baird well in front as a grand guard.

Cleburne's division reached the portion of the line where this stubborn conflict had been going on about 6 P. M. Though late General Polk determined to put it in position on Cheatham's right and move again upon the enemy. Cleburne and Cheatham were ordered to advance and attack, Walker to move in the rear as a support.

General Polk then turned to Captain Wheelless of his staff and said: "Go to General Bragg and tell him that I feel certain, from the prisoners captured, we have been fighting Rosecrans's entire army. I am now placing Cleburne in position on the right, and will advance in a few moments on the enemy, and expect to drive them before us. Present my compliments to General Bragg, and assure him that I feel confident of success to-morrow.

Cannon and musketry announced a renewal of the persistent conflict. Cheatham's division struck Johnson's and Baird's in front, while Cle-

burne's struck them in front and flank; and this portion of the Federal line was further driven back, until darkness prevented pursuit.

It was in the latter contest the thorough soldier and courtly gentleman, Brigadier General Preston Smith, lost his life.

On the left of the Confederate line no event of note occurred prior to 2 P. M., when Hood's skirmish line was driven in, and he assumed the aggressive, taking with his own command Trigg's brigade of Preston's division, he moved across the State road, driving the enemy's forces in his front. He soon encountered Wood's division and a portion of Sheridan's on his left and rear, and the divisions of Negley and Davis in front, which compelled him to withdraw his troops some six hundred yards east of the road where they were posted for the night.

This conflict, though not so prolonged as that on the right, was fierce while it lasted, and the loss comparatively heavy.

Preston's remaining brigades, not being ordered into action, held their position near the Chickamauga, covering the extreme left.

As the result of the day's fighting General Bragg had effected a crossing, established his line, and had inflicted a heavy loss on the enemy, forcing them to stand upon the defensive.

On the left Hood bivouaced on a prolongation of the line of the morning, some six hundred yards to the right. The contest of the day on this part of the field had been made by 8,219 Confederate infantry and artillery against 15,618 Federals, together with a brigade of mounted infantry.

On the right the forces opposed to Polk had been defeated and driven back to their position of the morning. By 5 P. M. Thomas had abandoned his aggressive movement against the Confederate right and had retired to within 500 yards of the Chattanooga (State) road, leaving Baird and Johnson well in advance as a grand guard to hold the battle-field, if possible, for the night. They also quickly retired to the State road, when, attacked by Cleburne and Cheatham at 6 P. M., these two divisions bivouaced in advance of the position abandoned by Baird and Johnson.

The contest of the day had been made on this part of the field by 16,573 Confederate infantry and artillery against 30,247 Federal, the fruits of which were reaped by sending forward Cleburne's division of 5,115 infantry; making a total infantry and artillery force on the Confederate right, after 6 P. M., of 21,728.

*The arrangement of the forces, the number engaged, and the losses we now give.**

CONFEDERATE.

Right wing, Lieutenant-General Polk :

Walker's corps.....	5,175
Cheatham's division.....	7,000
Stewart's ".....	4,398
Cleburne's ".....	5,115
Total infantry and artillery.....	21,688
Cavalry.....	2,000
Total.....	23,688
Loss about.....	4,000

Confederate left wing, Major-General Hood :

Johnson's division.....	3,683
Laws's " about.....	3,000
Trigg's brigade.....	1,536
Total infantry and artillery.....	8,219
Loss about.....	2,000

In reserve, not engaged, 2 brigade's, Preston's..... 3,270

Right wing :

Hill's { Breckinridge.....	3,769
corps. { Cleburne.....	4,670
Walker's { Liddell }	
corps. { Gist†.... }	4,355

* The estimate of the Confederate forces is made from the Official Reports of the Corps, Division and Brigade Commanders. That of the Federal from morning reports made September 10th and September 20th, 1863. Copies of which were kindly furnished by General Marcus J. Wright, War Records Office.

† Gist's Brigade arrived about 10 A. M.—20th.

Cheatham.....	6,000
Total.....	18,814
Cavalry, (Forrest's).....	3,500
Aggregate.....	22,314
Of the infantry of this wing 4,749 were fresh troops.	
Left wing:	
Buckner's { Preston	4,078
corps. { Stewart	3,750
Hindman's division.....	6,100
Hood's { Johnson	
corps. { Law	
{ Kershaw	
Total.....	*22,849
Cavalry (Wheeler's).....	4,000
Aggregate.....	26,849
Of the infantry of this wing 10,900 were fresh troops.	
Total Confederate force, 49,162. 150 pieces of artillery.	

FEDERAL.

Left wing, Major-General Thomas:

Brannan's division.....	5,989
Baird's "	4,655
Johnson's "	4,184
Palmer's "	4,853
Reynolds's "	6,268
Van Cleve, two brigades.....	2,300
Total infantry.....	28,247
Artillery about.....	2,000
Total, about.....	30,247
Loss	7,701

* Longstreet's Report, page 375, vol. X, Rebellion Record.

Federal right:

Wood's division.....	4,125
Barnes's brigade about.....	1,800
Davis's division.....	2,971
Negley's ".....	4,349
One brigade, Sheridan's division.....	1,373
<hr/>	
Total infantry.....	14,618
<hr/>	
Artillery about.....	1,000
Wilder's brigade—mounted infantry.....	0,000

Two brigades of Preston's division, all of Breckenridge's and Hindman's, being eight brigades, forming an aggregate of 13,142 strong, were unengaged on the 19th. As to the enemy's force engaged on that day, Rosecrans, in his official report of the battle, says, "The reserve corps covered the approaches from the Chickamauga towards Rossville, and the extension of our left, and the fact, that at the close of day, we had present but two brigades which had not been opportunely and squarely in action, opposed to superior numbers of the enemy, assured us that we were greatly outnumbered, and that the battle of the next day must be for the safety of the army, and the possession of Chattanooga."

Crittenden, in the official report of the part taken by the corps under him, attests, "the enemy appeared to have troops enough to fight us everywhere, and to fill up every interval."

This was generous and effective testimony to the intrepidity of the Confederate soldiers and the skill of their commanders.

At the close of the day, General Polk gave orders for the adjustment of his line, and directed his headquarters to be established at Alexander's bridge, about 1,200 yards in rear of his line, as the bridge was well-known and accessible from all parts of the field.

About 9 P. M. he rode to army headquarters to report the operations of the command under him during the day.

After the report was made, a conversation ensued between General Bragg and himself on the disposition of the various commands for the morrow. General Bragg announced that the army would be divided into two wings, the right wing to be under General Polk and the left wing to be under General Longstreet.

The distribution completed, verbal instructions were given General Polk to open the attack at daylight by the division (Breckenridge's)

on the extreme right, from which the attack was to be taken up, by divisions, successively, to the left. It was designed to attempt to turn the enemy's left, and force him into McLemore's cove.

During this interview General Polk suggested a larger force than that allowed should be massed upon the right. He called General Bragg's attention to the inference from the day's fighting—that Rosecrans was accumulating his forces in front of the right wing of the Confederate line. General Polk further mentioned the fact that Granger's corps was a short distance from Rosecrans's left (four and a half miles) in a position to assail in flank and rear any force that might succeed in turning the Federal left. But the Commanding General held to the opinion the bulk of the enemy were nearer Lee & Gordon's mills than General Polk supposed.

General Polk returned direct to his quarters at Alexander's bridge. On the way he met and was accompanied by General Breckenridge, who reported his division as lying near the bridge. As his men had just come from the extreme left and were much fatigued, General Polk on his request consented that they should rest in an open field, just west of the bridge, but directed him to be in line at dawn. He then invited General Breckenridge to bivouac with him. * * *

Immediately on reaching his quarters General Polk issued the following order:

“HEAD-QUARTERS RIGHT WING A. T.,

“(Near Alexander's Bridge),

“September 19, 1863, 11:30 P. M.

“CIRCULAR.

“1st. Lieutenant-General Hill, on the right, will attack the enemy with his corps to-morrow morning at day-light.

“2d. Major General Cheatham, on Hill's left, will make a simultaneous attack.

“3d. Major-General Walker's corps will act as reserve.

“Corps and Division commanders will see that their troops are amply supplied with ammunition before daylight.

“By command of

“LIEUTENANT-GENERAL POLK,

“THOS. M. JACK, A. A. General.

“To Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill, Major-General Cheatham, Major-General Walker.”

* * * * *

The orders issued, Generals Polk and Breckenridge talked over the plans of the coming day for some time, and then threw themselves upon the ground for a short sleep.

During the same evening Rosecrans assembled his corps commanders and gave them orders for the following day.

Thomas was to hold the position to which he had retired, about five hundred yards east of the State road, his command to form in three lines, placing Baird's division on the extreme Federal left, next to Baird's, successively on the right the divisions of Johnston, Palmer and Reynolds. Brennan's division was to be posted in reserve to the right and rear of Reynolds's.

Negley's division was to take post on the right of Reynolds's; next on the right was McCook, with the divisions of Davis and Sheridan. Wilder's mounted infantry formed the extreme right. This portion of the line was west of the State road.

Crittenden, with his remaining two divisions, VanCleve and Wood, was to take position in the rear of Thomas's and McCook's Corps, so as to be able to support either.

These commanders, as soon as posted, commenced to throw up temporary breastworks. It was understood the left of the line was to be held at all hazards, as the safety of the army depended upon it. General Rosecrans states in substance that if necessary every command should be moved from the right to the left.

It will be noted from this arrangement of the Federal line, General Polk was correct in the views expressed to General Bragg, which we have alluded to, that the bulk of the enemy's forces were massed under Thomas, opposite the Confederate right.

On September 20th the forces under Rosecrans consisted of—

McCook's Corps (Twentieth)	* 10,640
Thomas's Corps (Fourteenth).....	14,524
Crittenden's Corps (Twenty-first).....	13,539
Granger's Reserve (Steadman's Division).....	5,171
Cavalry (Mitchel's Corps).....	9,676

Forming a total of..... 53,550

The Federal line had 170 pieces of artillery.

The disposition made by the Confederate Generals were as follows:

Both wings were to occupy substantially the lines held at the close of

* Taken from morning report, September 20, '63, a copy of which was kindly furnished by General M. J. Wright.

the day's engagement. The left wing some five or six hundred yards from the State road, and about parallel to it. The right wing was to the right and rear, about twelve hundred yards from the road. The general direction of its line being also parallel to the State road. It was necessary for this wing to cover the space between Cheatham's right and the road leading from Reed's bridge to the State road, and in order to accomplish this, fully half its line had to be placed in single formation. Breckenridge's division was in one line on the extreme right; Forrest's cavalry on its flank; Cleburne in one line next to Breckenridge's; Cheatham, with four brigades, in front—one in reserve was on the left; Walker's division (4,500)* corps was in reserve in the rear of Cleburne and Cheatham, so as to support either. General Polk expected to make a heavy pressure in front with Cheatham's, Cleburne's and Walker's divisions, while Breckenridge with Forrest operated on the left flank of the enemy.

During the night General Longstreet had arrived and assumed command of the left wing; at dawn he commenced the arrangement of his line; Hindman's division was placed on the extreme left; Wheeler's cavalry on the flank; Johnston's division was next to Hindman's, and Stewart's on the right of Johnston's. Each division had two brigades in front and one in the rear. Preston's division was placed in reserve on the left; Law's division in the rear of Johnston's. The brigades of Kershaw and Humphries, of McLaw's division, commanded by Kershaw, were posted in rear of Law.

Johnston's, Laws's and Kershaw's commands were under Hood, and formed a column of eight brigades, arranged four lines deep. This General Longstreet intended as his principal column of attack.

General Longstreet having understood a gap existed between the wings of the army, had at the beginning of his formation moved Stewart's division some five hundred or six hundred yards to the right. This movement placed Stewart's division directly in front of Cheatham's line and in advance of his skirmishers.

The Commanding General did not advise General Polk of the change of Stewart's division, although they were together after the disposition was made.†

If the change had been made known there was ample time, prior to the attack, to move Walker's corps and Cheatham's division to the right and in rear of the divisions of Cleburne and Breckenridge, and by that

* Gist did not report till about 10 A. M., the 20th.

† There was a thick woods between the two commands.

means have given to the right wing the strength it needed, by a double formation from right to left.

As both lines now stood in array Granger held post four and a half miles to Polk's right, Thomas with Baird's, Johnston's, Palmer's and a part of Reynold's divisions, each division in three lines, and behind breastworks, was opposed to Hill with the divisions of Cleburne and Breckenridge, and a part of Walker's corps.

The remainder of Reynold's division with Brannan's in echelon was in front of Stewart's and Cheatham's divisions and the remainder of Walker's corps.

Negley's, with Wood's and Van Cleve's divisions in reserve, under Crittenden, was in front of Hood's corps.

The divisions of Davis and Sheridan, and Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry under McCook were in front of Hindman's division.

About the time the action began Negley's division was withdrawn from its position, and moved to the rear of Thomas's corps, as a support to the left, Wood's division moving forward and taking Negley's place in the line between Reynold's and Davis's division. The entire Federal line was covered by temporary breastworks.

We have seen that at 11:30 P. M. of the 19th, orders were issued to Hill, Cheatham, and Walker to begin the attack at daylight. The copies destined for Cheatham and Walker were promptly delivered; those for General Hill did not reach him till about sunrise. Every effort was made, but the country, thickly wooded, was cut up with innumerable roads. The moving trains of 50,000 men and the darkness added to the confusion—hence the delay.

A further delay was made by General Hill in order that his men might be fed, many having been without food for twenty-four hours. As an illustration of the loose manner in which the Commanding General made preparations for the battle of the 20th, it may be said that General Polk's orders were verbal, while General Hill, an officer of equal grade with General Polk, commanding the companion corps of the army, and with headquarters at Thedford's ford, quite near army headquarters, never received a word or line from General Bragg to indicate that he was to report to General Polk for instructions.

The resting of the responsibility for finding and instructing Hill on such a night, upon an officer having no communication with him and without definite information as to his whereabouts, will go far toward accounting for the delay in transmitting the orders. And General Bragg, with that promptness which characterized him in such matters, lost no time in placing the whole of it upon General Polk. It is also

interesting to note that notwithstanding the delay on the right, the Confederate Commander did not have his left ready for action until the assault of the right was commenced, and then, as we will see, so placed as to throw six brigades out of the line in which they were most needed.

BATTLE OF THE TWENTIETH.

It was now 9:30 A. M. General Hill reported his corps ready. The order to advance was given, when Cheatham reported the relation of his line to Stewart's already alluded to. General Polk took prompt measures to repair the grave error by directing Cheatham to halt. He then dispatched information to Cleburne of Stewart's position, and moved Walker by the right oblique, so as to support Hill in the advance. But Hill, already on the move, struck the enemy before Walker could reach him. Cheatham was directed by General Bragg to remain as he was, to act as a reserve.

In the advance Deshler's, and larger part of Wood's, brigades, of of Cleburne's Division, more than half over-lapped Stewart's division on its rear, therefore could not take part in the assault. L. E. Polk's* brigade, and Lowry's regiment, of Wood's brigade, struck the works of the enemy squarely in front, but were too weak to force them. Polk, unable to advance his brigade, determined not to retreat, ordered the command to lie down and hold their position, which was about one hundred and seventy-five yards from the enemy's works. Helm's brigade, of Breckenridge's division, struck the left flank of the works. After two desperate and unavailing efforts to carry them, it was compelled to retire, but not until its leader sealed his devotion, with his life, to the grand old cause of right.

Stovall's and Adams's, the remaining brigades of Breckenridge's division, passed clear of the work, to the State road in the rear, and bore down on the left flank and rear of the enemy.

While Breckenridge was executing this bold movement, General Bragg held Cheatham's division to its position. If it could have been thrown forward to the right in aid of Cleburne, at this opportune moment, the enemy might have been so pressed in front as to have compelled him to keep his troops in position. As it was, he was able to withdraw a portion of his reserve, which, strengthened by brigades from Brannan's and Negley's divisions, operated against Stoval's and Adams's brigades, and forced them back. In this contest, Brigadier-General Adams

* A nephew of Lieutenant-General Polk.

marked with the scars of Shiloh, Penysville and Murfreesboro, was again wounded, and fell into the enemy's hands.

General Bragg, impressed with the necessity of the occasion, detached Jackson's brigade of Cheatham's division, and ordered its commander to report to General Hill, but the support was too feeble to do material service.

Hill had four brigades and a regiment in this attack against four divisions of the enemy, three of which were entrenched. The assault was fierce, and, though repelled, bore its fruits; for, as will be seen, it broke up the formation of the enemy's right.

Meanwhile Walker getting well to the right was advancing to the front. Cleburne was engaged in extricating Deshler, in order to bring him to Polk's support. Helm had fallen and his brigade repulsed. Breckenridge, with Stoval and Adams, was yet far to the front fighting in the enemy's rear. There was thus a gap of several hundred yards between the divisions of Hill's corps. The enemy showing every disposition to fill it, imperiling Breckenridge's position, Walker had to be thrown in at once. Gist, changing direction to the left, moved against Baird's retired flank. Govan, gaining ground to the front and left, advanced as a support to the right of Gist, while Walthal, moving to the left, endeavored to fill the interval between Gist and Cleburne, but the undergrowth was so thick, his own, as well the movements of the troops on his right, were executed with great difficulty. Before he could get into position his left was assailed so fiercely the entire brigade had to be retired. The division under Gist was repulsed. The gallant Colquit, of the Fourth Georgia, falling in the assault, and Govan, isolated on the extreme right, had to be withdrawn.

Though no advantage had been gained the pressing danger had been averted. The loss commensurate with the effort included many gallant officers, among them the brave and efficient General Deshler. In the interval between these assaults of Breckenridge and Walker the enemy had heavily reinforced their left, extending the line to the left and rear, some distance to the west of the State road.

Prior to this assault, General Polk hearing of Cleburne's repulse, directed General Hill to assume control of the movements on the extreme right, and then rode to his left. Inspecting Cleburne's division, he found his line withdrawn about three hundred yards, readjusted, and in a strong position.

Cleburne having suffered materially in the repulse, General Polk ordered Cheatham to replace him, when a message from General Forrest was received announcing the advance of Granger's corps. This

force of the enemy, as has been said, was holding a position some four-and-a-half miles to the extreme left of the enemy's line when the action began. At 11 A. M. it started to the support of Thomas's corps.

Feeling the importance of protecting the Confederate right against this counter flank movement of the enemy, General Polk ordered Cleburne to hold his position, and directed Cheatham to move to the right with his division, to meet the movement of Granger, but Granger, making a detour to the west of the State road, moved to the rear of Thomas's line, having previously posted a brigade to observe the Confederate right.

It was now 2 P. M. Granger having ceased threatening his flank, General Polk readjusted his line from left to right preparatory to another assault. The enemy's works being visible through the open woods in front of Cleburne, that officer was directed, about 3 P. M., to mass his artillery, and open fire upon the enemy introductory to the advance. Promptly moving his guns to within two hundred yards of the enemy's lines a destructive fire was opened upon them.

Soon after the attack by the right wing, General Longstreet had completed the arrangement of his line, and stood prepared to take up the contest as it reached him from the right, but the repulse of the right deranged the plan of battle. Owing to the advanced position of the enemy's left, Cleburne could move no further forward than on a line with Stewart's division on the right of the left wing, and as the orders were for the divisions on the left to move only in connection with the divisions next on the right, and as Stewart did not move in consequence of the operations of the right wing, the remainder of the left wing remained passive.

Perceiving the right wing unable to advance, Longstreet sought permission to move directly upon the enemy in his front. The Commanding-General, however, had already seen the necessity of the movement, and accordingly orders to that effect had been sent directly to the division commanders.

Stewart, with a portion of Wood's brigade of Cleburne's division, was the first to advance, but encountering a terrific front and flank fire from Reynolds, whose line was retired to the rear and right, he was compelled to fall back after several gallant efforts, aided by Wood, to force the position.

Hood's corps, next on the left, was more fortunate.

Hill's assault in the morning had so impressed Thomas, he called repeatedly upon Rosecrans for aid. Negley's division had been taken from the right and sent to him. Van Cleve's division was ordered to

follow. Sheridan was ordered to go with two brigades, and was executing the order when Hindman's division compelled him to confront it. There remained, to oppose the forces under Longstreet, Wood's division, Van Cleve, a portion of Brannan's, Davis's and Sheridan's, and Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry.

With a view to make his line compact, Rosecrans had directed Wood to close to the left on Reynold's, McCook being ordered to follow the movement. Wood, misunderstanding the order, withdrew from the line, and passed to the rear of Brannan, whose force was in echelon to the right and rear of Reynold's division. The movement of Wood left a gap of a division front on the Federal right. It was noted as soon as made, and Hood's quadruple line filled it. The rear of Wood's division and the right of Brannan's were driven in confusion to the right, Davis was thrust in like disorder to the left; Hindman attacked Sheridan and Wilder in front. The entire Federal right was routed, one of Van Cleve's brigades was captured entire. Sheridan's division, two brigades of Davis's division, and Rosecrans disappeared from the field.

The triumph achieved by Hood was marred by the serious wounding of this daring commander. He had to suffer the amputation of a leg upon the field.

Upon the disappearance of Rosecrans, the command of the Federal line, now shorn of six brigades, devolved upon Thomas. He withdrew Reynold's right, and posted Wood, and two brigades of Negley's divisions to the right, at about right angles to his front line. Brannan was placed next on the right, and west of the State road, and later, Granger on the extreme right; so that his left and right were now at right angles to each other. The position was advantageous. The original line on his left, as already stated, was well fortified. The right was now posted upon the high ground of the foot hills of Missionary Ridge.

Longstreet, without opponent in front, now wheeled his entire line to the right, and moved to assault the enemy's new position, on the foot hills of Missionary Ridge. Buckner massed several batteries upon the State road, and opened an enfilading fire upon the angle of the enemy's line, while Preston's division assailed Brannan's position, and the line to Brannan's left.

While these movements on the left were taking shape, General Polk prepared for a renewal of the assault on the right. As already said Cleburne at 3 P. M. was ordered to mass his batteries, move close up and open fire on the enemy. This was promptly done. A point within 200 yards of their line having been secured, a continuous and destructive fire was kept up.

At 3:30 P. M. General Hill was ordered to attack Cheatham and Walker, being directed to move at the same time. Some delay was occasioned by the difficulty which General Hill met with in getting Jackson's brigade into position on Cleburne's right, so that it was after four when the movement begun. The batteries having opened the way the troops moved up with a will, Cleburne on the left, then Breckenridge and Walker, followed by Cheatham, the whole covered by Forrest on the extreme right.

Brigadier-General Polk's brigade leading the line dashed at the works, and after an heroic effort, seized the portion that had opposed such stubborn and successful resistance to Helm, Walthall and Gist earlier in the day, capturing a large number of the enemy.

Longstreet now put forth his full strength, as the cheering yells of successful battle came from the right, Hindman, Buckner, Hood, Stewart all moved forward for a final and triumphant struggle.

Both wings now moved simultaneously. The entire line swept forward in one mighty and resistless surge. Vain the determination that attempted to stay the human tide. The enemy, who had given every proof of valor and endurance the day previous, as well as in the morning, were compelled to retreat hurriedly, striking Liddell a parting blow as they disappeared with the sinking sun. Night interposing the victorious Confederates went into bivouac on the field wrested from the enemy.

The immediate results of the victory were several stands colors, 8,000 prisoners, 51 pieces of artillery, 15,000 stand of small arms, a number of wagons and ambulances, and a quantity of ammunition, hospital stores, &c. * * * * *

In studying the details of this, the greatest battle of the West, one is struck with the singular coincidence that while both commanders showed great activity in putting their armies into battle on the 19th, neither impressed himself upon the action of the 20th. General Bragg in the main satisfied himself with issuing orders from the neighborhood of Alexander's bridge, and there was an evident lack of confidence in his ability to grasp and direct the rapidly shifting events of the battle suggesting disaster where all else pointed to success.

Rosecrans disappeared from the field by noon, leaving his army, shorn of six brigades in the hands of Thomas. Friend and foe alike must give to this officer, all praise for the masterly manner in which he continued the battle. Hard pressed along his entire line he rode to the right in search of aid, when suddenly he found there was no right. In its place were Longstreet's victorious divisions. To a man of less

nerve and resources a more trying situation can scarcely be pictured. Promptly shortening his line he proceeded to form a right from reserves remaining. Placing it at right angles to his front he prepared for a stubborn contest.

There was no time to intrench ; unlike the left, here all that could be done must be done in the open field, and that it was well done is clearly shown, for in the face of disaster, with eight brigades and portions of two others, he held at bay twelve brigades flushed with victory and directed by the most accomplished corps commander in the Confederate army, till the left of his army being from their position by the Confederate right rendered further resistance impossible.

CONCLUSION.

With this, Mr. Editor, we bring our extract to its close. For our authorities we beg to refer to the reports of the two armies, army, corps, division, brigade and regimental ; and also to certain papers on file in the War Records office, Washington. The more personal parts of the sketch are from notes prepared by General Polk. We trust the article may be read carefully, as we wish candid and sincere criticism.

Yours truly,

W. N. POLK.

The True Story of Andersonville Told by a Federal Prisoner

By EDWARD WELLINGTON BOATE.

[In our discussion of the "Treatment of Prisoners" we introduced the testimony of a number of Federal prisoners to refute the wholesale slanders against us, which had been published in every form and scattered over the world. We have recently met with the following, which is No. 6 of a series of articles which Mr. Boate published in the *New York News* in July, 1865. We regret that we have not the full series, for, from this specimen, we are satisfied they would all be valuable additions to our large collection of material. But the paper we give below (coming from a man who was twelve months a prisoner, who was in position to know whereof he affirms, who was a member of the commission sent to Washington by the prisoners to endeavor to effect an exchange, and who published his statements at a time when he had to

face great obliquy to do so) will be found of great interest as well as valuable testimony on points we made in the discussion :]

The bread was badly baked, the bakery being run night and day; the ten thousand prisoners—the number originally intended to be confined at Andersonville—having risen to thirty-eight thousand, and, in addition to the fact that many of our men engaged in the bakery had very little sympathy with the poor men in the stockade, and took as little trouble with their work as possible, they were themselves overtasked. Hence the bread was badly baked. Besides, our men were not used to corn bread, a fact which used to make the Georgians wonder, as they grew fat on corn bred, just as the healthiest and most able-bodied Irishman you could meet at a fair was a man whose principal food was potatoes.

The water was diarrhœal—a fact which was as injurious to the health of the Confederate authorities in that locality as to our men. But this difficulty was partially obviated by the digging of innumerable wells in various parts of the prison, and excellent water obtained, which the well diggers monopolized and sold for a cent a glass to those who had no claim on the wells.

But our men were great sufferers, and deaths were alarmingly on the increase. The Confederate doctors were, as I have already said, themselves startled and alarmed at the progress of disease and death. But they seemed powerless to check it. I can honestly say—and every man who was connected with the hospital department will bear me out—that the twenty-five or thirty Confederate surgeons who were in attendance at the hospital and in the stockade, acted with as much humanity toward the prisoners as the disheartening circumstances would permit. We were often a fortnight without being able to get medicine. They had no quinine for fever and ague; they had no opium for diarrhœa and dysentery. Our government made medicine a contraband of war, and wherever they found medicine on a blockade runner, it was confiscated, a policy which indicated, on the part of our rulers, both ignorance and barbaric cruelty; for, although no amount of medicine would save many of our men who have laid their bones in Georgia, I am as certain as I am of my own existence, that hundreds of men died, who, if we had had the right sort and proper quantity of medicine, would have been living to-day and restored to their families.

Scurvy was another disease which was making formidable inroads upon the health of the prisoners, but vegetables could not be had for love or money, although for miles the country was scoured, and I knew

Chief Surgeon White to pay from a hundred to two hundred dollars for a quantity of squashes, collards, onions and other garden stuff which could have been purchased in Fulton or Washington market for five or six dollars; although a "greenback" in Andersonville rated at only four times the value of a Confederate dollar—at Richmond it was rated at ten and twelve Confederate dollars. These vegetables were necessarily, from their limited quantity, confined to the hospital. In addition to this the hospital was supplied with eggs, no doubt in limited quantities. [Three dollars in greenbacks for a dozen of eggs.] Fresh beef was supplied to the hospital two or three times a week, and sometimes to the stockade, when it could be had, cattle having for this purpose been sought for miles around the country.

The hospital and sick men in the stockade were supplied with whiskey, three and four barrels having been some days brought into headquarters, and regular details of our own men appointed to distribute it, who, however, often drank the rations themselves. The hospital was supplied with tea and sugar, not abundantly to be sure, but hospitals, even in New York city, are not over-abundantly supplied with such articles.

Nevertheless, great misery prevailed in the stockade. But it was inevitable from the circumstances. The men, two out of every three, had no change of underclothing, and although there was water enough to wash them, they could not get soap, an article of which the Confederate authorities were themselves especially in need. The bodies of our men, and indeed the minds, had become prostrated from long confinement, in many instances sixteen and twenty months. There were gathered into one prison, by the force of events, nearly forty thousand men, to be provided with food, and five thousand with medicine. They were deprived of their accustomed food, and had to live upon the same kind of rations, day after day, nearly the whole of the time. But none, except those who have gone through the mill, know what a tremendous task it is to provide daily rations for such a vast multitude of human beings.

There are some special facts I wish to state of my own knowledge, as they will throw some light on this unhappy subject. It has been stated over and over, and reiterated in a thousand different shapes, that the Confederate authorities meant to starve our men. But I, who was twelve months a prisoner of war, and suffered sickness, and cold, and hunger, in common with the other prisoners, deny this flatly, for, while we all suffered, there was no desire to inflict suffering or hardship upon Federal prisoners. Why, the Confederate authorities were suffering

many a privation at Andersonville. The surgeons who were in attendance upon the sick had not decent shoes or stockings; their shoes and boots being in many instances so patched, that the original leather out of which they had been manufactured had become invisible. These gentlemen, men of education and professional ability, and who were reared in luxury, did not know often—while giving their services daily and nightly to such a host of prisoners—where to look for a dinner or a bed. During the six months I was in Andersonville, not one of them received a dollar's pay. The consequence was, that they had been turned out of their boarding houses in the adjacent villages and country houses, and Dr. White, head surgeon, had to provide quarters for them as best he might. These surgeons had often to share the tents of the paroled Federal prisoners. Dr. White himself was often glad to get even a share of the prison rations—corn bread and ham—while engaged in his official and professional duties; often for fourteen or fifteen hours without intermission. He was an able surgeon, humane, enlightened, abstemious and self-denying, and had all the high-souled chivalry and deportment of the best of the F. F. V's.

In this connection, let me refer to Captain Wirz, the Commandant of the prison, who was generally regarded as being very harsh. But his position should be considered. He was a mere keeper of prisoners—a work which can never be popular. The Yankees were nightly and indeed daily trying to run away, as they were bound to do; but he said he was bound to catch them wherever he could find them. Between the jailer and the jailed, there could not and never can be any peculiar love; but, under a rough exterior, more often assumed than felt, this Captain Wirz was as kind-hearted a man as I ever met. Being myself at headquarters I learned his character, and the opinion I formed of him when in the stockade, which was one of a bitter kind enough, I had to change when I came really to know the man. The first collision between Captain Wirz and his prisoners was, when on the 17th of March he wanted to squad them off, for the purpose of exactly ascertaining the number of rations that would be needed at that date, the men wanted to play a flank movement, so as to get counted in two squads, and thereby get double rations. Half the prisoners were placed at the south side of the "swamp," the other at the north side. When the Confederate sergeants counted the squads at the north side, and dismissed each squad as counted and named, hundreds of them dodged across the "swamp" and got into the southern side squads by the time the sergeants were able to get across, in order to get double rations, giving different names to those they went by at the other side. But the number of prisoners

sent into the stockade had been kept carefully at headquarters, and it was found that some two thousand had attempted the "flank movement," that is some two thousand more rations were returned on the count in the prison than could be accounted for. The trick was discovered, and as it was perpetrated on the north side the captain stopped their rations that day, but gave them to the south side of the prison.

This caused bad blood between the north side and the captain. The men groaned him when he entered, and henceforth there was an intermittent feud; but the men who attempted this trick ought to have known and done better. In quantity the rations were double, whatever other drawbacks there might have been.

Every night men worked at the tunneling from under some tent, out, under and at the other side of the stockade; but there was always some traitor in camp who informed on the "conspirators," just as the tunnel was completed. When discovered, the captain would ride in at the head of his guards and march to the exact spot where the tunnel was to be found. But, although nightly discovered, the men worked like beavers at "tunneling" in some other part of the camp; but I do not believe that a single one of those tunnels ever proved successful. The captain was thus kept in hot water, and being a man of a by no means mild temper, he often cursed and damned, but that was all.

Men were, however, nightly making their escape over the stockade, by bribing the guards, and by other dodges; and, though they often had a five hours' start, the hounds being sent in pursuit, they were almost invariably overtaken and brought back, when they were for some days put in ball and chain, and sent back to the stockade; but they were no sooner inside than they managed to file off the ball and chain, only appearing in their (sham) pedal bracelets every morning during the counting of the men by the Confederate sergeants. As an evidence that Wirz was actuated by no desire to inflict hardship upon our men, I heard him often exclaim, when a new batch of some five or six hundred prisoners would come: "I would as soon send these unfortunate men into h—l as into that d—d bull pen. It sickens me."

The men often arrived at the prison without a blanket or any sort of "kit;" and in they marched and had to make their lodging on the cold ground. At this time every branch and leaf for miles around had been cut down to make tents; and men had, when permitted to haul firewood, to go several miles around the country under guard. It often happened, by the by, that on these occasions the Federal soldiers would, when a sufficient distance from the stockade, lay hands on the guard, "buck and gag" him, take away his gun, and make their escape.

Many of the men were suffering sadly for want of tents to keep them from the fierce rays of the sun and the equally fierce rain which often fell for ten or twelve hours together. It will here be asked, as it has often been asked before, "Why did not the Confederate authorities at Andersonville give our men wooden huts in a woody country?" This question has been often asked, and never answered. Yet it can be fairly, if not quite satisfactorily, explained.

Day after day in May and June the papers were bringing us authentic reports that exchange was at hand. Exchange became a fixed fact for some time. The commissioners had met at City Point, and General Grant had gone to Fortress Monroe, and the basis of exchange, as arranged by the commissioners, had been approved by the Lieutenant-General. But disappointment was sure to follow, and no exchange was visible. At one period, during a long interval of disappointment, I saw a plan drawn up at headquarters for the erection of wooden barracks, so ingenious and comprehensive that 40,000 men could be conveniently housed in prison; and the wood was commenced to be cut down for the purpose. In mid-career an official report reached headquarters that exchange would be commenced in ten days from date, and wood-cutting was given up as superfluous. In a few weeks, toward the close of July, General Stoneman's raid at Macon took place, and the Confederates immediately commenced, with their available help of niggers, to fortify Andersonville, which they certainly believed was to be immediately attacked. At this very period Dr. White, who had started for Macon to hurry up medicine, was stopped at Fort Valley, half-way between Andersonville and Macon; and, instead of coming back with medicine, came to his office armed to the teeth, announcing to the surgeons that they must help to defend the place, according to the instructions of General Winder, as the prison was to be immediately attacked. We, Federal paroled prisoners, it was announced, were to be sent down to the hospital. The cannon planted around headquarters, which dominated the prison, were charged and manned, and everything ready for defense. During the previous week of rumors of attack, huge breast-works were thrown up by niggers who labored at them night as well as day. Stoneman was, however, himself captured, and the excitement passed away. Thoughts of changing the location of the prison occupied the minds of the authorities, as they did not know what moment the prison would be attacked and the prisoners carried off. Confusion, apprehension and dread filled the minds of the Andersonville officers.

Things, however, soon calmed down. A few weeks previously, a great movement had taken place in the prison. The great paramount

idea of the prisoners was exchange. They accordingly called a great meeting, and after some preliminary proceedings, resolutions, and a memorial to President Lincoln, were adopted, asking, in view of the suffering and mortality of our men, that he should agree to an exchange of prisoners, as the Confederates were willing to exchange man for man, and officer for officer, leaving the excess of prisoners at which ever side found. Six prisoners, including myself as Chairman, were appointed a Commission to proceed to Washington, and lay the whole question before the Executive. This was toward the close of August. After some negotiations with General Winder, the balance of twenty-one men due to our government, the six delegates being included, were permitted to come North; and on our way through Macon we met General Stoneman at Prison Oglethorpe, where the Federal officers were confined, and he gave us a letter to the President, strongly urging the necessity of exchange, not for the officers he said, but for the brave men who had fought so gallantly in the field, and suffered so much in prison, and begging the President to forego all idea of the exchange of negroes, if that were the point which stood in the way.

Down to Charleston. Arriving at Pocotaligo, we were exchanged—that is, nine out of the twenty-one, two of the commissioners being kept back, although the twelve not exchanged might as well have been, as there were plenty Confederate prisoners at Beaufort, only a dozen miles away.

Arriving in New York, the four commissioners applied for the necessary transportation at General Dix's office. It was refused, although Colonel Hall, Deputy Provost Marshal at Hilton Head, had given us letters to the headquarters of the department of the east, stating our mission, etc. The Sanitary Commission, however, supplied the transportation, and three of the commissioners proceeded to Washington, I remaining, however, in this city through illness, although I was not idle. They wrote to the President, and reported the object of their visit on three consecutive days; but it distresses me to state *that the representatives of thirty-eight thousand Union prisoners were treated with silent contempt, the President declining to see them or have any communication with them!!!*

For obvious reasons I shall be silent as to the motive of President Lincoln in his treatment of the delegation. But I cannot help stating that the lives of some ten or twelve thousand men might have been spared had an exchange justly, I will not add generously, taken place at this period.

From February to the end of August there were some six thousand

deaths at Andersonville from various causes, circumstances and diseases. This number, I understand, before exchange took place, or our government consented to do so, reached some fifteen or sixteen thousand.

General Winder remarked to us before we quitted Andersonville, that the object of our government in refusing to exchange was that they felt it hard to give soldiers for civilians. "The time," added he, "of thousands of those unhappy men in that stockade is out many months; thousand of others are rendered worthless for soldiers through long confinement, disease and privations—for I will admit that we have not the resources to treat your men as we would wish."

Since I returned to the North, Winder's words were confirmed, for it was semi-officially stated to me that, "It might look very hard that we refused to exchange; but we could not afford to do so. We would have to give a number of strong, well fed, available soldiers for a number of men broken down from campaigning, disease, and out of the service by the expiration of their term."

A policy like this is the quintessence of inhumanity, a disgrace to the Administration which carried it out, and a blot upon the country. You rulers who make the charge that the rebels intentionally killed off our men, when I can honestly swear they were doing every thing in their power to sustain us, do not lay this flattering unction to your souls. You abandoned your brave men in the hour of their cruelest need. They fought for the Union, and you reached no hand out to save the old faithful, loyal, and devoted servants of the country. You may try to shift the blame from your own shoulders, but posterity will saddle the responsibility where it justly belongs.

Sketch of Longstreet's Division—Yorktown and Williamsburg.

By General E. P. ALEXANDER.

At the time of McClellan's arrival at Fortress Monroe the Confederate force at Yorktown under General Magruder scarcely numbered eleven thousand men. Of this force about six thousand formed the garrisons of the intrenched camps at Gloucester Point, Yorktown and Mulberry Island, and the remainder were distributed on the line of the Warwick, a creek which headed within a mile of Yorktown, and flowing across the peninsula, here over twelve miles wide, emptied into the James at Mulberry Island, where batteries had been erected to command the river. The York was defended by a number of batteries at Gloucester Point and Yorktown, but as the majority of the guns in

position were old naval thirty-two pounders, the strength of the position against a serious naval attack was more apparent than real. The land front at Yorktown had been partially fortified, but was by no means secure from assault, and standing timber and neighboring ravines offered sheltered approaches to within very short distance of the works. Below Lee's mill, six miles from Yorktown, no roads crossed the Warwick, and the tide ebbcd and flowed in its channel. Above this point three dams, each defended by a slight earthwork, inundated the swamp nearly to its source, but the inundations were frequently fordable, though averaging nearly one hundred yards in width.

As soon as it became known that a large Federal force was being collected at Fortress Monroe, General Johnston was sent to examine the position at Yorktown, to decide whether it could be maintained. His report was unfavorable, being based on the dangers of the isolated position of Gloucester Point, and of a well conducted naval attack up the York, but it was nevertheless determined to hold the line as long as possible, as the possession of the Peninsula was considered necessary to the safety of Norfolk.*

On the 4th of April, General McClellan having arrived at Fortress Monroe and taken command in person, put in motion towards Yorktown the force already assembled, consisting of fifty-eight thousand men and one hundred guns, and at 10 A. M. of the 5th this formidable body appeared in front of the Confederate lines.

With the small force at his disposal for manœuvre, General Magruder marched and counter-marched from point to point, and made such a parade, and put on so bold a front that General McClellan, who seems invariably to have seen Confederates double, imagined himself in the presence of a large force, and after some skirmishing and artillery firing he halted and encamped.

The remainder of the Federal army was hurried up as fast as it arrived at Fortress Monroe, and by the 12th of April the force present for duty exceeded one hundred thousand men.

Meanwhile the army of Northern Virginia (as General Johnston's force was now designated, the department of Northern Virginia having

* The estimate formed by the enemy of the strength of the Peninsula line was very much at variance with the true state of the case. Gen. McClellan says in his report that to have attacked Yorktown by land would have been "simple folly," and that as flag officer Goldsborough, of the Navy, reported it impossible to gather sufficient naval force to attempt it by water, and also impossible to advance up the James, on account of the Merrimac, the only alternative left him was to take Yorktown by siege.

been established during the winter,) remained upon the Rapidan until the 6th of April, awaiting the full development of the enemy's plans. On the 6th, the division of General D. H. Hill was dispatched to Yorktown, moving by rail to Richmond and by steamer to Grove wharf, on the James. It was followed in a few days by the divisions of Longstreet and G. W. Smith, a part marching down the Peninsula, as the transportation was insufficient. D. H. Hill's advance reached Grove wharf on the 9th, and by the 20th the greater part of the three divisions had all arrived. The division of General Ewell was left near Gordonsville in observation of the line of the Rapidan, where it remained until the 30th of April, when it joined General Jackson in the Valley.

On the arrival of General Johnston on the Peninsula, the Confederate forces now numbering fifty-three thousand, were positioned as follows: Gloucester Point, Yorktown, and the adjacent redoubts were held by D. H. Hill's division. Longstreet in the centre held the line of the Warwick, embracing the works at Wynn's mill, and dams No. 3 and No. 2. The brigades of Brigadier-Generals Featherston, Colston and Pryor, were now added to his command, which was styled the "Central Forces."

General Magruder's division held the Warwick below Longstreet's right, and embracing dam number one and Lee's mill.

The division of General Smith was held in reserve, portions of it occasionally relieving brigades in the trenches at exposed points.

The actual hostilities between the two armies were limited to sharp-shooting and artillery duelling until the 16th of April, when an attempt was made by General W. F. Smith to get a foot-hold upon the Confederate side of the Warwick, at dam number one. The position was defended by a single available gun (a six-pounder of Stanley's Georgia battery,) a few rifle pits on the bank, and an unfinished breastwork a hundred yards in rear. The inundation in front was over a hundred yards in width, about four feet deep, and overgrown with heavy timber and brushwood. A sharp cannonade was maintained upon it for two hours during the morning, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon it was renewed by eighteen guns, to which the single six-pounder made a steady reply from its pit. At half-past 3 o'clock a heavy body of infantry was drawn up on the opposite bank, and a musketry fire was also opened, under cover of which four companies of the Third Vermont, afterwards reinforced by eight others, forded the stream and advanced gallantly upon the unfinished breastworks, on which the Fifteenth North Carolina was just then at work. A sharp fight ensued for a few minutes, in

which Colonel McKinney, commanding the Fifteenth North Carolina, was killed, and his regiment, after his fall, was driven back in confusion, and the breastworks were possessed by the enemy. Just at this time, however, Colonel G. T. Anderson, with a part of his brigade, consisting of the Seventh Georgia, Colonel Wilson; the Eighth Georgia, Colonel Lamar, and a part of the Sixteenth Georgia, Colonel Bryan; and two companies of the Second Louisiana, under Colonel Norwood, advanced to the support of the North Carolinians, who rallied upon them, and a charge being made by the whole force, the enemy were driven back across the stream, leaving thirty men dead upon the field, and having many more shot down in the water as they retreated. The total loss of the Confederates during the day were seventy-five killed and wounded.

After the repulse of this assault, a heavy musketry fire was maintained by both parties until night, but, as it was mostly at random through the forest, which intervened except just at the dam, little or no harm was done by it on either side.

Had the assault been made with a larger force, a lodgment could probably have been made, but the sending of a single regiment on such an errand was absurd. The offensive, however, was never McClellan's forte, and his record embraces several other instances of a degree of caution, particularly in the use of his infantry, which rendered any decided success impossible.

After the repulse of this feeble effort, his whole energies were devoted to taking Yorktown by siege, and the construction of parallels and batteries for heavy guns was at once commenced. Meanwhile the Confederates devoted themselves to strengthening their position in every way, daily expecting to be attacked. Owing to the proximity of standing timber on the enemy's side of the stream, his sharp shooters were very close, and their fire was very annoying. This, with other circumstances of the situation, combined to render the hardships undergone by the Confederate troops in this siege peculiarly severe. General Magruder speaks of them in his official report as follows:

"From the 4th of April till the 3rd of May, this army served almost without relief in the trenches. Many companies of artillery were never relieved during this long period. It rained almost incessantly. The trenches were filled with water. No fires could be allowed. The artillery and infantry of the enemy played upon our men almost continuously, day and night. The army had neither coffee, sugar, nor hard bread, but subsisted on flour and salt meats, and these in reduced quantities, and yet no murmurs were heard. The best drilled regulars the world has ever seen would have mutinied under a continuous ser-

vice of twenty-nine days in the trenches, exposed every moment to musketry and shells, in water to their knees, without fire, sugar or coffee, without stimulants, and with an inadequate supply of cooked flour and salt meats, I speak this in honor of those brave men whose patriotism made them indifferent to suffering, to disease, to danger and to death."

These statements are not exaggerated in a single word. The trenches, which were principally in the flat and swampy land bordering the Warwick, filled with water as fast as opened, and could not be drained. Yet the continual firing compelled the men to remain in them, and at points where they were visible to the enemy a hand or a head could not be exposed for a moment without receiving a ball from the telescopic target rifles with which many of their sharpshooters were armed, and which could be relied on to hit a button at two hundred and fifty yards. The trenches were, moreover, so hastily constructed, that they barely afforded room for the line of battle to crouch in, and in many places egress to the rear being impossible from the severity and accuracy of the sharpshooters' fire, and locomotion to the right and left being extremely difficult, though the crowds huddled together in the water they soon became offensive beyond description. Fires were strictly prohibited by day and night, the greatest, and what it made it harder to bear, perhaps an entirely unnecessary hardship, under the circumstances. The scanty rations, generally miserably cooked at the camps, were brought into the trenches at night and distributed. False alarms at night were of common occurrence, and would often result in tremendous volleys of musketry, continued on each side for several minutes, and followed by random shelling.

The sick list increased by many thousands, and cases occurred where men actually died in the mud and water of the trenches before they could be taken out to the hospitals.

And not only was there no murmur or complaint, but in the midst of all this the terms of enlistment of a large part of the army expired, and they at once reenlisted for "three years or the war." It might appear that this reenlistment was not voluntary, being performed under the Conscription Act of April 16th, 1862; but this very act was a favorite scheme in the army, and the army influence had no little weight in securing the passage of the bill.

A few Kentucky troops, in the division of General G. W. Smith, alone opposed their own conscription on the ground that Kentucky was not one of the Confederate States, and they were, therefore, not citizens; but their opposition was principally based on a desire to transfer them-

selves to the army in Tennessee, where many troops from Kentucky were serving. Their claim of exemption was not allowed, but they were transferred to the West, as they desired.

By the law of Congress, those regiments who anticipated conscription by re-enlisting, were entitled to reorganize and elect their own officers, and this reorganization and the elections were very generally made during the siege of Yorktown.

Very great changes of officers, particularly of Captains and Lieutenants, resulted from these elections, and while many excellent officers were promoted, many others were entirely thrown out, and the whole effect was very prejudicial to the discipline of the army. A few regiments were entirely dissolved, the men either joining other old organizations or combining to form new ones.

For some time after the commencement of the siege the designs of the enemy were not apparent, as his principal batteries against Yorktown were kept silent and concealed, and only a distant gunboat threw an occasional heavy shell at the surrounding camps. The sharpshooters and the field artillery, however, on both sides, were more implacable than ever afterwards, except in the neighborhood of the mine at Petersburg in 1864, and a single man was scarcely able to show himself at any distance, without having some missile sent after him. Meanwhile the Confederate line was much strengthened and improved, as well as shortened, by being bent back from the Warwick at Lee's mill, and resting its right flank on Skiff creek, a large and deep tributary of the James, an elbow of which here approached within a mile of the Warwick. The intrenched camp at Mulberry Island was left as an independent outwork, being difficult to attack by land. The enemy used his balloons constantly to overlook the Confederate positions, and seemed to command a view of everything that was done, but, strange to say, the information from this source seems to be the most unreliable of all that misled the Federal commander as to his adversary's numbers and movements. General Johnston was much more accurately informed, although the character of the lines was very unfavorable for secret service.*

The dangers of the flank on York river, and perhaps some apprehensions of the effect upon his earthworks of the enemy's one hundred

* A very daring and successful scouting expedition was made by Lieutenant Causey, C. S. A., who was put ashore by a boat at Sewell's Point, on a rainy night, and remained a week within the enemy's lines. He then got possession of a skiff and returned on another favorable night, bringing very accurate returns of the enemy's force and full information of his siege operations.

and two hundred pounder rifles and thirteen inch mortars, decided General Johnston not to undergo the risks of a siege in which the weight of metal would be so vastly against him.*

Accordingly, on the night of Saturday, the 3rd of May, two days before the day appointed by McClellan for opening his batteries, the Army of Northern Virginia was quietly withdrawn from its intrenchments and put in motion up the Peninsula, whither for several days its *impedimenta* had been preceding it. All valuable stores were successfully removed, except the armament and ammunition of the Yorktown batteries, which was necessarily reserved to the last moment for emergencies. A few hours before the evacuation commenced, however, General D. H. Hill opened a bombardment of the enemy's lines which somewhat reduced the ammunition on hand, and also served to prevent any suspicion of his departure. About eighty guns were abandoned in all, including those at Gloucester Point, but their real value was very little, being mostly old ship guns brought from the navy yard at Norfolk, and ranging from thirty-two pounders to eight-inch columbiads—too heavy for land defence and too light for effective water batteries. About seventy-five rounds of ammunition were left for each piece.

About midnight, the infantry having all taken the road, and the rear guard of cavalry being in position, the firing ceased, the guns were spiked and the artillerists were also withdrawn.

The enemy did not discover the retreat until sunrise on the 4th, when they advanced with some caution to investigate the unusual quiet of the Confederate lines. A number of torpedoes had been planted in various places about the deserted lines by General Raines, and one of them was exploded about 3 o'clock in the morning by some cavalry stragglers from the Confederate rear-guard, who entered the town, some of them being wounded by the explosion. Within a short while after the entrance of the enemy several other explosions occurred, causing in all nearly thirty casualties. Other torpedoes were planted by General Raines at points along the route of the retreat, after the

* It has been claimed that the sieges of Vicksburg, Port Hudson and Petersburg have demonstrated that the lines of Yorktown could have been held, in spite of the powerful array of artillery which was prepared against them, and that, therefore, Johnston's retreat was unnecessary. There is no doubt that they could have been held against all front attacks for a long time, but the enemy had other armies in the field, operating against Richmond, and it would certainly have been bad policy to have left the main body of the Confederate army in such a *cul de sac*, and where the enemy's navy could be brought to bear against its flanks with such threatening results.

rear-guard had passed, and current reports afterwards affirmed that one or two exploded among the enemy's cavalry and, and were the cause of great circumspection in their pursuit. Much indignation was expressed by the enemy at this novel mode of warfare, and General McClellan had Confederate prisoners detailed to open the magazines at Yorktown, which it was suspected were arranged with infernal machines.*

The terrible condition of the roads rendered the night-march very slow and laborious, and it was 3 o'clock P. M., on the 4th, when the rear of the infantry reached Williamsburg, twelve miles distant.

Meanwhile McClellan had organized a vigorous pursuit, and one which, had it not failed at the fighting point, would have put the Confederate army in a very critical condition.

The divisions of Franklin, Sedgwick, Porter and Richardson, were sent in steamers up the York to the vicinity of West Point, to cut off Johnston's retreat. The divisions of Hooker, Smith, Kearney, Couch and Casey, preceded by a strong force of cavalry and horse-artillery, marched on Williamsburg in pursuit.

The movements of the Federal cavalry were so well conducted, and rapid, that the principal body of the Confederate cavalry under General Stuart was cut off, and with difficulty made its escape by a circuitous by-way, while the remainder was driven in upon the Confederate infantry column just as its rear was filing into the streets of Williamsburg. Fort Magruder, and the adjoining Confederate entrenchments were for awhile entirely within the enemy's power; but some delay was made to reconnoitre the position and to open a battery, and this delay enabled Kershaw's and Semmes's brigades, of McLaws's division and Macon's battery, to regain the works by a long double-quick through the mud. A little long-range firing then ensued in reply to the Yankee artillery and carbines, until the arrival of General Stuart with the rest of the Confederate cavalry. On this General Hampton with his brigade

* The use of the torpedo was an old hobby with General Raines. During the Seminole war he used them against the Indians with variable success. On one occasion, near Fort King, Florida, he left a shell in the woods, covered by a blanket which blew up the unsuspecting Red men who found the blanket. A few days afterwards another blanket and shell was dropped in the woods, and soon afterwards the shell was heard to explode. Sallying out with a party of sixteen men to see the success of the trap, Captain Raines found that the blanket had been pulled by a long string, and no harm done. When about to return to the fort his party was attacked by nearly a hundred Indians and with difficulty made good its retreat, losing seven killed and wounded, Captain Raines among the latter.

made a charge upon the enemy's position, using the sabre, and capturing one of his guns and some caissons, and drove him back upon Smith's division of infantry, which had begun to arrive in his rear.

Smith's division was, immediately on its arrival, deployed for an attack, but on moving forward through the dense wood behind which it formed, it was thrown into confusion, and night coming on, only a little skirmishing ensued.

About sundown General Longstreet was ordered to relieve the troops in position with one of his brigades. As his brigades were all small, two were sent, those of Anderson and Prior, by which the lines were occupied during the night with Macon's battery and two sections under Captains Garnett and McCarthy.

On the morning of the 5th the bulk of the Confederate army, with its trains, was pushed forward as fast as possible through a severe rain storm, which converted the roads into quick sands and quagmires, probably the worst that the war produced. Longstreet's division, between 10,000 and 11,000 strong, was left as a rear guard. During the night the division of General Hooker, 9,000 strong, had arrived on the field, opposite the Confederate right, and as soon after daylight as his dispositions could be made, General Hooker commenced a vigorous attack.

The Confederate line was drawn up between Fort Magruder, a considerable enclosed bastioned earthwork of perhaps six hundred yards development of parapet and some small redans, which were part of a chain of such works, twelve in number, besides Fort Magruder and stretching entirely across the Peninsula, on a line about six miles long. The country in front of the Confederate position was open for about seven hundred yards, and the edge of the forest was also levelled, so as to give a range of twelve hundred yards to the guns in Fort Magruder. Anderson's brigade occupied this fort and the vicinity; Pryor's brigade being on its right. The remainder of Longstreet's division was in bivouac beyond Williamsburg; General Longstreet simply standing on the defensive to cover the march of the army.

At half-past 7 o'clock General Hooker began operations by sending forward a battery (Webbers) to take position within seven hundred yards of Fort Magruder, and open upon it, while Grover's brigade, deployed as skirmishers, was directed to push through the felled timber to his front, and right, and, taking position near the battery, to silence the guns in Fort Magruder, and to open communication with Smith's division and the Yorktown road, on which Couch's, Kearney's and Casey's divisions were advancing. The advance of Webber's battery was met by so sharp a fire from Macon's four gun battery in Fort

Magruder, and McCarthy's section, from a redoubt on the right, that, when at length the guns were unlimbered in the assigned positions, the cannoneers had been driven off, and their pieces stood deserted. A second battery, (Bramhall's) was immediately ordered forward, with the officers and men of a third to take charge of Webber's guns, and with the assistance of a heavy fire from the sharp-shooters the two batteries were at length gotten to work. An attempt was made to re-establish the Confederate picket line, driven in by this advance, but it proved unsuccessful, and the action became for a while, an interchange of musketry and artillery at several hundred yards range, in which the enemy had a decided advantage with his rifled muskets and cannon over the Confederate smooth-bore muskets and six pounders. The co-operation which General Hooker expected from Smith's division, and the other troops coming up upon the Yorktown road, (his own position being on the Lee's mill road, which united with it behind the line which his skirmishers now held), was not rendered, and his efforts were therefore confined to holding his position, and keeping Longstreet from moving. Meanwhile, Longstreet, appreciating the situation, moved forward Wilcox's and A. P. Hill's brigades, with which he extended his right flank, to envelop Hooker's left and relieve his front. These brigades fell upon Hooker's left flank, composed of Patterson's and a part of Taylor's brigades, and after a sharp fight drove them, with heavy loss, out of a wood and across a considerable piece of ground, on which the trees had been felled but not lopped of their branches. Continuing to advance into this entanglement, the Confederate's were checked by a heavy fire from artillery and the remainder of Patterson's brigade with a portion of Grover's which Hooker withdrew from in front of Fort Magruder. Unable to see their enemy, the line was halted and the fire returned through the branches of the trees, and again for some hours the battle became a fusilade, but at sufficiently close quarters to cause many casualties, although the combatants were invisible to each other.

At this stage of the affair, the battle having assumed considerable proportions, and the slow progress of the retreating trains through the rain and mud making it evident that the ground must be held all day, while fresh supplies of ammunition could not be easily brought back, General Longstreet called for the division of General D. H. Hill, which was still within five miles of Williamsburg, and which was at once turned back. General Johnston also returned to the field with it, but did not assume the command. Pending the arrival of these troops, the remaining brigades of Longstreet's division, Pickett's and Colston's, were brought upon the field, and the latter being held in reserve, General

R. H. Anderson (who in person had supervised all the movements of the morning), was ordered to renew the charge upon the enemy's position. Accordingly, about 1 P. M. the attack upon the enemy's left was recommenced by General Anderson, with Wilcox's and Pickett's brigades, and the First Virginia regiment of A. P. Hill's brigade. (The remainder of A. P. Hill's brigade had entirely expended its ammunition and was held in reserve, close behind the line), supported by Dearing's battery and a section of McCarthy's. The fighting which ensued was severe and prolonged, but resulted in a considerable advance of the Confederate line, the capture of a Federal battery (which, however, could not be brought off on account of the mud and for lack of horses), and the silencing of every gun but one upon that part of the field.*

While matters were progressing thus upon the right, R. H. Anderson's brigade under Colonel Jenkins, with a portion of Pryor's, supported by Stribling's battery and Pelham's horse-artillery, and the fire of Fort Magruder, made an attack upon the enemy's position in front of the fort, and drove him down the road in great confusion, capturing and securing five three-inch rifled guns of Webber's battery.

General Stuart, thinking the enemy routed, moved the cavalry forward in pursuit, but was quickly checked by meeting Peck's brigade of Couch's division, which arrived, and was thrown forward at this time, and afterwards supported by Devon's brigade of the same division. These brigades drove back the pursuit, and in the course of the afternoon made some attempts to capture Pelham's and Stribling's batteries, at one time charging to within a hundred and fifty yards of them. They were, however, driven back into the woods, and the fighting on this portion of the line became a duel, which gradually died out as night came on.

About 3 o'clock the division of General D. H. Hill arrived upon the field, and the second Florida regiment (under Colonel G. V. Ward, who was killed as he led his regiment in,) and a Mississippi battalion from this division were sent with Colston's brigade to relieve the right wing under Anderson, which had now exhausted its ammunition. It happened at this same time that Hooker's division was relieved by the arrival of Kearney, who at once threw forward his three brigades (Jameson's, Birney's and Berry's,) and a fierce fight ensued between these fresh troops. Kearney made several attempts to dislodge his opponent, and by dint of superior numbers had at length regained a

* In this fighting, which lasted several hours, there was an unusual amount of volley-firing by the Federal infantry. The Confederates, as usual, fired only by file.

portion of Hooker's lost ground, when night put an end to the conflict.

On the left of Fort Magruder there were no operations until late in the afternoon, when an affair took place, which might have proved very serious had the Federal Commander, General Sumner, been aggressive or appreciated that he possessed great superiority in numbers. About noon General Sumner had ordered General Hancock, with five regiments and a battery * from his own, and Davidson's brigades of Smith's division, to make a wide detour towards the York river, and take a position upon the Confederate flank. Crossing Cub Dam Creek, General Hancock came upon the line of redans before mentioned, as extending across the Peninsula, and finding the two nearest the York unoccupied, he took possession of them and of a strong natural position on a commanding ridge between them, and having sent for reinforcements opened with his battery upon the two redans between him and Fort Magruder, occupied by a part of R. H. Anderson's brigade. About this time, however, General D. H. Hill's division having arrived, General Longstreet dispatched a portion of it toward his left, and General Early, discovering Hancock's position, got permission to take his brigade, and attempt to drive him off.

General D. H. Hill, being directed to accompany the movement, took charge of the right wing of Early's brigade, composed of the Fifth and the Twenty-Third North Carolina regiments, while General Early in person led the left wing, the Twenty-Fourth and Thirty-Eighth Virginia. Not understanding the topography and guided only by the sound of the enemy's guns, the brigade moved into a wood traversed by a swamp, and so overgrown with brushwood, that in passing through it the regiments were entirely separated from each other. General Early, with the Twenty-Fourth Virginia (Colonel Terry) was the first to emerge from this wood, which he did upon a large open field, across which, half a mile away, was Hancock's position. On the right was one of the redans occupied by Anderson's brigade. On the left another wood, occupied by Hancock's skirmishers, extended towards the Federal position. The skirmishers and battery immediately opened fire upon the Twenty-Fourth Virginia, which returned the fire, and led by General Early in person, charged with a yell across the open field at the battery. The Thirty-Eighth Virginia, on emerging into the field at another point, charged upon the wood held by the enemy's skirmishers, where it became sharply engaged, suffering also considerably from his

* The Sixth and Seventh Maine, Fifth Wisconsin, Thirty-third New York, and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania regiments, and Coner's New York battery of six guns.

artillery fire. The Fifth North Carolina (Colonel McRae) on clearing the wood with General Hill, was, at its Colonel's request, sent in support of the Twenty-Fourth Virginia, while the Twenty-Third North Carolina was brought into the wood, in front, to the support of the Thirty-Eighth Virginia.

The Sixth South Carolina, of Anderson's brigade, from the redan, on the right, came forward at this time to join in the attack, and being joined by the Thirty-Eighth Virginia, from the woods on the left, these two regiments were led by General Hill to the support of the Fifth North Carolina and twenty-Fourth Virginia. These regiments, however, had advanced so far that no support could be rendered, and their gallant charge met with bloody repulse. Moving slowly through the mire and rain, in the face of a murderous fire, which killed or disabled General Early and half of their field officers, the shattered lines traversed the half mile, and mounted the ridge behind which General Hancock had formed a reserve line of sixteen hundred* men. When the decimated ranks of the Confederates were within thirty paces, this line suddenly arose and fired and charged. A few of the Confederates were killed with the bayonet, some were captured and the remainder driven back. Seeing the result of the charge, General Hill moved his two supporting regiments into the wood, under cover, and after collecting the wounded as far as practicable, withdrew his brigade.

Night now put an end to the conflict on all parts of the field. The total loss in Longstreet's division was one thousand six hundred and eleven. In D. H. Hill's division it amounted to about five hundred. The Federal loss was two thousand two hundred and twenty-eight.*

Immediately after dark Longstreet began the withdrawal of his division, leaving D. H. Hill as rear-guard. The rain still fell, the night was cold, and the condition of the roads was such, that it really seemed impossible for man or horse to move over them. The sufferings of that night will probably never be forgotten, either by the worn out brigades, who, after the long day's fight, waded and stumbled all night in the mud, or by those who, without fires, crouched along the lines until near daylight, and then set forth again on their march, or by the

* The losses of each brigade of Longstreet's division are not on record. Of the Federal losses four hundred and fifty-six were killed, one thousand four hundred wounded, and three hundred and seventy-two missing. Of these Hooker's division bore the greater share, his report giving three hundred and thirty-eight killed, nine hundred and two wounded, three hundred and thirty-five missing. Hancock's loss in his affair with Early is stated by McClellan at only thirty-one, but perhaps more correctly by Swinton at one hundred and twenty-nine.

wounded, who lay upon the field until found by the enemy the next day, as unfortunately many did.

No pursuit was attempted by the enemy, beyond sending a small force of cavalry, who followed the line of retreat for a few miles, picking up broken down stragglers. It was with difficulty that the rear-guard could drive before it hundreds of such men, so perfectly worn out as to be reckless of all consequences.

Many wagons and ambulances were abandoned in the road, and with them two mountain howitzers and three iron twelve-pounders, which had been sent to Williamsburg from Richmond just before the retreat, and were unprovided with horses.

As General Johnston expected to be attacked by the divisions which McClellan had thrown ahead of him at Eltham's Landing near West Point, the march was hurried as much as possible, and on the 7th the whole army was concentrated at Barhamsville. Franklin's division and one brigade of Sedgwick's having landed during the morning, General Franklin sent out Newton's brigade as a feeler for the Confederate position. Newton had advanced a little over a mile, when, on entering a body of woods, his skirmishers came upon Hood's brigade of Whiting's division, which formed the Confederate advanced guard. Hood immediately attacked Newton with great vigor, and drove him back under cover of the fire of the gunboats, and of a number of batteries which were brought into action near the landing.*

Newton's loss was 49 killed, 104 wounded and 41 missing. Hood's loss is only reported as "slight." Franklin remained quiet the rest of the day, during which the Confederates passed by his front with all their trains and troops, leaving only Whiting's and Hood's brigades as a rear guard, which followed during the night.

*A Federal General remarked at the time: "But for the artillery this would have been another Ball's Bluff." *Rebellion Record*, vol. 5, page 32.

Memoir of the First Maryland Regiment.

By General BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

PAPER No. 3.

THE AFFAIR AT SANGSTER'S STATION.

As spring approached, the pressure upon McClellan to do something became irresistible. It was evident he must move. He had for six months been organizing an army which for numbers, material and men was represented to be unparalleled. He had drilled it, and disciplined it, inured his men to the duties of the camp, the bivouac and the outpost. By grand reconnoissances and marches he had accustomed them to move in masses.

Notwithstanding, during the winter he had feared, not only to attack Johnston, immensely his inferior in numbers, but to expose himself to Johnston's attack. But his time was come, and the North would wait no longer.

By the 20th of February all our heavy baggage and sick had been sent off, and for a week the army had been in light marching order. On Friday, the 7th of March, the wagons were started, and three days' cooked rations retained. Everything was ready for a move when Colonel Johnson was ordered to proceed to Sangster's Station with 200 men, and there relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, Thirteenth Virginia.

In the companies detailed there were only 150 men, and leaving the rest to bring down rations, Colonel Johnson started, reaching Colonel Walker's reserve two miles and a-half distant, about midday. While he was superintending the relief at one part of the line and Colonel Walker at the other, a vidette came dashing in, saying the "Yankees were coming," and kept on with accelerated speed. Colonel Walker immediately offered to post himself on the railroad on right and rear, to prevent a flank movement, while Colonel Johnson collected his pickets to give them a brush in front. Just then the enemy's skirmishers appeared, and whilst Colonel Johnson was galloping towards parts of A and B companies to hurry them on, having ordered Lieutenant Hough, Company F, to fall back and hold a road, a troop of about forty cavalry charged Company F, some of them chasing the Colonel a short distance, and broke it as it endeavored to reach a fence to form on. Part of it got to the fence, and with Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, delivered a well directed volley, killed the commanding officer, and saved themselves, except Lieutenant Stewart, who was taken prisoner. In the meantime

Colonel Johnson was hurrying the junction of the other companies to make head against a regiment of infantry that was pressing down in front. Getting within reach of the cavalry engaged with the scattered remains of Company F, he ordered a volley from Company H, which drove them off, taking thirteen prisoners with them.

The battalion then fell back to the railroad, where with the Thirteenth Virginia it took position in advance of the right picket post and awaited the enemy. In the afternoon the Thirteenth was ordered back, and about sundown Colonel Johnson received orders to retire to Union Mills, which he did, burning the bridges and tressle-work on his way. Our loss here was three wounded, Lieutenant Stewart and nine men prisoners; total thirteen. The enemy lost a Lieutenant killed; how many wounded not known. Company F made the best fight under the circumstances that could have been made. Surprised in an open field, and without bayonets, it was not yet sufficiently veterans to receive the charge of cavalry with a volley in close ranks, which would have driven it back.

But the battalion made a narrow escape. General Kearney's division was the attacking force, and his advance of two regiments of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry, refrained from attacking three meagre battalions of the First Maryland and Thirteenth Virginia, numbering in the aggregate not three hundred men. Had General Kearney pressed them rapidly back that day he would have found the whole of Ewell's division on the march, just starting from Manassas. He was then not four miles from them. But he lost the afternoon in reconnoitering to see what the battalion on the railroad, consisting of companies H and I and parts of A and B, First Maryland, meant, and the rear of Johnston's army thus gained four or five hours' march on him. It was dusk when the battalion reached Union Mills, just in time to cross over the burning bridge. The rest of the army had marched, and it was ordered to picket and hold Union Mills ford. About 2 A. M. Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols, Seventh Louisiana, relieved us, and we set off in a brisk march down the Orange and Alexandria railroad.

On Tuesday, 11th, it rejoined the regiment and crossed the Rappahannock, where it went into camp.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE POTOMAC.

The evacuation of Manassas may be said to have terminated the Potomac campaign. The events of that period are too recent, and the

actors in it too prominent for either an intelligent or impartial analysis of its transactions.

History can only be written from the examination of time, whence the grand movements can be seen unobscured by the dust of action which blinds the immediate contestants. But when history shall know the enormous results achieved by Confederate arms, with almost infinitesimal means, the highest meed will be awarded the genius which used such weapons with such wonderful effect.

When General Johnston evacuated Harper's Ferry his command consisted of hardly 7,000 men of all arms. They were deficient in material, in transportation, in clothes, in ammunition, in every thing. The Maryland battalion had one wagon, which more than sufficed for its baggage and cooking utensils.

Thanks to Mrs. Johnson's energy and the liberality of North Carolina and Governor Ellis, it had excellent arms. The clothing and equipments procured by her did not arrive until we were at Winchester. Many of the men were indecent for the want of clothes, wanting coats, shirts, hats, pants, and shoes.

On the march, Swisher, a gallant boy from Boonsboro', fell out of ranks, and said to Captain Johnson, "Captain, it is impossible for me to keep up, my feet are so sore;" "Well," said the Captain, "I will not order you to do so, but no man of my company has yet fallen out." "Then I wont," said he, and taking his place, barefoot for miles, his steps were literally marked by blood over the sharp stones of the Martinsburg pike. At Bunker Hill, on the 17th June, when Patterson was reported advancing, ammunition was served out, which the men carried in their pockets or haversacks. They had no cartridge boxes. The bold front then showed by General Johnston, with his raw levies, forced Patterson back over the Potomac, with a force certainly three or four times as numerous, and infinitely better equipped. A month after, by that masterly flank march, the Federal General was left at Charlestown, while Johnston swept down on McDowell's right flank, crushing it in, and saving the battle of Manassas. Then he only had nine thousand men up, and with the forces of General Beauregard they routed certainly three times their number. Whatever may be the judgment of history as to the inaction after that battle, and the failure to occupy Washington city, there can be no doubt but that the operations, subsequent to that period in which the city could have been taken, were controlled by the highest appreciation of the rules of the art of war.

In July and August, 1861, the Confederates could have occupied

Washington city. Persons for a week after the battle were constantly coming to the camp at Fairfax Courthouse, and giving full and perfect information as to the utterly confused and defenceless state of the enemy. Why that was not taken advantage of time will show. But after a few weeks it was too late. Then nothing could be done except hold the host McClellan was organizing in check. And this General Johnston did on a line extending from Acquia Creek by Leesburg to Winchester, with a scantiness of resources and disparity of force, which, when known, will not be considered the least remarkable of the great achievements of this war. The fortifications at Centreville, which might have readily been turned at any time by the Sudley Ford road, and the heavy *siege* guns thereon mounted (*of wood*) for four months held at bay a great General and a great army.

When at last McClellan had determined to attack him, and sending Banks by a grand movement by Winchester and the Berryville road to flank the position at Centreville, moved Kearney up the Orange and Alexandria railroad to feel our strength on our right. General Johnston, by alert and prompt action, threw his whole army back to the line of the Rappahannock. This was the second lesson he had given the enemy of eluding a proffered combat, and selecting his own time and occasion for battle with a celerity that confounded all his combinations. It was impossible for him to fight at Manassas. Banks, moving by Front Royal, could have cut his communications at Culpeper Courthouse, or, crossing at Berry's Ferry, seize the Manassas Gap railroad at Piedmont. The campaign of McClellan was frustrated by this sudden move to the Rappahannock. Banks fell back to Winchester, where he remained stationary for several weeks, and McClellan moved his army to the Peninsula.

The retreat from Manassas paralyzed all the operations of the enemy in Northern Virginia for weeks, and rendered an entirely new campaign necessary on his part.

THE CAMP ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

While General Johnston from the Rapidan observed McClellan's movements until his attack was developed, whether by way of Yorktown or Fredericksburg, he left General Ewell, who had in February been assigned to General Kirby Smith's division, at Rappahannock station, where the Orange railroad crosses that river. With him were General Stuart and his cavalry. Elzey's brigade went into camp about a mile east of the railroad, and Trimble and Taylor were posted up the

river to the west of it. Here from the 11th of March until the latter part of that month they were undisturbed by any turnout or approach of the enemy. Colonel Steuart left about the 15th for Richmond, where on the 18th he was made Brigadier, and after this period the regiment was under the command of Colonel Johnson. In the early part of April couriers from the front gave notice that the enemy were approaching in force. General Ewell at once took position, and Colonel Johnson was ordered by General Elzey to hold the ford just below the railroad bridge. He placed the regiment in a skirt of wood near the river, but hidden from the view of the enemy, and ordered Captain Goldsborough to deploy company A as skirmishers on the bank. The Baltimore Light Artillery was posted on a mound on our right. Soon the enemy appeared in column in the open ground on the opposite side. They rapidly placed two guns in position and opened on the Baltimore battery, which was plainly visible. That immediately replied, and for some time a sharp duel took place. But the skirmishers of the enemy, in the meantime, had crept up to the bridge, where Goldsborough discovered them, and after a determined skirmish drove them away. It was the first time General Elzey had seen the men skirmish, and the cool manner in which Goldsborough's men deployed under a sharp artillery fire, and then in the fight fired, fell down and loaded lying, excited his admiration. He said no troops in the world could have excelled it.

After the enemy had induced us to fire the bridge he withdrew, having made his reconnoissance. It turned out to be Sumner, from Warrenton, with four thousand infantry, two regiments of cavalry and two batteries, feeling our strength.

After General Elzey had developed the enemy's force, he drew back from the river to induce him to cross, but he was too wary to be caught. A few days afterwards the performance was repeated for the purpose of making a movement down the river, which was subsequently found to be Sumner moving over to unite with McDowell at Fredericksburg. On each occasion, however, as soon as they attempted to fall back, Stuart pounced upon them with his cavalry and made them pay in prisoners for their expedition.

On the 18th of April, after one of these skirmishes, at sunset, in the most tremendous rain of the season, the whole command marched to Culpeper, distant ten miles, which it reached before daybreak, well jaded by a night march in the dark and rain, over a railroad. Such marching is peculiarly tiresome. The sills cramp and fatigue the legs,

and break shoes, so that a day's march on a railroad has always done more harm to men than two or three on an ordinary dirt road.

From Culpeper we started for Madison Courthouse, but marching in that direction five or six miles, retraced our steps, and continuing on the railroad, the next night reached Orange Courthouse. During most of the time it was raining, and the wet bivouacs made it anything but comfortable. After going to Gordonsville we camped at Liberty Mills, or Somerset, seven miles west of it. Thence by a delightful road, sixteen miles to Stanardsville, a charming village in the bosom of the Blue Ridge, and from there through Swift Run gap into the Valley of Virginia to the Shenandoah, at Conrad's store. The river was dear to the regiment. Born at the point of its debouchure at Harper's Ferry, it was destined to start from its head in the mountains and to illustrate a glorious campaign on its banks, equalled by few and surpassed by none. We got to know the Shenandoah; we crossed it on the grand march to Manassas; we fought over it at Front Royal; the echoes of Bolivar sent the ring of our rifles across its bosom to Loudoun, and thence they leaped back to Maryland; and at Mount Jackson and Rood's hill we trusted to the river to protect our flank while we fronted Fremont's pursuit; at Cross Keys and Port Republic again its pure waters were mingled with blood. In this quiet nook General Ewell remained until he started on the glorious campaign down the Valley, which at once placed the name of Jackson by the side of the greatest soldiers.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE VALLEY.

The evening Ewell arrived at Conrad's store Jackson marched from there. He had been followed up the Valley by Banks and Shields, who were then near New Market, and had taken refuge from their pursuit in the lock of the mountains at Conrad's, with the river in his front and the Blue Ridge on his flanks and rear. Marching to Port Republic, he crossed into the Piedmont country by Brown's gap, striking the Virginia Central road at Waynesboro, and thence was not heard of for days. Banks telegraphed that Jackson had *fled from him*. About the 10th of May, however, news came from that General in his laconic dispatch, "GOD HAS GIVEN US A VICTORY AT McDOWELL'S TO-DAY."

Passing swiftly through Staunton, he had fallen like a thunderbolt on Milroy at McDowell, and hurled him back. Then wheeling down the Valley, he was already on the march for Banks. On the 14th Ewell marched for Columbia bridge, but Shields had already passed it and gone through Luray, over the mountain, towards Fredericksburg.

Then it appeared that Banks began to have some faint idea of his imminent peril, for he fell back rapidly to Strasburg, a strong position, well fortified. Ewell, on the 17th, passed the Shenandoah for New Market gap, whence on the 21st he marched to the top of Milem's gap, on the Graves road. Jackson, in the meantime, had swept up the Valley to New Market. While Ewell halted here, it was that Jackson is said to have requested "fewer orders and more men." That at least was the camp story about him. At any rate he there assumed command of Ewell, who retraced his steps to Luray, where he formed a junction with Jackson on the 22d. At this time Brigadier-General Steuart, who had been assigned to the command of the "Maryland Line," reported for duty, and the First Maryland and Baltimore Artillery were assigned to him as composing the Line. The regiment marched over, and thus Colonel Johnson took leave of "*Old Blucher*," their first Colonel, under whom they had so long served and to whom they were greatly attached. Through the trials and sufferings incident to a young soldier's career, he had always furnished them the model of the soldier and the officer, and they parted from him with great reluctance, though glad enough to go into the Line. In camp on the 23d, eight miles north of Luray, a number of men who claimed to have been enlisted for twelve months, refused to do duty because their time was up. While they were firm they were at the same time perfectly respectful, and only desired, they said, to have the matter determined by the proper authority. All of the companies enlisted at Richmond had been mustered in for twelve months, and on the 17th of May, the year having expired, Company C, Captain R. C. Smith, had been mustered out and discharges given them by Colonel Johnson.

On the 21st, some twenty men of Companies A and B, who were also twelve months' men, enlisted by Colonel Johnson at the Point of Rocks, but who had not reënlisted with the rest of their companies, were also discharged by the Colonel.

These men demanded their discharges also from him. He explained to them that their cases were different, that their muster rolls showed they were regularly enlisted at Harpers Ferry by Lieutenant-Colonel Deas, "*for the war*;" that those muster rolls had regularly been filed in the War Department, and that the regular bi-monthly muster ever since had also showed they were "*for the war*," and that even if they had been deceived, as they alleged, and had signed the muster rolls without understanding them, he had no power to discharge them. Their proper mode of proceeding was to apply through him to the Secretary of War. Many were satisfied at this, but many ran away

without waiting for this explanation. Some dozen, however, were not willing to do duty, would not desert, and preferred going to the guard-house.

On the morning of the 24th the regiment started on the march sul-
len and unhappy. Many men were greatly mortified at what had
occurred, so injurious to the reputation of the "First Maryland,"
which had always been without a blemish, and many were uncertain
whether they were right or wrong. Thus they plodded along, silent,
lifeless, and without spirits. Mile after mile they trudged, round and
round the mountain road, until a courier rode up to Colonel Johnson.
He brought an order for the First Maryland to come immediately to
the front and attack the enemy. Ewell was there and had sent for us.
The Colonel halted the command instantly. He told the men, in few
and stirring words, that they had been selected to open the fight. They
were placed in the post of honor, but that he would not lead dissatisfied
men. He would not risk the honor of Maryland with men who could
not sustain it if discontented and spiritless. Every man who felt
aggrieved he demanded should lay down his arms and go to the rear
with the guard, but he invoked them to beware how they did so. They
should recollect that a woman had given them those very arms which
they would thus throw down in the presence of the enemy, and their
duty to their friends at home would restrain them. They had a heavy
debt to pay for the dungeons of the Northern tyranny. After the bat-
tle he promised them he would forward any complaints to the Secretary
of War. The mountain sides then rang with cheers, and "We won't
leave you;" "we will not disgrace the State;" "we don't want to
dodge," came from all sides. The dozen prisoners in charge of the
guard begged to be allowed to come in; the Colonel consented, released
them, and sent them back to the wagon, seven miles off, for their rifles.
They ran all the way back, and got up in time for the fight at Front
Royal. All were up that night. New life was infused into the mass,
and the men sprang forward with that quick elastic step for which they
were noted, and which Kirby Smith and Whiting used to say was more
like the French than anything they had ever seen. The whole column
halted to let us pass. The Louisiana brigade presented arms, and the
men seemed to tread on air as they swung along. The glorious old
Fourth, and "Blucher," the whole army, cheered enthusiastically.
"There they go! look at them," was the universal cry, as, not two hun-
dred and fifty strong, they tramped at quick time through column after
and took the front.

General Steuart, who had also been assigned a cavalry brigade, was

ahead, and about 1 o'clock we came in sight of the enemy's pickets. The sentinel on post, in a red shirt, was taking his ease at full length under a rail shelter. The group of horsemen, Generals Ewell, Taylor and Steuart, Colonel Johnson and others, who halted to reconnoitre, appeared somewhat to puzzle him. He looked, and looked again, as if he could not believe his eyes, at last, lazily getting up, he reached over for his musket, and all at once quickly raised it, fired, and ran for his life. The truth had suddenly flashed on his benighted brain that the "Rebels" were upon him. After him went companies D and G, on the right and left as skirmishers, and down the road charged a squad of cavalry. In a few minutes the whole post was captured. "What regiment do you belong to?" said Colonel Johnson to a Dutchman whom a cavalryman was double-quicking to the rear: "I pelongs to de First Maryland," said Hans. "There's the First Maryland," shouted the Colonel, as the boys sprang on again in a run. The First Maryland Yankees had long been an object of great interest to us. We had often heard of their expressed anxiety to make our acquaintance, and the feeling had got to be quite warm in reciprocity. If there was anything we did desire, next to marching down Baltimore street, it was to get as close to the bogus First Maryland as possible. We knew that while it had many Baltimore men in it, a large proportion were Dutch Yankees, and such people, and had a private idea that any intimate intercourse between the two regiments would not be healthy for them. And, now here they were, close at hand. It was delightful. While the regiment was halted a second or two to breathe and reform, our skirmishers could be seen engaged with the enemy, posted in a large hospital, from which they were showering balls. "Colonel" said, General Steuart, "Can't you take that building?" It was distant six or seven hundred yards. "I think so," said the Colonel. "There they are, boys;" "take them," said he. Off we went with a yell, every man doing his prettiest with his legs. Adjutant Ward dashed ahead, saying, "By your permission, Colonel," while Major Wheat shot by like a rocket, his red cap gleaming, revolver in hand, and got in first, throwing his shots right and left. The hospital was taken. Charging through the village, some of the men ran against a large squad of Yankees, who fired right in their faces without effect. Clearing the town on the Winchester road, a line of battle could be perceived on the crest of a hill half a mile off, and advancing to a stone fence near to it, Colonel Johnson halted to collect and breathe the men. In a few minutes their skirmishers came rapidly down the hill into the wheat field in front. The whole battalion then advanced as skirmish-

ers, with Wheat's men on our left. The enemy opened on us sharply with shell from two pieces, and though shooting remarkably well, did no execution. During the rest of the afternoon, after a short struggle, their skirmishers were driven back, and Captain Nicholas was ordered to take a white house to the left of the road, which would give him a flank fire on their line, while Colonel Johnson, with Captains Smith and Herbert, turned them on the right. Nicholas got nearly to his position, but was obliged to give ground on account of Wheat's battalion falling back and exposing his flank. Smith pushed his way rapidly on the hill until within reach of the cannonneers at the guns, when a squadron of cavalry came rapidly down the hill, evidently intended for the centre of the skirmishers. Smith was immediately ordered back to form with Captain Robertson and repel their charge, but they retired without making an attack. The right of our line then swung rapidly round, while Goldsborough and Nicholas closed in on them on the left, in a run, in conjunction with Wheat. Their colors was captured in their camp by Private Drers, Company H, together with their camp fixtures, tents, &c., and some prisoners, while Smith, Herbert, Robertson, and Murray were pressing them as they crossed the railroad bridge over the Shenandoah. Private Tom Levering, Company H, brought seven prisoners to the Colonel, and Valiant, Company E, brought a Lieutenant with a fine horse and equipments.

They had been driven so rapidly over the bridges that no time was allowed to burn them; a small fire kindled on the upper one was thrown off before any damage was done, and we immediately crossed to the railroad depot, where there was a large quantity of stores. Here we bivouaced while the rest of the column marched on to camp. As they went by the greatest delight was manifested at our success. "The real First Maryland had whipped the bogus," was the common expression and cheers and shouts came from every passing battalion and brigade. Elzey rode by, and turning to the hearty cheers of the men, took off his hat, saying, "Boys, I knew you'd do it." All night long prisoners were being brought in by the cavalry, who went within three miles of Winchester and captured the whole force, except some twenty or thirty infantry and a few cavalry. The prisoners were under our charge, and the recognitions among old acquaintances were highly amusing, although the conversations which generally passed between them were not of a polite or complimentary character. The total of prisoners of that night and next morning was about 900.

The Yankee force engaged was under Colonel John R. Kenly, First Maryland (bogus) and consisted of his own regiment, with the exception

of one company off on duty, which escaped, but having in the fight near 700 men; two companies, Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania, 150 men; one squadron, New York cavalry, 125 men; one section artillery, 75 men; making a total of 1,050. About 100 were killed and wounded, and perhaps fifty escaped.

Against this force were engaged the First Maryland, Colonel Johnson, and special Louisiana battalion, Major Wheat; the first 250 strong, the last 175—total, 425. Not a gun was fired by any other infantry during the fight; no one else was engaged, and no one pressed the enemy until after he had been driven across the Shenandoah, when the cavalry pitched on him and captured most of his men. About one hundred were taken on the field. Some half a dozen shots were fired by one of our pieces during the skirmish, and no other aid was offered us. It was evidently General Jackson's intention to make us whip the enemy by ourselves, and consequently we were left struggling in the unequal contest for four or five hours before we succeeded in driving them from their position. But we did succeed! During his retreat Colonel Kenly for a while kept his men well together, and made a gallant resistance to our cavalry charge, but being cut down and captured his command was then easily dispersed and picked up. One captain surrendered himself and seventeen of his men to a boy of sixteen, of the Second Virginia cavalry, who, riding in the woods alone, was suddenly accosted, and finding himself surrounded, was about making a run for it when this little captain relieved himself of his sword and the cavalryman of his anxiety by giving up the whole party.

The next morning, Saturday, General Jackson proposed to Colonel Johnson to send him back in charge of the prisoners to Richmond, but the Colonel declined the offer, preferring to keep in the front. It would have been exceedingly desirable to have the regiment at Richmond for a few days to recruit, but he thought it better to stay where he was, and subsequent occurrences justified his judgment. We were then ordered to Middletown, on the Valley turnpike, with the Baltimore Light Artillery, to support General Steuart, who with some cavalry had got into Banks's rear. We reached within two miles of that point during the afternoon, and found General Steuart retiring, having been driven out by infantry. We then retraced our steps and camped by the side of a stream, seven miles from Winchester, without fires, and in the rain, without blankets.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

BY GENERAL JAMES H. LANE.

FINAL REPORT.*From Petersburg to Appomattox.*

APPOMATTOX C. H., April 10th, 1865.

Major—I have the honor to report that on the night of the 1st of April, four regiments of my brigade, with intervals between the men varying from six to ten paces, were stretched along the works between Battery Gregg and Hatcher's run, in the following order from right to left: Twenty-eighth, Thirty-seventh, Eighteenth, Thirty-third. The right of the Twenty-eighth resting near the brown house in front of General McRae's winter quarters, and the left of the Thirty-third on the branch near Mrs. Banks's. The enemy commenced shelling my line from several batteries about nine o'clock that night, and the picket lines in my front opened fire at a quarter to two o'clock the following morning. The skirmishers from McGowan's brigade, who covered the works held by my command, were driven in at a quarter to five o'clock, and my line was pierced by the enemy in strong force at the ravine in front of the right of the Thirty-seventh, near General McGowan's headquarters. The Twenty-eighth, enfiladed on the left by this force, and on the right by the force that had previously broken the troops to our right, was forced to fall back to the plank road. The enemy on its left took possession of this road and forced it to fall still further back to the Cox road, where it skirmished with the enemy and supported a battery of artillery by order of Brigadier-General Pendleton. The other regiments fought the enemy between McGowan's winter quarters and those occupied by my brigade, and were driven back. They then made a stand in the winter quarters of the right regiment of my command, but were again broken, a part retreating along the works to the left, and the remainder going to the rear—these last, under Colonel Cowan, made a stand on the hill to the right of Mrs. Banks's, but were forced back to the plank road, along which they skirmished for some time, and then fell back to the Cox road, where they supported a battery of artillery by order of Lieutenant-General Longstreet.

That portion of my command which retreated along the works to the left, made two more unsuccessful attempts to resist the enemy, the last stand being made in the Church road, leading to the Jones house. It

then fell back to Battery Gregg, and the battery to its left, but under Major Wooten and assisted by a part of Thomas's brigade, it soon after charged the enemy, by order of Major-General Wilcox, and cleared the works as far as the branch, on which the left of the Thirty-Third rested the night previous. Here we were rejoined by Colonel Cowan, and we deployed as skirmishers to the left of the Church road and perpendicular to the works, but did not hold this position long, as we were attacked by a strong line of skirmishers supported by two strong lines of battle. A part of us retreated to Battery Gregg and the rest to the new line of works near the "dam." Battery Gregg was subsequently attacked by an immense force, and fell after the most gallant and desperate defence. Our men bayoneted many of the enemy as they mounted the parapet. After the fall of this battery, the rest of my command along the new line, was attacked in front and flank, and driven back to the old line of works running northwest from Battery 45, where it remained until the evacuation of Petersburg. We were here rejoined by the Twenty-Eighth, under Captain Linebarger.

On the afternoon of the 3d we crossed the Appomattox at Goode's bridge, bivouaced at Amelia Courthouse on the 4th, and on the 5th formed line of battle between Amelia Courthouse and Jetersville, where our sharp-shooters, under Major Wooten, became engaged. Next day, while resting in Farmville, we were ordered back to a fortified hill to support our cavalry, which was hard pressed, but before reaching the hill the order was countermanded, we were moved rapidly through Farmville, and sustained some loss from the artillery while crossing the river near that place. That afternoon we formed line of battle, facing to the rear, between one and two miles from Farmville, and my sharp-shooters were attacked by the enemy. During the night we resumed our march, and on the 9th, while forming line of battle, we were ordered back, and directed to stack our arms, as the Army of Northern Virginia had been surrendered.

My officers and men behaved well throughout this trying campaign, and superiority of numbers alone enabled the enemy to drive us from our works near Petersburg. Colonel Cowan, though indisposed, was constantly with his command, and displayed his usual gallantry, while Major Wooten nobly sustained his enviable reputation as an officer.

We have to mourn the loss of Captains Nicholson, Faine, McAulay and Long, and other gallant officers.

Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., Assistant Adjutant-General, and First Lieutenant E. B. Meade, Aide de Camp, were constantly at their posts, dis-

playing great bravery, and giving additional evidence of their efficiency as Staff Officers.

I am unable to give our exact loss at Petersburg. I surrendered at this point fifty-six officers and four hundred and eighty-four men, many of the latter being detailed non-armsbearing men, who were sent back, to be surrendered with their brigade.

The Seventh, the other regiment of my command, is absent in North Carolina on detached service.

I am, Major,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES H. LANE, *Brigadier-General.*

Major JOS. A. ENGELHARD, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

The Gettysburg Campaign—Operations of the Artillery.

REPORT OF COLONEL J. THOMPSON BROWN.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARTILLERY, SECOND CORPS,

August 13, 1863.

Major A. S. Pendleton, A. A. G.:

MAJOR,—In accordance with your order of same date, I beg leave to submit a report of the operations of this command since the army left the line of the Rappahannock.

About 12 M. June 13th Johnson's division with Andrews's battalion came in sight of Winchester, on the Front Royal road, driving in the enemy's advance and exploding one of their limbers. Nothing further was done by us this day with artillery.

On June 14th Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, with his own battalion and four batteries of First Virginia artillery, under Captain Dance, moved over with Early's division to a position to the right and rear of the enemy, and about 4 o'clock opened a most effective fire, with twenty guns, upon the work west of the flag fort.

This heavy artillery fire enabled the infantry to take this work with but little loss.

This artillery was afterwards advanced to the captured work, prepared to drive the enemy from the flag fort on the next morning.

To assist in this twelve additional guns were on this night in position on an abandoned hill in the Valley turnpike, and near Hollingsworth's

mills. At this point the Baltimore Light Artillery, attached to Jenkin's cavalry, did good service on the 14th.

This disposition would, I think, have insured the fall of their main work, but the enemy retired during the night.

On the morning of the 15th Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, with Dement's and sections from Raines's and Carpenter's batteries, had a sharp engagement with the enemy's infantry, who were retreating on the road towards Charlestown by Jordan's springs. Great credit is due the officers and men for the spirited and determined manner in which they fought the enemy's infantry at close quarters.

Especial credit is due Lieutenant Contee, of Captain Dement's battery, and the section under his command. Lieutenant Contee is recommended for promotion to Captaincy for gallantry on this occasion, and I ask that he be ordered to command of the Chesapeake artillery, made vacant by the death of Captain Brown. Sergeants Harris and Glascock and Corporals Compton, Thompson and May, of this section, are much to be praised for their coolness and bravery on this occasion.

This glorious victory, in which the artillery played so conspicuous a part, was saddened by the death of Captain Thompson, Louisiana Guard, Jones's battalion, whose gallantry as a soldier and high character as a gentleman were conspicuous in the corps.

Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews and Lieutenant Contee were also wounded. In addition to these casualties there were five killed and fourteen wounded.

There were captured from the enemy at Winchester four 30-pound Parrotts, seventeen 3-inch rifles and two 24-pound howitzers. The first two classes were exchanged for inferior guns, which were left at Winchester.

While these two divisions were engaged in the capture of Winchester, General Rodes with Carter's battalion had moved around by Berryville to Martinsburg, which place was abandoned after a short artillery fight, in which Captain Fry's battery lost one killed and one wounded. Five 3-inch rifles were taken at this point, which were also exchanged.

No further engagements with artillery occurred until the battle of Gettysburg.

On July 1st Rodes's division came upon the enemy near Gettysburg, and Lieutenant-Colonel Carter's battalion engaged them with fine effect, all his batteries being in action and behaving most gallantly, Captains Page's and Carter's suffering most severely.

Lieutenant-Colonel Jones's battalion coming up on the York road,

with Early's division, also engaged the enemy advancing upon Rodes's left and Early's right, and with fine effect.

After Gettysburg was taken Johnson's division, with Andrews's and the two reserve battalions came up under the impression and hope that the wooded hill on the enemy's right would be taken that evening.

I sent an officer to move on with the division and endeavor to find a road for the artillery. The attempt to take the hill was not made, however, that evening.

On the 2d, about four o'clock, a heavy fire was opened upon the enemy's line from Andrew's battalion, under Major Latimer, on our extreme left, aided by Graham's battery (First Virginia artillery), and from Dance's, Watson's and Smith's batteries (First Virginia artillery), on the right of our line, extending beyond the brick Seminary. This fire was well directed and effective. Unfortunately the enemy's position on their extreme right was so excellent, and the number of guns concentrated at that point so great, that after a most gallant fight, Major Latimer was forced to withdraw three of his batteries, leaving one to repel any advance of their infantry. It was while with this battery that this gallant and accomplished officer, and noble young man received the wound which has resulted in his death. No heavier loss could have befallen the artillery of this corps.

On the 3d the First Virginia Artillery, and a portion of Carter's and Nelson's battalions, engaged the enemy's batteries in order to divert their fire from our infantry, advancing from the right. This fire was well directed, and its fine effect was very noticeable. Their fire from the Cemetery hill was at one time almost completely silenced, and had we been able to continue our fire with shell, the result would have been entirely satisfactory, but owing to the proximity of our infantry to the enemy, and the defective character of some of the shell, the batteries were compelled to use solid shot.

On the 4th the left was swung around on the ridge opposite the enemy's, and the guns placed in position, but no firing. On the 2d and 3d Green's battery, Jones's battalion, operated with Hampton's cavalry, and did excellent service. Tanner's battery, of same battalion, having been sent back with the wagon train, was enabled to do good service in driving off the enemy's cavalry at Williamsport. Captain Brown, of Andrews's, and Captain Page, of Carter's battalions, and Lieutenant Brown, of First Virginia Artillery, were also wounded in this engagement.

In addition there were twenty-one killed and 104 wounded. One Napoleon was captured and exchanged by Lieutenant-Colonel Jones for one

of his, disabled. In this engagement, as in the one at Winchester, the officers and men behaved with the greatest gallantry, fully sustaining the high character which they had previously borne.

After crossing into Virginia there was no serious fighting. Colonel Carter fired a few shots at the enemy advancing upon our rear in crossing the Potomac, and also fired upon them as they attempted to cross at Manassas gap.

Owing to the loss by capture of the transportation and forges (with few exceptions) of First Virginia artillery and Carter's and Nelson's battalions, and the loss of ninety-two horses at Gettysburg, the artillery of the corps has had great difficulties to contend with.

They brought off everything from across the river to this point, with the exception of one caisson, for the loss of which the officer responsible is now under charges. The horses are in low order, but are improving.

Very respectfully,

J. THOMPSON BROWN,
Colonel and Acting Chief Artillery Second Corps.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM NELSON.

HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY BATTALION,

August 4, 1863.

Colonel J. Thompson Brown,

Acting Chief Artillery, Second Corps :

COLONEL,—In accordance with orders just received, I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of the respective batteries of my command "in the battle of Gettysburg, and all engagements since that time."

I reached Gettysburg with my command Wednesday evening, July 1st, 1863, and received orders to report to Major-General Rodes, who ordered me to report to Lieutenant-Colonel Carter, commanding artillery of his division.

Having done so, I was ordered early on Thursday morning to keep my guns in readiness for action immediately in rear of heights overlooking the town, and about one-fourth of a mile to the left of the Cashtown turnpike. About 11 o'clock, A. M., I was ordered to bring my battalion to a point immediately in rear of the Gettysburg College, park my batteries and await events.

Having with your assistance selected positions which my batteries

could occupy in case the enemy should turn their attention to that portion of the line, I remained at this point until night, when I returned to the position which I occupied in the morning. On Friday, the 3d, I was ordered to report with my command to Major-General Johnson, commanding the extreme left of our line.

Having done so, I was ordered to reconnoitre the positions on our left, and if any could be found, from which I might attract the enemy's fire from our infantry, to occupy them.

Having reconnoitered the positions along this portion of our line, and finding none suitable for the purpose mentioned above, I kept my batteries concealed during the day behind the hills immediately in rear of the battlefield.

About 12 o'clock, M., I was ordered to draw the attention of the enemy's batteries from our infantry in connection with Captain Graham, commanding Rockbridge artillery, and fired about twenty or twenty-five rounds from a point to the left, and somewhat in advance of Captain Graham's position. On Friday night I encamped about one-half of a mile in rear of my position of that day, and about midnight received orders to move my command with General Johnson's division to the point which I occupied on Thursday morning.

On Saturday morning, July 4th, I was ordered to take position on the heights west of the town, and about one-fourth of a mile to the left of the Cashtown road, supported by a brigade of General Johnson's division; here we remained until night, awaiting an attack of the enemy. On Saturday night we fell back from Gettysburg, in the direction of Hagerstown, which we reached on Tuesday, the 7th. Here we remained until Friday, the 9th, when I was ordered to send one Napoleon gun and one rifle piece to report to Brigadier-General Daniel near the Antietam Creek.

The rifle piece was engaged for a short time. I then received orders to move my command, in connection with General Johnson's division, to a point about equi-distant from the National road and the Williamsport and Hagerstown turnpike, and one mile and a-half from the town.

On Saturday, the 10th, I was ordered to post my batteries, two on the left of Williamsport road and one immediately to the left of the Frankstown and Williamsport road, supported by a portion of General Johnson's division. We remained in position until Monday evening, awaiting an attack of the enemy, when we fell back in the direction of Williamsport. Arriving at that place, we were ordered to move to Falling Waters and cross the river on a pontoon bridge, which we did,

reaching the Virginia shore about 9 A. M. Tuesday, 14th, and encamping about six miles from the river.

I remain, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed,]

W. NELSON,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Artillery Battalion.

Official: S. V. SOUTHALL,

Adjutant Artillery, Second Corps.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. P. JONES.

HEAD QUARTERS ARTILLERY BATTALION, August 4, 1863.

Lieutenant Southall,—On the morning of the 1st July, while marching in rear of Early's division, I received an order from General Early to bring the batteries at once to the front for the purpose of engaging the enemy. This I did, and found on arriving at the front that the enemy were posted in front of Gettysburg, and engaging hotly what I afterwards learned was General Rodes's division.

I immediately brought twelve guns into position and opened a brisk fire upon the enemy's artillery and infantry, taking them in flank as they were being massed upon Rodes's left and General Early's right. The batteries were very soon driven from the position and forced to retire, leaving one carriage disabled, which, however, they afterwards succeeded in getting off. Our fire was very effective upon their infantry, presenting as they did large bodies in easy range of us. In this engagement I had three guns temporarily disabled and one permanently so. One man was killed of the "Louisiana Guard Artillery," and one wounded of the "Staunton Artillery."

For your better information I have the honor herewith to enclose the reports of Captains Tanner and Green of the operations of their batteries at Wrightsville, Hunterstown, South Mountain and Williamsport.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed,]

H. P. JONES,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Artillery Battalion.

Official: S. V. SOUTHALL,

Adjutant Artillery Second Corps.

REPORT OF COLONEL T. H. CARTER.

HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY BATTALION,

August 5th, 1863.

Colonel,—In accordance with special order No. 24, Headquarters Artillery Second Corps, I herein transmit a report of the operations of my battalion in the battle of Gettysburg. On reaching the field, the 1st of July, the enemy was found to be in possession of a high ridge west of Gettysburg. Their advance line occupied a small crest still further west, and was engaged with A. P. Hill's corps when we arrived.

Rodes's division was deployed in two lines at right angles to the high crest, and to the enemy's lines of battle. The batteries of Captain Carter and Captain Fry were ordered to a high point in front of Rodes's line, near the Cashtown turnpike, to enfilade the enemy's lines and batteries, which stretched along the small crest to the railroad cut. The batteries fired with very decided effect, compelling the infantry to take shelter in the railroad cut, and causing them to change front on their right.

The enemy's guns replied slowly. Owing to the exposed position of Captain Carter's battery, which was unavoidable, it suffered much at this point, having four men killed outright and seven more or less severely wounded.

The enemy finding their position untenable and turned by a strong force, extended their line to their right, to confront us. General Rodes therefore sent for two batteries, and posted them on the left. Captains Page and Reese, then not engaged, were ordered to report to him.

Captain Page opened from a point at the foot of a high ridge on the infantry advancing on Colonel O'Neal. The artillery of the enemy by this time had taken position in the valley north of Gettysburg and delivered a very destructive oblique fire on Page's battery; his loss here was heavy—two men killed, two mortally wounded, and twenty-six more or less badly wounded; seventeen horses killed and disabled, but it was borne with unflinching courage by the gallant Captain and his officers and men, until ordered to retire to another position.

General Doles, on the left of the front line of General Rodes's division, reported a large force massing on his front and left near the

Hidlersburg road, and asked to be supported by artillery. Leaving Captain Fry at the first position on the high ridge, Carter's, Page's and Reese's batteries were put in position at the foot of the high ridge and in rear of Doles's brigade, to prevent the enemy from turning Rodes's extreme left. Here these batteries rendered excellent service, driving back both infantry and artillery. Captain Carter's battery was particularly effective in its fire at this position.

General Early now advanced. Doles took it up, and Rodes's whole line pressed forward, forcing back the enemy at all points. My battalion followed, a few pieces unlimbering from time to time to break up the formations of the enemy as they endeavored to rally under cover of the small crest near the town. After the capture of Gettysburg no further movement was made during the afternoon.

On Thursday, the second of July, my battalion was held in readiness to move into position, but was not engaged. On Friday, the 3d of July, ten rifle guns were posted on the high ridge on right and left of the railroad cut, and their fires directed on the batteries planted on the Cemetery hill.

This was done to divert the fire of the enemy's guns from Hill's and Pickett's troops in their charge across the valley, and also to divert their fire from three batteries of the First Virginia artillery under Captain Dance and temporarily in my command. These three batteries had been ordered to fire in conjunction with a large number of guns on their right on a salient part of the enemy's line prior to the charge of infantry. The effect of this concentrated fire on that part of the line was obvious to all. Their fire slackened and finally ceased. It was feebly resumed from a few guns when Pickett's and Hill's troops advanced, but the most destructive fire sustained by these troops came from the right and left of this salient. The smooth-bore guns of my battalion were held in readiness to move in rear of Gettysburg College, but were not needed. My whole battalion took position at Falling Waters to cover the crossing on the pontoon bridge; a few rounds were fired at the enemy's line of sharpshooters as they attempted to press our skirmishers approaching the bridge. The pursuit was checked without further difficulty. At Front Royal the battalion turned off to the Manassas gap, and took position about two miles from the top. Two batteries (Page's and Fry's) only were engaged. Our skirmishers held the enemy's lines of battle in check for some time, but were finally driven back by greatly superior numbers. The above mentioned batteries then opened and kept back the enemy until dark,

when our troops were withdrawn. The enemy displayed one battery and 12,000 or 15,000 infantry.

Total loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, sixty-five.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

[Signed]

THOS. H. CARTER,
Lieutenant-Colonel Com'd'g Battalion Art'y.

Official: S. V. SOUTHALL,
Adjutant Artillery Second Corps.

Colonel J. T. Brown, Chief Artillery Second Corps.

REPORT OF COLONEL R. SNOWDEN ANDREWS.

HEADQUARTERS ANDREWS'S ARTILLERY BATTALION,
Camp near Liberty Mills, August 5, 1863.

COLONEL,—I have the honor to submit the following reports of the movements and operations of Lieutenant-Colonel R. Snowden Andrews's battalion of artillery, attached to General Edward Johnson's division infantry in the battle of Gettysburg. On this occasion this battalion of artillery was under the immediate command of Major J. W. Latimer, Major of said battalion.

Major Latimer moved the battalion from its camp near Chambersburg on the 1st July, and moving along the Chambersburg road appeared in front of Gettysburg just before dark of the same day. After dark, being in close proximity to the enemy, Major Latimer, making a detour to prevent the enemy from finding out his movements, moved his battalion to the extreme left of Gettysburg between the York and Baltimore roads facing the Cemetery Hills, when the command was parked and camped for the night. About 4 o'clock, the following morning, July 2d, Major Latimer having carefully examined the ground, had selected the only eligible position in his front. The ground offered very few advantages, and the Major found great difficulty in sheltering his horses and caissons. The hill which he selected brought him directly in front of the wooded mountain and a little to the left of the Cemetery Hills. All the guns, except two long range guns, had to be crowded on this small hill, which was not in our favor. About 4 o'clock Major Latimer received orders from yourself, as also from General Johnson, to take position and open on the enemy. Four-

teen guns of the battalion were then planted on this hill above mentioned. The two remaining guns, twenty-pound Parrots, were placed on an eminence in rear of the battalion with Captain Graham's battery. Captain Brown's battery occupied the right, Captain Carpenter's occupied the centre, while Captain Dement and Captain Raine, the latter with one section of his battery, took the left.

As soon as the Major opened the enemy replied with a well-directed fire from a superior number of guns, causing many casualties among officers, men and horses. This unequal contest was sustained by both the officers and men with great fortitude until near night. The enemy in the meantime planted some guns on the left, which partially enfiladed our batteries, which caused Captain Carpenter to suffer very severely. By this time two of Captain Dement's pieces had expended all their ammunition, and one caisson had been blown up. Captain Brown had a piece disabled and his detachment so reduced that he could work only two guns, and Captain Brown had been shot down. At this juncture, the enemy pouring a destructive fire upon them, Major Latimer sent his sergeant-major to General Johnson to say that owing to the exhausted state of his men and ammunition and the severe fire of the enemy, he was unable to hold his position any longer. General Johnson sent him word "to withdraw the battalion if he thought proper."

Most of the guns were then withdrawn, leaving four guns on the hill to repel any advance of the enemy's infantry. Soon after this Major Latimer again opened on the enemy with the four guns left in position, to cover the advance of our infantry, which drew a terrible fire upon him. And it was here that the accomplished and gallant Latimer was severely wounded in the arm, of which wound he has since died. The command then devolved upon Captain Raine, the senior captain of the battalion. Night coming on, Captain Raine, at Major Latimer's suggestion, withdrew the battalion a short distance and encamped for the night. The next morning, 3d July, the condition of the battalion was reported to you, when Captain Raine received orders to park near the ordnance train and to have his ammunition chests replenished, and await further orders. The same evening Captain Raine received orders to go to the front, which order was promptly obeyed. On the 4th Captain Raine fell back with his division near the Cashtown road, where he remained until our army left the front of Gettysburg. The list of casualties will show the severity of the conflict, and it is believed we did the enemy infinitely more damage than we sustained, for they had to change their positions frequently and had to be relieved by fresh

batteries, while our men stood unflinchingly to their posts the whole time.

I herewith furnish you with a list of the casualties in the different batteries :

Casualties in Captain Raine's battery—second section commanded by Captain Raine: One man severely wounded and left in enemy's lines, several others slightly wounded, but are now doing duty; three horses killed. First section—Lieutenant Hardwick commanding—three men severely wounded; axle-tree of No. 1 gun damaged by solid shot; the horses of this section were taken to the rear, and hence did not suffer.

Casualties in Captain Brown's battery: Captain Brown severely wounded; Lieutenant Roberts wounded; four men killed and ten wounded; nine horses killed or permanently disabled.

Casualties in Captain Dement's battery: One Corporal killed; four men wounded; nine horses killed or permanently disabled; one caisson exploded and one disabled.

Casualties in Captain Carpenter's battery: One Corporal killed; four men killed; one Sergeant wounded; one Corporal wounded; seventeen enlisted men badly wounded; several others very slightly wounded—now on duty; nine horses killed.

Summary: One Major severely wounded; one Captain severely wounded; one Lieutenant wounded; one non-commissioned officer and nine men killed; two non-commissioned officers wounded and thirty men wounded; thirty horses killed.

Major Latimer informed me that all officers, with the exception of Lieutenant John E. Plater, behaved with great gallantry. The Captains report that their officers, non-commissioned officers and men, behaved with such unparalleled gallantry that they can make no distinction.

I am, Colonel, your ob't serv't,

[Signed,]

R. SNOWDEN ANDREWS,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Artillery Battalion.

Official: S. V. SOUTHALL,

Adjutant Artillery Second Corps.

General Kirby Smith's Campaign in Kentucky.

PAPER No. 5.

By Major PAUL F. HAMMOND.

The army now occupied nearly the arc of a circle described from Perryville by Harrodsburg upon Versailles. Polk held the centre at Harrodsburg, with Heth on his immediate right, reaching to McCown's Ferry on the Kentucky river. Stevenson occupied Versailles on the extreme right, while Hardie on the left retired slowly upon Perryville, harassed at every step by the enemy. Marshall had come up from Owingsville within supporting distance.

Thus the main object of the late movements was accomplished with trifling loss of men or material. General Bragg's entire forces were now concentrated and well in hand, in a position of his own selection, and a fair field upon which to operate.

The enemy crossed the Kentucky river at Frankfort, and were ambuscaded, and severely handled by Colonel Scott, who, notwithstanding, was forced to give way before largely superior forces. General Bragg concluded that the main attack was coming from this quarter. It proved to be a great error, and unfortunately led him to violate a first principle of military science by dividing his army in the immediate face of the enemy, undoing in a moment all that the retreat, the sacrifices and the hard work of the last few days had accomplished. General Smith reinforced with Withers's division, raising his effective strength, exclusive of cavalry, to more than five and twenty thousand muskets, was sent in the direction of Frankfort to meet this attack, while General Bragg, with the remainder of his forces, some sixteen thousand men, was left to check the enemy at Perryville. Leaving the banks on the morning of the 8th of October, General Smith marched to Versailles, where he learned that only one column of the enemy, 10,000 strong, commanded by General Sill, had crossed at Frankfort, and that this column had taken the road for Lawrenceburg. In the hopes of capturing it, Smith proceeded rapidly to that point, while Withers, who was on the Salorsa turnpike, a few miles to our left, was ordered to make a detour still further to the left, which would bring him to Salt river, directly across Sill's line of march. If thus intercepted in front and pressed in rear by superior forces, Sill's command would inevitably be compelled to surrender. At ten o'clock at night General Smith encamped within a mile of Lawrenceburg.

whither he had moved with such secrecy and dispatch that neither the enemy nor the citizens dreamed of his proximity. Late in the night the enemy's trains could be heard rumbling along the streets of the town, and before dawn we moved forward, confident of seizing the prey. But Sill, without suspecting his danger, was making forced marches to join the main army, and instead of encamping near Lawrenceburg, as was anticipated, pushed on, though late at night, to Salt river. A few wagons and prisoners were captured, but the main column escaped, and our forces were withdrawn, and took the road at a quick-step for Harrodsburg. This was done with great chagrin, but circumstances made it imperative. It was now apparent that General Bragg was completely outwitted, or had deceived himself, and that he had fought at Perryville what, unhappily, proved to be the decisive battle of the campaign, with the smaller fraction of his army, while nearly 30,000 men were thirty miles away, in a futile chase after a supple and comparatively insignificant division of the enemy. There was little reason to hope that he had been successful, but on the contrary, very great cause to fear that he had suffered a disaster.

On the 8th of October the battle of Perryville was fought. Sixteen thousand Confederate soldiers held the field against a greatly superior force, and great credit was reflected upon our arms; but the victory, if victory could be claimed, was barren, while to achieve it a loss of 2,500 men was incurred.

General Smith entered Harrodsburg on the morning of the 10th. General Bragg was there, but his army had retired to Camp Dick Robinson, twelve miles in the rear. Bragg was in confident spirits, greatly elated by the gallantry which his soldiers had displayed upon the field of Perryville, he seemed fully determined to await the enemy at Harrodsburg.

At Cave City, at Bardstown, and at Frankfort, one advantage after another had faded away without profit, while the most fertile and friendly portions of Kentucky had been abandoned to the enemy. But again, at Harrodsburg fortune seemed to offer one last opportunity for the redemption of the State and the triumph of our cause.

The enemy were reported eight miles in front, steadily advancing. From early morning until noon, column after column of our army filed through the streets of Harrodsburg and wheeled into its appointed position, in line of battle. Through the cold, pelting rain, along the sloppy roads, the travel-worn veterans of the Army of Kentucky moved with the firm tread of conscious strength. Exhausted by a march of fifty miles in less than two days, the near prospect of battle seemed to

revive and refresh every soldier. There was no tumult, straggling, or noisy excitement, which is characteristic of raw troops on such occasion, but a stern and ominous silence, and perfect discipline were preserved in all the ranks. The light of battle gleamed in every eye, and the determination to conquer was written in the lineaments of every face.

No one who witnessed the scenes of that day can ever forget them, the immense stake at issue, and the soldierly bearing of the brave Southern army which was to contend for it, thrilled every heart.

The strength of the Confederate army at this time was about forty-eight thousand men,* with two hundred pieces of artillery. Of these thirty thousand were at Harrodsburg, between thirteen and fourteen thousand at Camp Dick Robinson, while Marshall's brigade, whose exact locality it was often difficult to ascertain, was somewhere between there and Lexington. This was exclusive of a large and excellent body of cavalry, comprising the brigades of Wheeler, Wharton, Scott, Morgan, Alston and Buford, numbering not less than ten thousand men.

It would be difficult to compute with any exactness the effective force

* It would be impossible to recall, at this distance of time, the exact dates at which the different bodies of Confederate troops entered the State of Kentucky, or their exact numbers. But the following table will show with sufficient accuracy the order in which our army crossed the Tennessee line, as well as the estimates of the infantry forces, as I obtained them at the time, by my somewhat petinacious enquiries, from General Pegram, who, although without official reports, was necessarily, from his position, obliged to keep well informed.

For fear of exaggeration I have rather reduced his estimates, as I now recall them :

1862.

August	13, General Kirby Smith's column.....	6,000
"	14, General Heth's division.....	3,000
"	25, General Reynold's brigade.....	3,000
September	6, General Bragg's army.....	23,000
"	7, Colonel Grace's regiment.....	600
"	12, General Marshall's brigade.....	4,000
"	18, General Stevenson's division.....	10,000
"	28, Colonel Hilliard's legion.....	2,000
October	1, General McCown with convalescents returning to their commands.....	1,600
		<hr/> 53,200
	Deduct for loss in killed and wounded at Richmond.....	500
"	" " " " Perryville.....	2,500
"	" " For sickness, &c., &c. (large estimate).....	2,000
		<hr/> 5,000

And it will be seen that there was something more than forty-eight thousand infantry ready for battle when General Bragg determined to abandon the State.

of the enemy. Their prisoners claimed that their armies left Louisville ninety-five thousand strong. Of these more than three thousand were put *hors du combat* at Perryville; Dumont with five thousand was slowly advancing on Lexington, which we had abandoned, while Sill had just been driven in disorder, with the loss of several hundred prisoners, across Salt river, and could hardly join the main army in time or in condition to take part in the impending battle. When, in addition, it is remembered that this army was composed, to a great extent, of raw levies, hastily collected and organized, with little discipline, and unaccustomed to the march, and had been pushed forward from Louisville with great rapidity, on scant rations, through a badly watered country, a moderate allowance for stragglers, and the details necessary to guard its long line of communications, would reduce its effective strength of all arms below seventy thousand.

During the greater part of the day General Smith was occupied in choosing the battle-field, some two miles beyond Harrodsburg. The country is rolling and mostly cleared, and offered advantageous positions. In the afternoon General Bragg rode along the lines, making some slight alterations, and was enthusiastically cheered. At dusk he returned to Harrodsburg, and General Smith took quarters close to and a little outside of the lines. At midnight the enemy were reported within three-fourths of a mile, moving in force around our left, in such a manner as to require a change of front, for which the proper dispositions were promptly made. About 3 A. M. General Smith was sent for by Gen. Bragg, and remained in consultation with him till nearly daylight, at which hour, when every ear was pricked to catch the first notes of the coming storm, he returned with orders for an immediate and rapid retreat, and by sunrise not a Confederate soldier remained upon the field.

Thus at last were destroyed all the bright hopes with which fortune had so long tantalized us.

At Cave City, at Bardstown and Frankfort, great advantages were foregone. When it is recollected how much might have been gained at Perryville, the battle there can be regarded as little short of a disaster. But at Harrodsburg the campaign was finally abandoned, with the total defeat of all its prospects.

Two reasons were assigned for this retreat—one, the exhausted condition of the troops that had fought the battle of Perryville, the other the heavy movement of the enemy on our left flank, which threatened to intercept our line of retreat.

The army was concentrated and halted at Camp Dick Robinson in an impregnable position, formed by the junction of the Kentucky and Dick rivers.

One brilliant, though hazardous, movement remained, which offered a possibility of retrieving the failing fortunes of the campaign. The Kentucky river, rising in the southeastern portion of the State, flows in a northwesterly direction to Boonsboro, when, turning to the left, it sweeps around in a semi-circle to Frankfort, and pours thence directly into the Ohio.

Within this semi-circle are embraced the counties of Woodford, Fayette and Jessamine, which are regarded as the most fertile in the State, and contained supplies sufficient to subsist General Bragg's army for some time. By crossing into this Blue Grass region the easily defensible line of the Kentucky river could have been occupied. If the enemy attempted to cross at McCown's Ferry, or the fords between these and Richmond, he exposed his line of communications. At whatever fords he might attempt to cross, General Bragg, moving upon the shorter line, would have been able to concentrate a force which would render the passage impracticable. If the enemy retraced his steps, as in all probability he must have done, all that had heretofore been accomplished would have been lost, while General Bragg would have been offered the opportunity to attack him in flank and harass his rear, and ample time to recruit his own army, which was worn by its late arduous service. If, finally, it was found necessary to retreat, the Pound Gap route was safe in any event, and that by Cumberland Gap almost equally so, while supplies could have been collected and depots established along the line of retreat, sufficient, at least, to obviate the worst of the suffering which the troops subsequently endured. That this plan was suggested, if not debated, in a council of war, there is reason to believe; but General Bragg concluded to retreat at once; determined finally, it has been said, by the rumored defeat of Van Dorn at Corinth.

With four days' rations, on the morning of the 13th of October the army commenced to retreat to East Tennessee, which it would require not less than twelve days to accomplish. Bragg, in advance, took the route by Mount Vernon, with Smith to follow by Big Hill. It devolved upon him, who had opened the way into Kentucky, by his brilliant victory at Richmond, to command the rear and cover, and in the main conduct a retreat, which his judgment did not sanction. And this he did with skill, which surmounted difficulties of no ordinary char-

acter, and firmness and presence of mind maintained amid the most alarming dangers.

At Big Hill the road was obstructed for seven miles by wagons in great disorder. A semi-victorious army pressing heavily in the rear, a mountain in front, with the road across it blocked with wagons, were enough to strike almost any man with consternation. The Commanding General, with one-half of the army, was already so far ahead on a better road, that no assistance could be expected from him, while it was his trains mistaking their way, which placed us in our painful position. Calling his staff around him, in the gray mists of a gloomy morning, General Smith addressed them substantially as follows: "It is necessary for me, gentlemen, to call upon you for the exercise of all your energies. I consider my army in great danger. I am determined to save it, though I may be forced to destroy the trains. Park the wagons out of the road ready for burning, then move forward those which contain commissary and quartermasters' stores, but keep the road open for my troops."

A detail of 1,500 men was made from Heth's division, and fortunately, General Cleburn, a noble gentleman and gallant and skillful officer, twice wounded in Kentucky, at Richmond and at Perryville, happened there, and, although relieved from duty on account of his last wound, took charge of the working parties, and infused into them a portion of his wonderful energy. The soldiers lined the road on either side from the foot to the summit of this immense and rugged hill, and as the starved and tired mules faltered and fell, seized the wagons and lifted them by sheer force over the worst places. All day, and throughout the night and until noon the next day, the trains, in one unbroken stream, continued to pour over Big Hill, and then the troops followed.

We were now again in the region of bushwhackers, who were even more active than upon our entrance into the State. Their savage ferocity spared none who fell into their hands, and they audaciously fired upon the soldiers in their very camps. But, altogether, their hostility was rather serviceable than otherwise, as, in a great measure, it prevented straggling.

At Rockcastle river the danger appeared even more imminent than at Big Hill. The enemy's guns thundered on our right and almost in our front. Pressing closely upon General Bragg, it appeared to be his object to intercept General Smith at the junction of the routes near London. Bragg had already left his army under the command of General Polk, and was proceeding rapidly on the way to Knoxville and thence to Richmond. Smith communicated his perilous position to that officer,

and begged him to hold the enemy in check. With gallantry which has been so often conspicuous, General Polk replied that he would do his best, and the enemy should not pass. Buford's cavalry, guarding a road which intersected the line of retreat four miles from Rockcastle river, was scattered very soon after our columns passed, while all through the day the booming of cannon, with occasional rattle of musketry, could be heard from the neighborhood of London. But our brave soldiers held their ground with unflinching firmness, and the army was saved.

Here ended the pursuit. It is needless to recount the farther hardships of the retreat. They were such as an army marching through a mountainous country, without rations and shoes, and scantily clothed, at the verge of Winter, must necessarily suffer.

Finally, on the 24th of October the van of General Smith's army entered Knoxville. Under the trying circumstances of the retreat the entire army preserved admirable discipline and order, but at Knoxville many brave men who had taxed nature beyond the limits of her endurance, sank utterly prostrated. It was estimated that not less than 15,000 men went immediately into hospital.*

*I heard this estimate made by Dr. S. A. Smith, the Medical Director of the Army of East Tennessee, a careful man, not given to exaggeration.

A POEM,

BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND,

Dedicated to the Army of Northern Virginia, New Orleans, May 10th, 1881, on the occasion of the unveiling of Stonewall Jackson's Statute which surmounts the tomb built to receive the dead who fought under him.

Comrades, halt! The field is chosen.
 'Neath the skies of Southern May,
 Where the Southern roses ripen,
 We will bivouac to-day.
 Here, no foe will draw our sabres
 In the turbulence of war,
 Nor will drum beat, nor will bugle
 Wake the old pain in a scar.

All is rest, and calm—around us
 Beauty's smile and manhood's prime;
 Scents of Spring, like ships, go sailing
 Balmy seas of summer time.

Flags of battle, hanging yonder,
Flutter not at strife's increase ;
On their pulses lie the fingers
Of the Great Physician—Peace.

In the marble camp before us,
Silence paces to and fro—
Spectre of the din of battles
Hard fought in the long ago.
While he marches, from the meadows,
O'er the heights, around the curves ;
Come the men of many combats—
Death's Grand Army of Reserves.

In the swift advancing columns,
Many a battle-blazoned name.
With Stuart, Ewell, Hays and Ashby,
Bears the honor cross of Fame.
Down the spectral line it flashes—
Glorious symbol of reward
Won when all the world was looking
Unto Lee and Beauregard.

From the war-graves of Manassas,
Fredericksburg and Malvern^{*} Hill ;
Carrick's Ford and Massanutton,
Fast the shadowy legions fill.
From the far off Rappahannock,
From the red fields of Cross Keys ,
Gettysburg—the Wilderness—
From defeats and victories :

Tired trooper—weary marcher—
Grim and sturdy cannonier—
Veteran gray, and slender stripling,
Hasten to encamp them here.
From the mountain and the river,
From the city and the plain,
Sweeping down to join their leader—
STONEWALL JACKSON—once again.

There he stands: alive in granite !
By the hand of genius made
Once again to rise before us,
Waiting for his " Old Brigade."'
Chieftain—Hero—Christian—Soldier—
King of men, and man of God !
Crystalized about his footsteps,
Greatness marks the path he trod.

Soldiers! Ye who fought with Jackson
 Through the days and nights of strife;
 Bringing from the fields of battle
 But the bitter lees of life:
 Ye whose lips have only tasted
 Ashen apples from the fray;
 Every wound ye won beside him,
 Knights ye on this field to-day.

Army of our old Virginia!
 Would ye write a legend here,
 That shall win from friend and foeman,
 Honors' reverential tear?
 Trace ye then upon this marble,
 With imperishable pen,
 Words that shout their own hozannas,
 STONEWALL JACKSON AND HIS MEN!

Winchester and Fisher's Hill—Letter from General Early to General Lee.

HEADQUARTERS V. D., October 9th, 1864,
 (New Market.)

General R. E. Lee:

GENERAL,—In advance of a detailed report, I have determined to give you an informal account of the recent disasters to my command, which I have not had leisure to do before.

On the 17th of September I moved two divisions—Rodes's and Gordon's—from Stevenson's Depot, where they, together with Breckenridge's division, were encamped (Ramseur being at Winchester, to cover the road from Berryville) to Bunker Hill, and on the 18th I moved Gordon's division, with a part of Lomax's cavalry, to Martinsburg, to thwart efforts that were reported to be making to repair the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. This expedition was successful, and the bridge over Back Creek was burned by a brigade of cavalry sent there. On the evening of the 18th Rodes was moved back to Stevenson's Depot and Gordon to Bunker Hill, with orders to start at daylight to return to his camp at Stevenson's Depot, which place he reached at a very early hour next morning. About the time of Gordon's arrival on that morning, firing was heard in Ramseur's front, and now a report reached me that the enemy's cavalry had appeared on the Berryville road. I ordered Rodes, Gordon and Breckenridge to have their divisions under

arms, ready to move to Ramseur's assistance, and rode to his position to ascertain the extent and character of the demonstration. On getting there I found Ramseur's division in line of battle, and the enemy evidently advancing with his whole force. The other divisions were immediately ordered up and the trains all put in motion for their security. Rodes and Gordon arrived just before the enemy commenced advancing a heavy fire on Ramseur's left for the purpose of overwhelming him, and when their columns commenced advancing on Ramseur, I attacked them with Rodes's and Gordon's divisions, and drove them back with great slaughter—the artillery doing most splendid service. Braxton's battalion driving back with canister, a heavy force, before which Evans's brigade, of Gordon's division, which was on the left, had given way. This brigade was now rallied, and Battle's brigade coming to its assistance, the enemy was pushed back a considerable distance, and we were successful. Breckenridge's division did not arrive for some time, because General Breckenridge had moved it out, after my order to him, to drive back some of the enemy's cavalry, which was crossing the Opequon, and I sent for him again, and he came up in the afternoon, before the enemy had made any further attack; but as he reported the enemy's cavalry advancing on the road from Charlestown by Burntown and Stevenson's depot, I ordered one of his brigades to the left on that road, and directed General Fitz Lee to take charge of all the cavalry on that flank (my left) and check the enemy's cavalry, and moved the other two brigades of Breckenridge's division towards the right, where our forces were weakest and the enemy was making demonstrations in force.

Breckenridge was scarcely in position before our cavalry on the left was discovered coming back in great confusion followed by the enemy's, and Breckenridge's force was ordered to the left to repel this cavalry force, which had gotten in rear of my left, and this with the assistance of the artillery he succeeded in doing. But as soon as the firing was heard in rear of our left flank the infantry commenced falling back along the whole line, and it was very difficult to stop them. I succeeded, however in stopping enough of them in the old rifle pits, constructed by General Johnston, to arrest the progress of the enemy's infantry, which commenced advancing again, when the confusion in our ranks was discovered, and would have still won the day if our cavalry would have stopped the enemy's, but so overwhelming was the battle and so demoralized was the larger part of ours, that no assistance was received from it. The enemy's cavalry again charged around my left flank and the men began to give way again, so that it was necessary for me to retire through the town.

Line of battle was formed on the north side of the town, the command reorganized, and we then turned back deliberately to Newtown, and the next day to Fisher's Hill. We lost three pieces of artillery, two of which had been left with the cavalry on the left, and the other was lost because the horses were killed, and it could not be brought off. In this fight I had already defeated the enemy's infantry, and could have continued to do so, but the enemy's very great superiority in cavalry, and the comparative inefficiency of ours, turned the scales against us. In this battle the loss in the infantry and artillery was—killed, 226; wounded, 1,567; missing, 1,818; total, 3,611. There is no full report of the cavalry, but the total loss in killed and wounded from September 1st to 1st October, is—killed, 60; wounded, 288; total, 348; but many were captured, though a good many are missing as stragglers, and a number of them reported missing in the infantry were not captured, but are stragglers and skulkers. Wharton's (Breckenridge's) division lost six colors, and Rodes's division captured two. Rodes's division made a very gallant charge, and he was killed conducting it. I fell back to Fisher's hill, as it was the only place where a stand could be made, and I was compelled to detach Fitz. Lee's cavalry to the Luray valley to hold the enemy's cavalry in check should it advance up that valley. The enemy's loss at Winchester was very heavy. Dr. McGuire has received a letter from a member of his family, who states that 5,800 of the enemy's wounded were brought to the hospital at Winchester, and that the total wounded was between 6,000 and 7,000, and a gentleman who passed over the field says that the number of killed was very large. Sheridan's Medical Director informed one of our Surgeons, left at Woodstock, that the number of wounded in hospital at Winchester was the same as stated in the letter to Dr. McGuire, and I am satisfied from what I saw that the enemy's loss was very heavy.

The enemy's infantry force was nearly, if not quite, three times as large as mine, and his cavalry was very much superior, both in numbers and equipment. This I have learned from intelligent persons who have seen the whole of both forces. I posted my troops in line at Fisher's Hill, with the hope of arresting Sheridan's progress, but my line was very thin, and having discovered that the position could be flanked, as is the case with every position in the Valley, I had determined to fall back on the night of the 22nd, but late that evening a heavy force was moved under cover of the woods on the left, and drove back the cavalry there posted, and got in the rear of my right flank, and when I tried to remedy this the infantry got into a panic and gave way in confusion, and I found it impossible to rally it. The artillery behaved

splendidly, both on this occasion and at Winchester. I had to order the guns to be withdrawn, but the difficulties of the ground were such that twelve guns were lost because they could not be gotten off. The loss in the infantry and artillery was 30 killed, 210 wounded, and 995 missing; total, 1235. I have been able to get no report of the loss in the cavalry, but it was slight. Very many of the missing in the infantry took to the mountains. A number of them have since come in, and others are still out. The enemy did not capture more than four or five hundred, but I am sorry to say many men threw away their arms. The night favored our retreat, and by next morning the commands were pretty well organized. At Mount Jackson, next day, I halted, and drove back a force of cavalry, which was pursuing, and then moved to Rude's Hill, where I halted, until the enemy's infantry came up next day, and was trying to flank me, when I moved off in line of battle for eight miles, occasionally halting to check the enemy. This continued until nearly sundown, when I got a position, at which I checked the enemy's further progress for that day, and then moved under cover of night towards Port Republic, to unite with Kershaw. After doing this I drove a division of cavalry from my front at Port Republic, and then moved to Waynesboro', where two divisions under Torbert were destroying the bridge, and drove them away; and after remaining there one day I moved to the vicinity of Mount Crawford, where I awaited the arrival of Rosser's brigade to take the offensive, but before it arrived the enemy was discovered to be falling back. On the morning of the 6th I immediately commenced following the enemy, and arrived here on the 7th, and have been waiting to ascertain whether Sheridan intends crossing the Blue Ridge before moving further.

Respectfully,

J. A. EARLY, *Lieutenant-General.*

Official: SAM'L W. MELTON,

Lieutenant-Colonel and A. A. G.

Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By J. WILLIAM JONES.

PAPER NO. 9.

CEDAR RUN (SLAUGHTER'S MOUNTAIN.)

After the seven days' battles around Richmond we had a brief season of rest, which was greatly enjoyed after the marches, hardships and

dangers which we had encountered. But soon the "Foot Cavalry" began to loathe the swamps of the Chickahominy, and sigh for the green fields, fresh breezes, clear streams, buttermilk, and apple-butter of the mountains. They were soon to be gratified.

"The situation" was one of difficulty, and would have greatly perplexed a less sagacious and determined leader than General Lee. McClellan was strongly intrenched at Harrison's Landing, and it was uncertain whether he would advance against Richmond by the north side—cross the river and move on Petersburg—or join the forces which General Pope was collecting in Culpeper. The arrival of this latter General from the West and his assuming command of the "Army of Virginia" was heralded in all of the Northern papers. He came up to his headquarters on a special train decked with flags, streamers and flowers. He had issued his famous order, which afterwards proved so prophetic that I quote it in full, as follows:

"WASHINGTON, July 14, 1862.

"To the officers and soldiers of the Army of Virginia:

"By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition and your wants, in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in position from which you can act promptly and to the purpose. *I have come from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies, from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when found, whose policy has been attack and not defense.* In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western army in a defensive attitude. I presume I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you. Meantime I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you. I constantly hear of taking strong positions and holding them, of lines of retreat, and bases of supplies. Let us dismiss such ideas. *The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance; disaster and shame lurk in the rear.* Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe

to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

“JOHN POPE,

“Major-General Commanding.”

This order was copied into the Richmond papers, and was at once the object of jibes and jests, which became more and more pointed as the campaign progressed.

But he issued other orders directing his men “to live on the country,” holding citizens of his district responsible for the acts of “bush-whackers,” requiring citizens to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, move out of his lines, or be treated as spies, and others of like import, which inaugurated a system of pillage, plunder and outrage which excited the burning indignation of our press, and made the army eager to be led against this new hero, whose “head-quarters,” he said, were “in the saddle.”

When, therefore, on the 17th July, 1862, we broke camp near Richmond and the head of our column moved toward the mountains, the “Foot Cavalry” started off with their old swing and cheers rang along our lines. General Lee had sent Jackson with his own and Ewell’s divisions to Gordonsville for the purpose of watching and checking the movements of Pope until McClellan should develop his purpose. We reached Gordonsville on the evening of the 19th July, and found in the vicinage abundant pasturage for our jaded animals, beautiful camps for the troops, and the warmest hospitality on the part of the people.

I had opportunity at this time of seeing a good deal of General Jackson—sometimes at his headquarters, sometimes in the hospitable homes of the people, and frequently at preaching—and was more than ever impressed with his genius as a soldier and his high qualities as a man. Just before the march to Cedar Run I was called to his headquarters to give him information concerning the roads between the Rapidan and Louisa Courthouse. I had been familiar with these roads from my boyhood, and thought I knew them thoroughly. But when “Old Jack” began to question me about the streams, and hills, and cross-roads, and bridle-paths, and showed the most perfect familiarity with them, I had to say: “I thought I knew all about that country, General; but I can give you no information, as you evidently know more about it than I do.”

I remember being very much amused at seeing him several times fast asleep at preaching, and at hearing General Ewell ask one day: “What is the use of General Jackson’s going to church? He sleeps all of the

time." One day a visitor alluded to Pope's orders, and said: "Well, General, here is a new candidate for your favor." "Yes, and by God's blessing he shall receive my attention," was the quiet reply.

A. P. Hill's splendid "Light Division" had been sent up to join us, and on the 2d of August there was a sharp cavalry fight in the streets of Orange Courthouse, between Colonel W. E. Jones and a strong reconnoitering force which Pope had sent across the Rapidan. Learning that Pope's line was considerably extended, Jackson determined to strike his centre at Culpeper Courthouse before he could concentrate his whole force. Accordingly, we broke camp on the afternoon of August 7th, it being Jackson's purpose to reach Culpeper Courthouse very early on the morning of the 9th. But by some misconception of orders A. P. Hill only crossed the Rapidan on the 9th, and Jackson thus encountered the enemy eight miles short of his objective point. It was on this march that his negro servant Jim told some officers who were inquiring about "Old Jack's" habits: "Yes, the General is a great man for praying at all times. But when I see him get up a great many times in the night to pray, *then I know there is going to be something to pay*, and I go straight and pack his haversack, because I know he will call for it in the mornin'."

I have a very vivid recollection of that march—the enthusiasm with which the men cheered "Old Jack" as he rode to the front, the joy with which the people hailed us as their deliverers from the reign of terror which Pope's orders had inaugurated, and the impatience of the men at the slow advance of our column, as the roads were obstructed by the Federal cavalry, who kept up a constant skirmish with our advance guard.

Ewell's division led the advance, and as Early's brigade was in front, and my own regiment (the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry) in advance of the brigade, I had a fine opportunity of witnessing the manœuvring for position and the skirmishing. A little after 12 o'clock our brigade was halted at a school-house on the road, eight miles from Culpeper Courthouse, near Slaughter's Mountain, and not far from Cedar Run. Some time was spent in reconnoitering the position of the enemy, and bringing our own troops into position.

There was some sharp controversy at the time between General Pope and General Banks as to who was responsible for bringing on that battle; but if those gentlemen have not yet settled it satisfactorily, I would advise them to call General Early to the stand, and he would testify that neither Pope nor Banks was the responsible party, but that Early himself brought on the fight by direct orders from Jackson.

I happened to be near General Early when Captain A. S. Pendleton, a gallant officer of Jackson's staff, rode up, gave the military salute, and said: "General Jackson sends his compliments to General Early, and says that he must advance on the enemy, and he will be supported by General Winder." The prompt reply, drawled out in earnest tones, was: "Give my compliments to General Jackson, and tell him I will do it."

The situation at this moment was as follows: The other two brigades of Ewell's division were supporting batteries splendidly posted on Slaughter's Mountain; Winder, commanding Jackson's old division, was moving in column along the main road to support Early, and A. P. Hill was coming on to Winder's support. General Banks commanded the Federal forces, which consisted of his own corps, and Rickett's division of McDowell's corps, actually engaged, and numbering about seventeen thousand men, with large reinforcements rapidly approaching. Jackson's entire force numbered 18,623 men, but they were veterans, flushed with victory, and eager to meet their old friends of the Valley campaign, and to give their new friend, General Pope, an opportunity of seeing something else save the backs of the enemy.

As soon as General Early received Jackson's order, he called for eight picked men of the Thirteenth Virginia, whom he sent forward as scouts, threw that splendid regiment into skirmish line, and advanced his brigade (consisting of the Forty-ninth Virginia, Fifty-second Virginia, Fifty-eighth Virginia, Thirty-first Virginia, Twenty-fifth Virginia, Thirteenth Virginia and Twelfth Georgia) across a field to the left of the road to the cover of a small body of woods, behind which he very carefully formed his line of battle, while the Thirteenth Virginia advanced as skirmishers a little way into the woods. Presently Colonel Walker, of the Thirteenth, called back in his ringing voice: "General Early, are you ready?" "Yes; go on," was the reply, and soon after there was sharp skirmishing, which presently gave place to the roar of battle.

Soon after the opening of the fight some one suggested to the surgeons, chaplains, &c., of the brigade that by riding up on the hill to the right we would have a better view of the field, and could also see when our services were needed by the wounded.

Accordingly we rode up and had a splendid panoramic view of the whole scene. Banks's line of battle, his artillery in position, and his splendidly appointed cavalry seemingly preparing for a charge; Ewell's two brigades on the mountain and his batteries superbly served; Early's brigade moving in line of battle on the enemy with the precision of

dress-parade; Winder deploying his troops to support Early, and A. P. Hill hurrying up in column—all combined to form a battle picture of a grandeur rarely witnessed. We had been joined by some citizens and a number of straggling cavalrymen, and our party formed a considerable group, who were reveling in the splendid panorama when our enjoyment was brought to a very sudden termination. A Federal battery, probably mistaking us for some General and his staff, galloped into position within easy range, and opened fire upon us with six pieces as hard as they could drive. At first the missiles fell short, but they would doubtless soon get the exact range, and we suddenly discovered that we had important duties elsewhere.

Without considering "the order of our going" we galloped down the hill to the cover of the woods. A negro servant of one of our surgeons happened to be mounted on the doctor's best horse, and led the party. As we called a halt and gathered together again the doctor began to upbraid the boy for "being so much frightened and riding his horse so hard." The negro meekly replied: "Doctor, I don't love the whizzing of dem ar things any better then you do sah. *'Sides, I don't think you orter blame me 'cause my horse kin beat yours a runnin'.*"

A roar of laughter greeted this sally, for it was perfectly evident that each man had done his "level best" in getting away from "the whizzing of dem ar things."

Meantime the battle raged furiously. Hastening towards the front, I saw the bleeding, mangled form of the gallant Winder, who was mortally wounded just as he was putting in his division and skillfully directing the fire of Poague's and Carpenter's batteries. A West Point officer of rare merit, General C. S. Winder had succeeded General Garnett in the command of the "Stonewall" brigade, was now in command of the old "Stonewall" division, and had already won a reputation which opened before him a most brilliant career. Jackson said of him in his official report:

"It is difficult within the proper reserve of an official report to do justice to the merits of this accomplished officer. Urged by the Medical Director to take no part in the movements of the day, because of the enfeebled state of his health, his ardent patriotism and military pride could bear no such restraint. Richly endowed with those qualities of mind and person which fit an officer for command, and which attract the admiration and excite the enthusiasm of his troops, he was rapidly rising to the front rank of his profession. His lost ^{has} been severely felt."

General Winder lived only three hours after he fell, and died mourned by the whole army.

At five o'clock in the evening the crisis of the struggle came by the advance of the Federal infantry to turn Early's right flank, and that being defeated by the opportune arrival of Thomas's Georgia brigade of A. P. Hill's division, a still more formidable attack was made on the left. The second Virginia brigade, Taliaferro's brigade, and half of Early's brigade were driven back in confusion, and a great disaster seemed inevitable. But Colonel Lindsay Walker's artillery-men stood to their guns and used grape and canister with terrific effect; Colonel J. A. Walker and his famous old Thirteenth Virginia stood as firm as a rock; a part of the Thirty-first Virginia stood by them; General Early held firmly the troops under his immediate eye, and at the supreme crisis Jackson himself dashed upon the field, the very personification of the genius of battle, and rallied his broken legions with magic words and heroic examples. Drawing his sword (for the first time during the war), he shouted out in clear ringing tones which were heard above the roar of the battle: "Rally, brave men, and press forward! Your General will lead you! Jackson will lead you! Follow me!" His presence acted like a charm; his officers caught the inspiration; the fugitives rallied at once around the heroic nucleus formed by Colonel Walker with the Thirteenth Virginia, the "Stonewall" brigade, came forward in in gallant style, A. P. Hill sent in Branch's brigade of brave North Carolinians, the enemy was repulsed, and the disaster turned into victory. Just at this point in the battle I witnessed the charge of a magnificent column of Federal cavalry, who came forward in a style which excited our highest admiration, and deserved a better fate, for Branch's men repulsed them in front, while Walker threw the Thirteenth Virginia behind a fence and delivered, as they galloped back, a withering fire at very short range, which emptied many a saddle.

Jackson now hurried up Pender's and Archer's brigades of A. P. Hill's division, advanced Ewell from the mountain, threw forward his whole line, and, when night put an end to the contest, had driven the enemy two miles, holding the whole battle-field, the enemy's dead and many of his wounded falling into our hands. Jackson had no idea of stopping short of Culpeper Courthouse, and I know personally the fact that guides were detailed from the "Culpeper Minute Men" of my regiment to conduct his columns on the proposed night march. But the night proved very dark, the cavalry brought information that Banks was receiving heavy reinforcements, and Jackson very reluctantly decided to wait for the morning. The next morning General J.

E. B. Stuart reached the army "on a tour of inspection" (it is shrewdly suspected that "Jeb" had "snuffed the battle from afar," and had come to claim the privilege of going in), and at the request of Jackson made a reconnoissance which fully developed the fact that Pope had already received large reinforcements, and that others were rapidly coming forward. Jackson determined therefore, to await the attack from the enemy; and we spent the 10th in looking after our wounded, burying our dead, and collecting arms, ammunition, &c., from the battlefield. Old "Stonewall" announced his victory by the following characteristic dispatch:

"AUGUST 11th—6½ A. M.

"On the evening of the 9th instant God blessed our arms with another victory. The battle was near Cedar Run, about six miles from Culpeper Courthouse. The enemy, according to statements of prisoners, consisted of Banks's, McDowell's and Siegel's commands. We have over four hundred prisoners, including Brigadier-General Prince. While our list of killed is less than that of the enemy, we have to mourn the loss of some of our best officers and men. * * * We have collected about one thousand five hundred small arms and other ordnance stores."

On the morning of the 11th General Banks asked for a truce to enable him to bury his dead. The request was granted, and as Early's brigade on our side had charge of it, I had full opportunity of witnessing the scene, which was indeed a novel one.

That night we deliberately moved back toward the Rapidan, and as my brigade brought up the rear, I can testify of my own knowledge that the "hot pursuit" by the Federals, and "rapid retreat of the rebels," about which General Pope telegraphed his Government, were as complete romances as that famous dispatch, purporting to come from General Pope, announcing the capture of ten thousand of Beauregard's army on his retreat from Corinth. [General Pope two years afterward denied that he ever sent such a dispatch, and claimed that it was manufactured by General Halleck.] I never saw a more leisurely march than we made on our return, and if there was any "hot pursuit" our rear guard did not hear of it. The fact was that "Old Jack" gained a splendid victory at Cedar Run (Slaughter's Mountain), and learning that the enemy had received large reinforcements he waited two days for an attack, and then marched leisurely back across the Rapidan to await the coming of General Lee. Some incidents of the battle may be

given. There was in one of the regiments a Quartermaster who was noted for his elegant uniform and splendid trappings. During the progress of the fight this gentleman rode up on Slaughter's Mountain, where he was spied by rough old Ewell, who thus accosted him: "I say, you man with the fine clothes on! Who are you, and where do you belong?" Being informed, with all possible dignity, that he was "Captain ———, Quartermaster of the ——— Virginia regiment," the grim old soldier threw up both hands and exclaimed: "Great heavens! a Quartermaster on a battle-field; who ever heard of such a thing before? But as you are here I will make you useful as well as ornamental," and thereupon he sent him with a message which carried him under very heavy fire. The gallant Quartermaster carried the message and brought the answer, but says that he soon after discovered that his train needed looking after, and never ventured near General Ewell during a battle again.

Another gallant Quartermaster, Major J. G. Field, of General A. P. Hill's staff, rendered most important service, going, as was his wont, into the thickest of the fight, until he was severely wounded. His wound caused the loss of his leg, but he returned after a short absence to render valuable service until the surrender, and recently filled with ability the office of Attorney-General of Virginia.

When our men found out from prisoners that General Banks commanded the opposing forces, they raised the shout: "Get your requisitions ready, boys! Put down everything you want! Old 'Stonewall's Quartermaster' has come with a full supply for issue!"

I saw A. P. Hill that day as he was putting his "Light Division" into battle, and was very much struck with his appearance. In his shirt-sleeves and with drawn sword he sought to arrest the stragglers who were coming to the rear, and seeing a Lieutenant in the number, he rode at him and fiercely inquired: "Who are you, sir, and where are you going?" The trembling Lieutenant replied: "I am going back with my wounded friend." Hill reached down and tore the insignia of rank from his collar as he roughly said: "You are a pretty fellow to hold a commission—deserting your colors in the presence of the enemy, and going to the rear with a man who is scarcely badly enough wounded to go himself. I reduce you to the ranks, sir, and if you do not go to the front and do your duty, I'll have you shot as soon as I can spare a file of men for the purpose." And then clearing the road, he hurried forward his men to the splendid service which was before them.

I have not left myself space to give a full sketch of the truce, but

may say that the contrast between Early and Milroy—the mingling together of “the blue” and “the gray” in friendly converse or sharp trades, and the animated discussions between the two parties—would make a chapter of great interest.

I rode [out on the neutral ground with a brother Chaplain with no purpose whatever of any discussion of the points at issue in the great contest; but we soon found ourselves surrounded by groups of the “boys in blue,” and before we knew it were engaged in a sharp discussion of of various matters pertaining to the war. Then we got on the different battles, ending with Cedar Run. A Colonel with whom I was talking finally pulled out his pocket-book and offered to bet me \$100 that “in less than twenty-four hours Jackson would be in full retreat on Richmond and Pope in close pursuit.” I replied: “I cannot take your bet, Colonel, for several reasons. In the first place, I do not bet at all; in the second place, I have not \$100 about me; and, in the third place, it would be very difficult to find a stake-holder who would be satisfactory to both parties; but we shall see what we shall see.”

During the campaign of second Manassas I one day met a long column of prisoners going to the rear, and was surprised to see among them my friend, the Colonel. He at once recognized me, and pleasantly called out: “I say, Chaplain, ain’t you sorry now that you did not take my bet?” “Well! no Colonel,” I replied, “I think you will probably need all of your spare cash now. But if you will excuse me for anything which may squint toward exultation over a prisoner, I would like to ask you if you do not think Stonewall Jackson has chosen a singular route by which to retreat on Richmond, and if you do not regard Pope’s close pursuit as rather erratic?” He frankly owned up; we had a pleasant chat together; I shared my rations with him, and, as we parted, he said, “If you ever make up your mind to bet, Chaplain, you may bet your bottom dollar that I will never offer to bet again on any movement where Pope is in command on our side and Lee and Jackson on the other.”

On the 14th of August we had, by Jackson’s orders, deeply interesting thanksgiving services in the army.

The battle of Cedar Run caused General Pope to pause in his career of “seeing the backs of the enemy,” and we rested undisturbed in our beautiful camps until General Lee came with the rest of the army, and we started on that brilliant campaign by which “Headquarters in the Saddle” were summarily dismounted by the “foot cavalry” and their gallant comrades, and General Fitz John Porter made the scapegoat of Pope’s blunders.

A Reminiscence of an Official Interview with General R. E. Lee.

By J. WM. JONES.

In a lot of old war newspapers sent the other day to the office of the Society, I found an order which recalled one of the most pleasant interviews I ever had with our grand old chief—General Lee—and which I have long searched for in vain, as I desired to preserve it.

At one of the meetings of our Chaplains' Association, held at Orange Courthouse, Rev. B. T. Lacy and myself were appointed a committee to interview General Lee in reference to the custom of some officers of using the Sabbath for drills and parades, and of choosing such hours for these exercises as to interfere very seriously with the religious services of the day.

The old hero received us very kindly, entered fully into the spirit of our mission, and as the result of the interview issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
February 7th, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER, }
No. 15. }

I. The attention of the army has already been called to the obligation of a proper observance of the Sabbath, but the sense of its importance, not only as a moral and religious duty, but as contributing to the personal health and well-being of the troops, induces the Commanding-General to repeat the orders on that subject. He has learned with great pleasure that in many brigades convenient houses of worship have been erected, and earnestly desires that every facility consistent with the requirements of discipline shall be afforded the men to assemble themselves together for the purpose of devotion.

II. To this end he directs that none but duties strictly necessary shall be required to be performed on Sunday, and that the labor, both of men and animals, which it is practicable to anticipate or postpone, or the immediate performance of which is not essential to the safety, health, or comfort of the army, shall be suspended on that day.

III. Commanding officers will require the usual inspections on Sunday to be held at such time as not to interfere with the attendance of the men on divine service at the customary hour in the morning.

They will also give their attention to the maintenance of order and quiet around the place of worship, and prohibit anything that may tend to disturb or interrupt religious exercises.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

I have a very vivid recollection of the interest he manifested in what we told him of the great revival which was making well nigh every camp vocal with the praises of God, and of the emphatic expressions of delight to which he gave utterance. And when Dr. Lacy said to him, "General, the chaplains of this army have a warm affection for you personally, and a deep interest in your welfare, and many of their most fervent prayers are offered in your behalf," his face flushed, his eyes were moistened, and with deep emotion he replied, "I heartily thank them for that. And I can only say that I am a poor sinner, trusting in Christ alone for salvation, and needing all of the prayers they can offer for me."

At our invitation he afterwards attended several meetings of our 'Chaplains' Association, and manifested the liveliest interest in the proceedings.

Notes and Queries.

How Many Confederate Towns did the Enemy Burn During the War?

As General Sherman chose to raise some time ago the question of the "Conduct of the War," and to try to make it appear that the Federals were humane and civilized, and the Confederates cruel and barbarous—as Northern "historians" are accustomed to write in the same strain—and as even some of our own people, in their eager desire for peace and fraternity, seemed disposed to smooth over the matter and admit that one side was about as bad as the other, we propose to vindicate the truth of history and bring out some of the orders issued on both sides, and some of the details of their execution. We shall not allow the fair name of our people to be smirched without an indignant protest. Meantime we are glad to print the following from our friend, Rev. Horace E. Hayden, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:

Editor Southern Historical Society Papers:

Reverend and Dear Sir,—While the burning of the City of Columbia, S. C., by General W. T. Sherman of the U. S. Army is still fresh in the memory of your readers, is there not some one, with material at hand who can give through your pages, some account of the various actions of the same kind, committed by the Federal troops during our late War for Independence?

Chambersburg Penn., was burned July 30th, 1864, by orders of General Early in retaliation for the destruction by General Hunter of the public buildings and private houses at Lexington, Va., and elsewhere during his infamous raid to Lynchburg. Columbia was burned from pure revenge. The heart-rending accounts of the destruction of Chambersburg are only exceeded by the terrible sufferings of the impoverished and homeless people of Columbia. Chambersburg was the *only* town destroyed by the Confederates, and that was done for a specific purpose. The record on the other side is in fearful contrast.

In 1862 the following towns within the limits of the Confederate States were burned in whole or in part by the Federal army: Fredericksburg, Va.; Williamstown, N. C.; Hamilton, N. C.; Donaldsonville, Louisiana; Simsport, Louisiana.

In February, 1864, during the march of Sherman (whose military career was a success only so far as he destroyed property, for he never won a battle) from Vicksburg to Meridian, Miss., with 26,000 men, the following towns were burned in whole or in part: Meridian, Miss.; Canton, Miss.; Okalona, Miss. Contrast with this, the action of the Confederate army, as they invaded and retired from Pennsylvania without plunder. In this march of Sherman's to Meridian, he burned 10,000 bales of cotton, 2,000,000 bushels of corn, stole 8,000 slaves, and, according to a Federal writer, destroyed \$50,000,000 worth of property, making thousands homeless and destitute. This was five months before Chambersburg felt the keen edge of the war. The burning at Lexington, Va., was six weeks before Chambersburg was destroyed.

It is stated, on good authority, that during the march through South Carolina, in which Sherman burned Columbia, the following towns in South Carolina were burned in whole or in part by his troops, without there being any cotton in them to give a colouring to a charge against the Confederates of having committed the vandalism: Robertville, Grahamsville, McPhersonville, Blackville, Barnwell, Orangeburg, Lexington, Winsboro, Camden, Lancaster, Chesterfield, Cheraw, Darlington, Charleston.

In November, 1864, Sherman destroyed Atlanta and Rome, Ga.

Had I the material at hand I would not ask that another should work up this interesting page in our Confederate war; but I am too far from the archives. I hope some of the facile writers who have added to your pages and who have the archives near by, may tell us how many more towns were burned by the Federal forces and the circumstances of the destruction of *all* that thus fell into the hands of the enemy.

HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN.

Did the Confederates ever capture a Flag of the Regular Army?

The following seems to us an incredible statement, and we give it, that we may secure replies from those in position to know the facts:

"Admiral Preble says in his history of the flag: 'I am informed from the War Department, Washington, there is no record of any flags or flag having been captured by the rebels from the regiments in the Regular Army, and it is believed that none were captured by them.'"

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE REUNION AND BANQUET OF THE SOCIETY OF CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY AND NAVY IN THE STATE OF MARYLAND, came off at the Eutaw House, Baltimore, on the night of February 21st, and was a really magnificent affair. The beautiful tables groaned beneath all of the delicacies of the season, sweet music enlivened the occasion, the committee in charge and the Maryland soldiers generally were all attention and courtesy to their guests, the speeches seemed to be heartily enjoyed, and the mingling together of old comrades a delightful recalling of the hallowed memories of the brave old days of '61-'65.

The regular toasts were as follows:

1. *The Army and Navy of the Confederate States.* This was responded to in an eloquent and effective speech by Hon. Charles E. Hooker, of Mississippi, whose empty sleeve gave touching testimony to the faithfulness with which he served as a private soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was loudly applauded.
2. *"Our Cavalry."* As General W. H. F. Lee rose to respond to this toast he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, frequently repeated as he proceeded to make the speech of the occasion. After expressing his pleasure at meeting old comrades, General Lee said that it was quite probable that he was too partial to the cavalry, since it had been his proud privilege to "follow the feather" of "Jeb" Stuart and the leadership of Wade Hampton on so many glorious fields.

He remembered the jibes at the cavalry in which the infantry used to delight; but he thought a full answer to them all was the unanimity with which the infantry claimed that the battle of Gettysburg was lost *because the cavalry was not up in time*. But pleasantry aside, he desired to say that the artillery, infantry, and cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia had alike done their duty and won their share of the glory of that grand old army. He desired to speak not as a cavalryman but as a Confederate, and to express his highest appreciation of the importance and value of these reunions. We have kept inviolate our paroles—we have no purpose of renewing the war—we do not expect to vote pensions to even needy Confederates—to decorate the graves of our dead at the public expense—or to tax the people to establish "homes" for our maimed veterans. But it does behoove us to see to it that the graves of our dead are kept green—that the

memories of our heroic endeavor are kept fresh—and that the true story of our struggle is put upon the page of history and transmitted to coming generations. He believed that this would be done, and that as the heroes of the olden time have outlived the work of the chisel, and the story of Thermopylæ and Marathon will live forever, so the deeds of our Confederate soldiers shall never die, and when the star of the Confederacy takes its place in the galaxy of history it will shine with increasing lustre as the years go on.

This imperfect report gives but a poor idea of General Lee's splendid effort which was rapturously received. He was greeted with three rousing cheers as he took his seat.

3. "*Our Infantry.*" General R. D. Lilley of Virginia made a facetious, appropriate and admirable response, which frequently brought down the house, while his empty sleeve was a silent but eloquent witness that he had done his duty.

4. "*Our Artillery.*" To respond to this toast the committee called out the Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, who at least succeeded in making the impression that he had a high opinion of Confederate soldiers in general and Confederate artillerymen in particular, and who cherishes a grateful remembrance of the kind reception given him by his old comrades.

5. "*Our Dead.*" Of course no one could have been more appropriately called on to respond to this toast than Rev. Dr. John Landstreet, one of those faithful chaplains who was ever at the post of duty, even though this sometimes required him to be in the thickest of the fight. He made an eloquent and every way admirable speech, and was enthusiastically applauded by his old comrades with whom he is evidently a great favorite.

In response to calls, General Bradley T. Johnson, General I. R. Trimble, General George H. Steuart, Hon. Spencer Jones, and others, made happy speeches, and the whole affair was a splendid success.

IN THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN JOHN HAMPDEN CHAMBERLAYNE, editor of the Richmond, Va., *State*, there has passed from our midst a gallant soldier, a chivalric gentleman, a pure patriot, an able editor, a fine scholar, a true friend, a noble man.

He was the friend of our University days, our comrade in the army, our co-worker in vindicating the truth of Confederate history, and we shall sadly miss his genial presence, kind encouragement, and trenchant pen.

He sleeps in beautiful Hollywood, amid orators, poets, statesmen, patriots, soldiers, and among them all there breathed no nobler, truer spirit, no more devoted son of the grand old Commonwealth he loved so well and served so faithfully.

Peace to his ashes!

RENEWALS are now very much in order, and we beg that each subscriber before laying this down will satisfy himself that if he owes his annual fee (\$3.00) the proper thing to do is to *remit at once*, and send along also *at least one new subscriber*.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK of the Society seems to us brighter just now than for some time past. We owe nothing on account of current expenses, and we believe

that we shall, before long, be able to liquidate our old debt which has *lapped over from '76*, and raise enough for permanent endowment to place us on a firm basis. But in order to do this, *our friends must help us*. If you cannot join seven of our friends, who pledge \$100 each, or pay \$50 for a life membership, or give us \$25, or \$10, or \$5, as others have done, you can at least send us \$1 besides keeping up your subscription, and we beg you will do so *at once*.

GENERAL GEORGE D. JOHNSTON, of Alabama, we are most happy to announce, has again entered the service of the Society as our General Agent.

General Johnston is too well known as a gallant soldier, a genial companion, an accomplished speaker, and a high-toned Christian gentleman, to need any commendation from us.

And we are sure that we need not ask our old Confederates that they will help him in his work.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY OF LIGHT ARTILLERY, 1862-1865. By JOHN D. BILLINGS. Boston: Hall & Whiting, Publishers. 1881.

This is a well gotten up book of four hundred pages, which tells in interesting style the story of a gallant battery which served with the Army of the Potomac. With few exceptions it seems to be written in a fair spirit, and to strive to do justice to the Confederates—albeit a little more careful study of our official reports and a little less reliance on McCabe's Lee as *Confederate authority*, would have helped the historic value of the book.

On the whole, we commend it as greatly superior to many similar publications. We are indebted to the courteous author for our copy.

THE PUBLISHERS—Charles Scribner's Sons, New York—have sent us the following additional volumes of their "Campaigns of the Civil War:—"

III. The Peninsula, by General Alexander S. Webb; IV. The Army under Pope, by John C. Ropes, Esq.; V. The Antietam and Fredericksburg, by General Francis Winthrop Palfrey; VI. Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, by General Abner Doubleday. Each 1 volume, 12mo, with Maps. Price, \$1.

We propose to give these volumes a careful study and a candid review, in which task we have been promised the aid of one of our ablest military critics. Meantime we may say that we have dipped into them sufficiently to see that they are of very unequal merit—the volumes by Mr. John C. Ropes and General Palfrey striking us as being greatly superior to the other two in the careful study they have given the campaigns of which they treat, and the fairness with which they have written. We commend all of these volumes as worth having, but expect to abundantly prove from them all that if Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons really desire to present the whole truth they must also give our Confederate side a hearing. We could furnish them the names of twelve Confederates who would produce twelve companion volumes to this series which would very greatly add to its interest, accuracy and historic value.



Vol. X.

Richmond, Va., March, 1882.

No. 3.

Memoir of the First Maryland Regiment.

By GENERAL B. T. JOHNSON.

[Written in July, 1863.]

PAPER No. 4.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

At 3 o'clock Sunday morning, May 25th, we took the road for Winchester. The long march of the day before had been made without rations, except the contents of numerous sutlers' stores seized at Front Royal, which were neither nutritious nor satisfying, and the sleep in the crisp mountain air without fire, had stiffened and weakened the men, but as their blood warmed with the exercise and the coming fight, they stepped out as cherrily as ever.

Before day, Colonel Johnson received General Ewell's order—"bring your regiment to the front." When we came up he was on the ridge of hills which rises on the Front Royal road to the southeast of Winchester, and distant from it a mile or a mile and ahalf. This crest sweeps around the town semi-circularly, cutting the Front Royal road and

Valley pike at short distances from the suburbs. From it the land sinks down a gentle swell of open field and meadow, closely checkered with heavy stone fences. Far to the left of us and off the Valley pike were the fortifications of the enemy vague and dim, and as yet undistinguishable as to size or shape. During the night, Jackson, with his old division and Taylor's Louisianians, had been pressing the retreating enemy down the Valley turnpike. General Ewell ordered Colonel Johnson to deploy as skirmishers on the left of the road, and of the Twenty-First North Carolina, Colonel Kirkland, to watch his left and keep it from being turned, and look out for Jackson on the Valley road. After getting into position and pushing forward a little, the rising sun slowly dissipated the heavy fog which had, till then, masked our movements. Before us lay the town of Winchester in all the quiet of the hour and the day. Far to the left stretched the Yankee lines of battle, glistening in steel. Just in front no signs of an enemy, save a few skirmishers, who tardily retired as the North Carolinians felt their way slowly but surely and steadily forward.

At that moment the splutter of Jackson's skirmishers was heard on the left. Colonel Johnson reported the fact and asked for orders, but then seeing the Twenty-first forming for a charge, he assembled his men and ordered them to the town. North Carolina was to our right about four hundred yards and about a hundred ahead. Down we all went together, making for the line of stone fences, when from one rose a line of blue and steel, and poured a volley into the Twenty-first that shivered it to pieces. Colonel Kirkland went down, badly wounded; the Lieutenant-Colonel was killed, and seventy or eighty men and officers killed and wounded. In the smoke and firing we penetrated the Yankee line, the Colonel intending to attack them in flank and rear while they were engaged in front. But on reaching the centre he found that he had no support. The Twenty-first had been driven back, and there were none of our troops within a mile and a half. He then sent to General Ewell, saying he was ready to attack in flank as soon as a demonstration was made in front. Before him to his right, as the battalion had changed front, and was formed at right angles to the Yankee line of battle, was the line which had driven back the Twenty-first, and behind him was a heavy force then being pressed back towards him by Jackson. There was every appearance of his being caught between the two forces. In that case there was nothing to be done but charge through the smallest, where we ran the risk of being charged by our friends advancing to attack the line we had broken. In this position all that could be done was to await events and orders. After a while, when the smoke had

become so thick that the light became dusky, the Yankee bugle sounded "cease firing," and instantly there was a pause along their whole line. The perfect silence was startling. Slowly the powder smoke raised from the ground as evenly and as regularly as a curtain is drawn up, and on our right could be seen the enemy's regiments taking new positions, the words of command sounding as clearly and distinctly as if addressed to us. Just then a distant cheer was heard on our left, and then could be seen the Louisiana brigade sweeping over the crest of the ridge towards the enemy's batteries with the swiftness and regularity that a wave advances to the shore. That charge ended the fight. The first line of the enemy, we could plainly see, broke and ran. Its supports moved off swiftly toward the town, and the Colonel gave the order to "Get after them." We had been ambitious of getting to the Taylor house first, and we made the best haste that we could. As the last Yankee marched down the main street of the town we were coming up a lane not three hundred yards behind them. Down the street we went, cheering like mad, and open flew doors and windows, old men, women and children rushed out, dressed and undressed in their Sunday clothes, and in their night clothes, hurraing, crying, laughing, screaming. Such an excited scene was never seen before or since—a whole people demented with joy and exhibiting all the ecstasy of delirium. With closed ranks, double-quicking for a time and then shortening the pace to get breath, we went down the street, the first regiment in front, some of the Second Virginia and the Louisianians were before us, but they were mere scattered men. Coming down Lieutenant-Colonel Dorsey asked the Colonel permission to take a company off into the street where the railroad is. He was sent with Lieutenant Booth and a detachment. Turning a corner he rode into a party of five, four of whom on his order threw down their arms, but the fifth shot him through the shoulder. He instantly shot the man with his revolver. Lieutenant Booth captured a hospital with equipments, ambulances, horses and surgeons complete.

At the Taylor house some one told the Colonel that Strother—Porte Crayon—the Virginia renegade had just run in there. He sent Lieutenant Ward and a detail to search the house. Lieutenant Ward lost Porte Crayon, but unearthed a number of officers who had not expected such a sudden termination of the battle. Here Colonel Johnson received five swords from surrendered officers, which he distributed among his own. Lieutenant Howard and a party captured a warehouse of ordinance stores, &c., and brought in the keys, and a guard was immediately sent round to take possession of all captured property.

Thus saving an immense amount of medical supplies, provisions, sutlers' stores, &c., from indiscriminate pillage. All this was done before the next regiment entered the town.

Among the amusing incidents that occurred was the surrender of a Yankee officer's wife to the Colonel. She was in the Taylor House, and sent Lieutenant Ward to ask him to come to her, which he did. She said, "I am Mrs. ———, wife of Captain ———, Fifth New York Cavalry, and I have sent to you Colonel to surrender myself prisoner of war." He bowed and replied, "I cannot receive you as such, madam, we do not make war on women, and do not recognize them as parties to this contest. I shall be happy to afford you every protection in my power, but as to taking you prisoner, I can't think of that." After insisting upon it awhile, she at last became convinced that Southern officers would not disgrace themselves by arresting women, and he sent an officer to escort her to a private house, where the wife of the Major of the Fifth New York was staying, who also desired to surrender.

When the town was thoroughly in possession of a provost guard, the Colonel turned over the prisoners and property to him and marched into camp four miles from town, where we had camped the year before, the third day out from Harper's Ferry.

The amount of plunder accumulated by the regiment was indiscribable. Bran new officers' uniforms, sashes, swords, boots, coats of mail, india-rubber blankets, coats and boots, oranges, lemons, figs, dates, oysters, lobsters, sardines, pickles, preserves, cheese, cake, the finest brandies, wines and liquors, the choicest hams and dried meats and sausages, all the contents of a large city clothing establishment, and miscellaneous grocery and confectionary.

In a day or two we moved to Martinsburg, whither General Steuart had gone with the cavalry, and from thence to Charlestown, reaching there Thursday, May 29th. The next morning we were ordered up towards Halltown and Harper's Ferry. Arriving on the crest of hills south of Bolivar, we found the enemy in force on the Bolivar Heights. General Steuart ordered Colonel Johnson to drive them off, but, as he was about attacking on the flank, the order was countermanded by a courier from General Jackson. Sometime afterwards Colonel Johnson took some volunteers from Company H, and drove in their skirmishers, and following that up, got possession of the Heights and their camps. Here booty in the greatest profusion was scattered about, fine muskets and rifles, axes, cooking utensils, tin plates and cups, &c. But before it could be secured and taken off, while their position was being recon-

noitered, they opened a brisk fire from a 12-pound battery by Barbour's house, down in the village of Harper's Ferry, and it being thought inexpedient to answer them with artillery, we were obliged to fall back behind the crest of hills. At dark we returned to our camp, two miles and a half from Charlestown.

During the night General Jackson received information from General Johnston at Richmond, that a column from McDowell, at Fredericksburg, under Shields, was pressing up from Culpeper by Front Royal to cut him off. Just before, he had received information that Fremont had left Moorefield in Hardy and was marching on Strasburg. In an instant the concert of action between the two Federal Generals became apparent. With Shields at Front Royal the Luray Valley was closed to him. With Fremont at Strasburg the Valley Pike was shut, and with it his only other sure road of retreat, and these two being only eighteen miles apart supported each other. But the Federal plan was not comprehensive enough. Even had Fremont and Shields joined so as to have put Jackson's fighting through them out of the question, he would have fought them together for awhile to save his train and then suddenly wheeling to the right have crossed into Western Virginia and have beaten them to Harrisonburg by way of Hardy and Franklin.

THE RACE UP THE VALLEY.

On Saturday morning, May 31st, the regiment found itself at sunrise in camp trying to get something to eat. Everyone had marched but it had received no orders. Before the men had been fed, an orderly came from General Charles Winder, looking up some one when we found we were behind everything. In three minutes we had fallen in packed up and started. At Charlestown, we struck some stragglers from the Stonewall Brigade, which we found was just in front, and on Colonel Johnson's reporting to General Winder for orders, he directed him to take charge of the rear guard, sending his train ahead. At the same time General Winder communicated to him General Jackson's instructions, to wit: that if Fremont was pressing toward Winchester, General Jackson would endeavor to hold it to let us get through, but if he could not do so, *we must march round it in the night*. Without being aware of the particulars, but with a general understanding that we were in a tight place, we struck off for Winchester. We marched through there just after dark, and at ten o'clock lay down on the roadside in a drizzly rain seven miles south of the town, after a march

since sunrise of thirty-three and a half miles and *no rations*. Next morning the Colonel procured us a barrel of crackers, and off we started again, still as rear guard. A short time after noon a perceptible movement among the stragglers who lined the road in front indicated something unusual. It soon became known, as we approached Middletown, that Shields had driven in our pickets three miles east of the town, and that Fremont's advance was coming rapidly, a short distance on the west of it. We had a column of limping stragglers, two miles long, to force through the opening between the two Federal armies. As we pressed on artillery opened sharply on our right, showing that Jackson had grappled Fremont. Then the rattle of musketry indicated that he was closing with him, and we in the rear were prepared at any instant to fight Shields's cavalry. Through Middletown we went, and reaching Cedar Creek, halted to allow stragglers to close up before burning the bridge, as Winder had ordered. In this halt we lost an hour, but in the meantime got up at least a thousand men, whose halting steps were accelerated by the sound of Fremont's artillery on our right, and the sputter of Shields's skirmishers to the left. Thence we marched through Strasburg to Fisher's Hill, where we hoped to stay for the night, knowing that Fremont had been sharply checked, and we had our faces to the combined armies, and our backs to a sure retreat. But we had no such good fortune. The Colonel had succeeded in saving a barrel of whiskey from the Winchester plunder, and a stiff drink was served out to each man. We then marched to Mount Jackson that night. The next day—though relieved as rear guard—Ashby, who had just been made a General, asked Colonel Johnson to protect a battery with which he was driving back Fremont's pursuit at Rood's Hill, and another place after this. As we were marching through Woodstock squads of cavalry commenced hurrying by us—some jumped their horses over fences, and some pushed down gates in their hurry to get forward and away from the rear. It was not until a young officer rode up and vainly commanded and implored them to rally, that the truth flashed out they were stampeded and running.

Instantly the Colonel cried out, "File left—march! Front, charge those men and drive them back." The men went at it with a yell, and belabored men and horses so thoroughly with rifle-barrel and butt, that they stopped the running by them. Few, however, went back. It was not until next day they rallied, and a few days after retrieved their disgrace in a fight with Sir Percy Wyndham.

THE FIGHT WITH THE BUCKTAILS.

On the evening of the 5th of June we arrived early at Harrisonburg, and leaving the Valley road turned to the left and went into camp. For the last two days we had been marching leisurely along closing up stragglers, and feeding the horses and men pretty well with the provisions the country afforded. Fremont had been very pertinacious, and was continually on our rear. From Strasburg up, the artillery—either of the pursuer or pursued—sounded continually in our ears from day-light until dark. But as we diminished our pace he slackened his, and indicated that though eager to strike a flying foe, he was not so well prepared to fight one which faced him. Since leaving New Market, such had been our attitude, willingness to fight him whenever the position suited us. On Friday morning, June 6th, we marched late. General Steuart had been relieved of his cavalry command and returned to the "Maryland line," consisting of the regiment, the Baltimore Light Artillery, Captain Brockenbrough, and Captain Brown's cavalry company, which had joined us just after the fight at Winchester. He had also assigned to him the Fifty-eighth, Forty-fourth, and two other Virginia regiments.

That morning being the rear-guard we were late starting, and delayed by the enormous trains which were carrying off the plunder of the expedition, by the afternoon we had not marched more than three miles. The head of this column was then at Fort Republic, five miles distant, where a bridge spans the Shenandoah. While the cavalry under Ashby had dismounted, during one of those numerous halts, which render the movement of a long column so tiresome, a regiment of Yankee cavalry suddenly dashed through them. Quick as the Yankees were, however, they were not quick enough for Ashby, who instantly formed and charged, routing them totally, and capturing prisoners and horses.

Among his prizes was Sir Percy Wyndham—an itinerant Englishman—a soldier of fortune, who though without rank or position at home, had served in the Italian campaign of Garibaldi, and was a man of gallantry and courage. He was eagerly caught up by the Lincoln Government, when personal courage and dash were at a premium, made Colonel of cavalry, and sent off to the Valley to meet Ashby. His only interview with the Virginia Cavalier was when he was riding bareheaded behind one of Ashby's troopers—a prisoner. He expressed profound disgust at the arrant cowardice of his men, to which he at-

tributed his whole disaster. As soon as Ashby chased the remnants of the Yankees back he returned, and reported to General Ewell that he had discovered an infantry force coming rapidly on us, and showed him that by a quick detour through the woods he could strike them in flank. Ewell, delighted at the prospect, ordered Stuart's command back at once. The regiment in the order of march in the morning had been last. In thus reversing the direction it should have been first, but having been placed to support a battery, two Virginia regiments got ahead of us. The Colonel however soon managed to cut in and got up next to the Fifty-eighth Virginia. Ewell and Ashby rode at the head of the column—the latter explaining to the former the nature of the ground, the position of the roads, and the direction of the enemy. Though too far off to hear what he said, his dark face was lit up in a blaze of enthusiasm, and his eloquent gesticulation indicated his meaning as intelligibly as words. "Look at Ashby," said the Colonel to the Adjutant, "see how happy he is!" In a few moments we entered a thick wood, then changed direction in line of battle. Companies D and G of the regiment out as skirmishers under Ashby's immediate command. Moving cautiously along, in the quiet woods, every sound was exaggerated in the stillness, and at last without a moment's warning the Fifty-eighth gave way and ran back. "Steady there men, steady First Maryland," shouted our Colonel as pistol in hand he headed the broken mass. "Form behind there!" pointing to our solid ranks. The panic was only momentary, one of those strange accidents which occur in battle, and almost immediately the Fifty-eighth re-formed and went on. In a minute the sputter of the skirmishers was heard immediately followed by the volley of the Fifty-eighth. "Charge, Colonel," cried General Ewell, who was just by us—"charge men," said Colonel Johnson, and down the hill we went with a cheer, in a run. But we found no enemy. The fire on our right was excessive—we were made to lie down, but balls began exploding and smacking among the men on the rocks. "Those Virginians are killing our men." Off galloped General Ewell and the Colonel, both to stop the firing, but directly returned finding out they were Yankee bullets. "I see one, Colonel can I kill him," cried Southron of Company H. Assent was given, and he pulled away, but his cap snapped. Coolly putting on another he fired. "There I've killed you," said he. "Let us charge them, let us charge them, Colonel," came from several. "Very well," said he. "Up men, forward, file right, march"—and as soon as the colors came into line, "By the right flank *charge!!!*" in a voice that could be heard far

above the crash of small arms. The right companies and colors went in on a run, the left companies catching up, they closed with the Bucktails, who were strongly posted behind a worm fence full of undergrowth and briars, and drove them out, and as they ran across the open field, poured a most deadly fire into them, which melted them away like frost before the sun.

We afterwards heard that of over 200 Bucktails who went into that fight only fifty came out. After driving them off, a brigade of infantry was seen a short distance off, and a six-gun battery of brass pieces with an apparently large force of cavalry. They had had enough though for the evening, and it only being General Ewell's instruction to check Fremont sharply, he retired. The fight, short as it was, had cost us dearly. Ashby's horse fell at the first fire, immediately jumping to his feet, he half turned round to the Fifty-eighth, in front of whose second company he was brandishing his right hand with his pistol, ordering them to charge. The confusion was such that they did not obey him, and he fell, a ball entering his right side just above his hip and passing diagonally upward, came out under his left arm, showing that the ball was fired by some one lying down. Though in front of the Fifty-eighth, he was not more than thirty yards from the enemy, who were lying flat behind the fence. The opinion of Lieutenant Booth, who saw him fall and was closer to him than anyone, is that a shot from the Yankees killed him. We lost Captain Michael S. Robertson, Company I, killed instantly; as he fell, he said, "Go on, boys, don't mind me." He was a native and resident of Charles county, one of our oldest families—wealthy and highly educated. At the same time fell Lieutenant Nicholas Snowden, Company D, from Prince George of that well known family. At the time of the Baltimore outbreak he commanded a cavalry company, which he immediately put under arms until, like so many others, he found Hicks had betrayed the State, and he came to Virginia. No braver, or more gallant gentlemen than these have died for Southern Independance. With them fell six or eight more dead, Color-Sergeant Doyle was shot down, Color-Corporal Taylor caught the colors, but soon went down, the next Corporal to him caught them, but instantly falling, Corporal Shanks, Company H, seized them, lifting them arms length above his head, carried them safely through the fight.

Colonel Johnson had been that afternoon to see General Jackson, and was in full uniform, rather an unusual sight in that army where few officers wore any sign of rank. As the regiment charged, his horse was shot in the shoulder; then directly received in his forehead a ball,

intended for his rider, and as he fell, another in the pommel of the saddle. His uniform doubtless procured him these compliments, as he was not more than thirty yards from the Bucktails. Captain Nicholas, Company "G," found Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, their commander, sitting on a stump with a broken leg, who invoked the Captain to shoot the cowardly hounds who had run off and left him. Although this fight was quickly over, it was one of the bloodiest of the war, considering the time and number engaged. Our loss was about one hundred killed and wounded, and that of the enemy probably one hundred and fifty in all, including prisoners, of whom there were very few. Dr. Johnson, the surgeon of the First Maryland, the next morning had Lieutenant Snowden buried near the Harrisonburg road, and his company buried Captain Robertson in Union church-yard by the brick wall opposite the gate—the first church on the road from Harrisonburg to Port Republic. Feelings of sorrow at the loss of so many friends strongly impressed us all, and Saturday was quietly spent in taking position and going into camp near the Shenandoah. General Jackson had the day before directed the Colonel to pick out a good camp and recruit his men. "Drill them four hours a day," said he. Friday evening we had one drill, which has just been described. Fate had reserved such another in store for us.

THE BATTLE OF CROSS-KEYS.

On Sunday morning Fremont began to press us from Harrisonburg. Early that morning a body of cavalry and two pieces of artillery had dashed into Port Republic, capturing a number of persons, and nearly capturing Jackson who was there. They were Shields's advance. While Fremont had followed us up the Valley road, Shields had pushed up the Luray Valley, intending to cut off Jackson from the numerous passes, by which alone he could *escape* into the Piedmont country, and in the Upper Valley unite with Fremont and capture his whole force.

Their campaign now approached the crisis. They had driven him back into a corner, with the river and only one bridge at his back—Shields ready to hold that, and Fremont with 30,000 in his front—never appeared more certain to combining Generals the success of their strategy. The quickness and genius of Jackson overmatched them. Escaping from the Federals in Port Republic by hard riding, he swiftly galloped over the bridge *in front of their cavalry and artillery*, put a battery in position so quickly, and opened such a prodigious fire on them, that they *withdrew without burning the bridge*.

Our whole train, ammunition and all was then on their side of the river. While this was done he directed General Charles Winder, and the Stonewall Brigade, to hold the bridge and town, from the high hills on the Cross-Keys side of the river, while Ewell was to turn on Fremont. Going up the road some miles we met General Ewell, who said to the Colonel, "Colonel, you must fix a Bucktail to your colors to-day in honor of the gallantry of your regiment day before yesterday." So the Bucktail was tied at the end of the lance, and some days after, when we all had leisure, the General issued the following order:

[General Order No. 30.]

HEAD-QUARTERS EWELL'S DIVISION,
June 12th, 1862.

In commendation of the gallant conduct of the First Maryland regiment on the 6th June inst., when led by Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, they drove back with loss the Pennsylvania Bucktail Rifles, in the engagement near Harrisonburg, Rockingham county, Virginia, authority is given to have one of the captured "Bucktails," (the insignia of the Federal regiment,) appended to the color staff of the First Maryland regiment.

By command Major-General Ewell,

JAMES BARBOUR,
Acting-Adjutant General.

The regiment was justly proud of this compliment from a soldier esteemed by the army as second to none, and in their affection the first of all. They marched gaily into action that morning, proud of their diminished ranks, which told the story of their deeds, and the trophy on their colors which showed them their General's approval.

General Elzey had on that morning been in rear and selected a good position. When General Ewell came up he was so pleased that he made no attempt to change it. He placed Trimble in the centre, Elzey on the right, Stuart on the left, the First Maryland only being thrown forward, until later when some Virginia regiments were posted to cover our left flank, and towards the middle of the day Taylor came up and acted as reserve. The Baltimore battery and another posted on a hill in the centre of the line between Trimble and the First Maryland, opened on Fremont's force, which could be seen advancing in columns of companies over the open ground in our front. We held a hill with a steep slope toward the enemy; at the bottom was a creek

and worm fence, in front a meadow, then a wheat field. The enemy moved up a battery and showered canister among us. We were ordered to lie down, and companies A and G deployed below the edge of the hill as skirmishers. Very soon they sent word that the enemy were coming. Getting to our feet and moving forward, we could see them about four hundred yards off, marching battalion front, in quick time, towards their fate in the woods. "Give them a fire by company," said the Colonel, and off the companies went as regular as clock work. The first round cleared them out. In a short time another regiment attempted to get on our right and charge our battery, but a short and sharp struggle drove them off. Then one came through the wheat field, their movements covered to some extent by the growing grain, and taking shelter behind a fence three hundred yards off, poured into us a most incessant rain of balls for an hour. We were pretty well covered, however, and held our ground until at last we drove them off, leaving a number of dead there. They were particularly pertinacious, being the Garibaldi Guards, a New York regiment of Blenker's command, all Germans. Later in the day another attempt was made to dislodge us in vain. By 5 o'clock, or half-past 5, the cartridges were exhausted and the guns foul and hot. The fire of the men was deliberate and deadly, but a great many had fired more than forty rounds, having taken the cartridges from the dead and wounded. Colonel Johnson reported the fact to General Ewell. The General said, "Why, Colonel, you have whipped three regiments without moving an inch." "Yes," said he, and offered to stay without ammunition or bayonets, confident that the men could hold the position, but it being almost sundown, the General ordered him to the rear to clean up and refit.

As we marched off, some regiment cried out, "Maryland, you ain't going that way." But the boys only cheered and trudged on, they were too well pleased with themselves to be offended at any one's mistakes. We bivouaced that night at our old camp. General Steuart was wounded, and the command of the line devolved on Colonel Johnson. Our loss here was severe, sixteen per cent. of the force engaged. Colonel Johnson lost another officer, Lieutenant Bean having been shot through the foot. "See, I've got it, Colonel," said the Lieutenant as he showed his foot as he was carried off by two of his men. The term of his company was to expire on the 15th—just a week off—and he was delighted at having so honorable a testimonial. All of its officers had been now killed or wounded, except Lieutenant Diggs, who took command. It was the best fight we have made. Our force engaged actually

was not 4,500 men, while Fremont claimed to have had over 30,000. He displayed less Generalship and his men and officers less spirit than have been ever exhibited by them. We claimed this a Maryland fight, all the Brigadiers commanding, Elzey, Trimble and Steuart being Marylanders, and Ewell being more than half one.

Who Burnt Columbia?

TESTIMONY OF A CONFEDERATE CAVALRYMAN.

By E. L. WELLES, of Charleston, S. C.

[We have already published conclusive testimony, fixing the responsibility of this outrage on the laws of civilized warfare; but we propose to add to it from time to time and to hand down the perpetrators of the deed to deserved infamy.]

The following interesting reminiscence of an eye witness is a strong incidental proof that Sherman's troops and Sherman himself were the responsible parties.]

Columbia, S. C., was burnt on the night of February 17th, 1865, during the occupation by Sherman's army, and while that General was in the town. I do not suppose any candid mind informed of the evidence, circumstantial and direct, oral and documentary, doubts where the responsibility for the crime lies. Still it does no harm to have cumulative evidence on so interesting a subject. What I have to relate proves, I think, that General Sherman found no fire in the city, when his troops entered, and that he was in entire and undisputed possession for hours before the conflagration. From this it follows that the burning could have been done by no one else, and therefore must have been done by him. It would be agreeable to find some other solution, for, as General Sherman now holds an official position, he is, according to the principle of representative government, our servant, and one, therefore, naturally is very loth to believe against him even the testimony of one's own eyes. A few months since I noticed a most remarkable plea in his favor advanced by "*The Nation*," a respectable and ably conducted newspaper published in New York. The editor generally strives to bear himself fairly towards his opponents in argument, though not always in a style entirely free from flippancy or self-righteousness. The idea expressed was, in substance, that *because* General Sherman holds a high rank in official circles, *therefore* any statements made by him about matters concerning him-

self and others were to be accepted as conclusive, and that it was "very bad form" to listen to evidence to the contrary from any one, even from one claiming to be suffering under an unjust charge. In other words, the testimony of the prisoner at the bar in his own favor proves incontestably his innocence. Rather than adopt such an absurd view as this, I would prefer to endeavor to become more credulous about the psychological influence of names than Tristram Shandy's father, and then one might believe that General Sherman has been borne down to savagery by the weight of his Indian name, without involving his own moral responsibility. I have ample hereditary cause to know something of the Indian mode of warfare, and had abundant personal opportunities after the retreat from Columbia to study General Sherman's style. I must confess that the family resemblance between the two is startling.

In the latter part of the month of December, 1864, the cavalry division in which I was serving as a private, was in winter quarters near Petersburg, Virginia. The campaign, which was, I believe, the bloodiest of the war, had not been long ended.

Our division, consisting of two brigades, each composed of three regiments, had come to Virginia from the South early in the spring with full ranks and in excellent condition. Now, our numbers did not much exceed those of one ordinary regiment of the maximum numerical strength. Thus had our division been boiled down in the devil's cauldron of war to a very small residuum.

At the time of which I am speaking we were doing picket duty a few miles from camp, and were suffering a good deal from cold, so that we all thought it a great nuisance. We were very much pleased therefore to hear the news that we were under marching orders for Columbia, S. C., then threatened by Sherman. Any change is agreeable to soldiers in winter quarters, whose only variation from the dull monotony of camp life is picketing. Moreover square meals were to us pioneers of the Tanner system, a recollection of the dim, and shadowy past, while we regarded ourselves as being about to go to a land comparatively overflowing with milk and honey. Our joy, however, was not entirely unalloyed by regrets at leaving, for we had great pride in the army of which we were a part, and in the fame of our incomparable chieftain; and the soil itself was endeared to us by kindnesses received from its self-sacrificing people, and by the bones of our many comrades reposing in it.

We soon found ourselves in front of Columbia awaiting the approach of the enemy. General Hampton, who had until then commanded all

the cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia, had come to take command of the cavalry rendezvoused at Columbia. He had at about this time been appointed a Lieutenant-General; there were, if I mistake not, but two other Lieutenant-Generals of cavalry in the Confederate service, Generals Forrest and Wheeler. Of all the officers of this grade in the army, my impression is, only two attained the rank who had not received a technical military education, and these were Generals Hampton and Forrest, both of the cavalry. It is needless to attempt a description of the distinguished soldier and statesman Hampton, whose brilliant services in war, and his exalted wisdom in peace, which resulted in the liberation of his State from bondage, have made his name known and honoured by the English-speaking race everywhere.

Besides our division, there was in front of Columbia but a very slender force of cavalry, consisting mainly of fractions of regiments from the West, in a more or less demoralized condition, some of whom proved more of a nuisance to the friends than a terror to their enemies. The consolidation of our command with the garrisons of Charleston, Savannah, and some other places, took place after the retreat from Columbia.

The importance of holding Columbia did not arise from its strategical value, for it possessed very little of this for friend or foe. It was protected by no fortifications, nor was there military stores there of any practical importance. It was for these reasons deemed not impossible that Sherman would not come in force against the place, as no military reasons existed for his doing so, and that if a feeble demonstration were made against it, we might be able to frustrate it.

As the capture of the city was needless strategically, it follows that its subsequent destruction was without a vestige of justification or excuse.

The desire of our commander to keep the town intact from the enemy doubtless did not proceed so much from his instincts as a soldier, as from his feelings as a man. This place had been for several years an asylum of refuge for the homeless, not only from its own State, but also measurably from all parts of the Confederacy. Being far from the coast, and remote from where the tragedy of war had hitherto been enacted, and food being accessible, it was supposed to be a safe retreat for the impoverished, weary wanderers from once happy homes. Thither had fled from the advance of the invader, and too frequently from his torch, enfeebled, gray-haired men, bowed down under the weight of years and misfortunes, tenderly-nurtured women, ill able to withstand the buffets of adversity, gentle maidens in the first bloom of loveliness, and innocent little children, crying aloud to God for bread

in the agony of hunger. These poor beings had painfully struggled to this narrow strip of dry land in their deluge of ruin, and now wet, exhausted and shivering, were still bearing themselves with fortitude in their forlorn plight. Hard must have been his heart who could push them back into the cruel waters. I do not envy that man, "despite his titles, power and pelf" who could find it in his nature to withhold from them pity and respect.

These refugees had brought with them whatever trifling remnant of their lost fortunes or mementoes of their loved homes they could manage to save from the wreck—jewelry, silver, pictures, and other heirlooms, silk dresses, valuable shawls and lace; in short, whatever had been saved and could be sold were disposed of to Jews and blockade-runners' agents, and the pittances thus realized sufficed to keep away actual starvation. Every house was packed to overflowing with occupants. To save these poor non-combatants from pillage (for no one, or very few, apprehended the utter destruction *which it is since known was then deliberately planned,*) it was determined to hold our ground as stoutly as possible against any attack that might be made. We were not kept long waiting, for soon some of the advancing columns of Sherman's army, with the remaining ones in supporting distance, were encountered. I am unable to give an accurate, technical account of the military operations, and therefore shall not make the attempt. I would say, however, that some rather tall fighting, in a smallish sort of way, took place, and that we made it as hot for them as our limited numbers would admit of. When did troops, who had had the proud honor of being a part of the army of Northern Virginia, ever fail to do their duty gaily when the grand thunder of battle pealed? When our beloved Lieutenant-General put himself at our head, his manly form dilated with enthusiasm, and his eyes flashing, and called, "Troops from Virginia, follow me!" I almost *believe* our horses would have charged riderless, and I *know* that his cavaliers would then as *now*, and *always*, follow him for life or for death. Soon, however, it became apparent that in spite of all efforts we could not for long withstand the overwhelming numbers against us. We checked them for a time, but retreat was unavoidable unless reinforcements could be sent us, which was impracticable. Oh! it was sad and humiliating for strong men to know that they must turn their backs upon the city and leave its helpless population to their fate, though the terrible doom awaiting them was not imagined. Our intrepid leader had blown in vain his last bugle-blast for the sorely needed succorers; he was forced to submit reluctantly to the inevitable.

The retreat from Columbia was decided on, and to our brigade was assigned the position of rear guard. Our gallant, and brilliant division commander, General Butler, personally superintended our operations, which were necessarily of a delicate nature. The retreat is sometimes termed an evacuation, but I should suppose, incorrectly so, as the place was unfortified, and no troops had been operated from, or quartered in it; they had simply been manoeuvred in its neighborhood, not from it, and had merely passed through its streets in retreating, when it was necessary to do so. Only non-combatants had occupied the city. The final withdrawal took place on February 17th, but on the previous day, or during the night all troops had been brought across the river. It was on this day or the previous day, I think, that Sherman shelled this city of women and children without the slightest military or moral justification or excuse, and without the smallest chance, or purpose of injuring any one but non-combatants. I happened to witness the scene, as I had been dispatched through the town with an order. The new State-house, then incomplete, but an imposing structure, was being used as a target apparently, for the shells were striking about that neighborhood to the infinite peril of many whose sex or tender years should have proved a secure ægis from violence.

On the morning of the retreat, our brigade, which, as already mentioned, was the last body of Confederate troops to leave the town, marched out at an early hour. At some distance behind the main body followed a small detachment of ten or twelve men, which halted just outside of the town and took up a position on the crest of a hill beyond the Charlotte depot, over-looking the city. I was one of that detachment. The object of thus posting us, was, I suppose, to observe the enemy and to prevent the rear guard from being surprised. This body was, at the time, covering the retreat of a portion of our wagon-train, and would have been obliged, if necessary, to skirmish for its protection, but this would have occurred at some little distance from the town. From the lower level of the streets our appearance must have been that of the front of a column of some size, and not merely a handful of men which would discourage small detachments from ascending the hill to molest us, and was, no doubt, so intended. We had been strictly ordered to fire no shots under any circumstances, relying upon our sabres alone, as no excuse was to be given to the enemy for inaugurating violence in the streets. Below this little eminence stretched out the city, plainly to be seen from where we were. The road which we occupied ran at right angles to the street down which Sherman's column entered, and, before long, we saw the line of blue pouring steadily like a river

towards the other end of the town. It was a very impressive spectacle, and I am not likely to forget it, while I live. For the information of my many worthy friends in the militia, I would say, that their sweetly-pretty parades do not at all remind me of the scene then before me. Up to this time there had been no fires in the town except an accidental one in some military stores kept at a railroad depot, which did no damage elsewhere, and which is admitted to have had no connection whatever with the subsequent conflagration at night. On this hill I remained for several hours, and in the meantime the city had been completely and peacefully occupied by Sherman's forces. At one time a few infantry skirmishers had been thrown out towards us, and some harmless bullets from long range had whirled over our heads, but we did not return the fire, which soon ceased and was not renewed. It will be understood that being then a private, I have no memoranda written at the time, and that I would not usually take any special note of hours of the day, or even of dates. I am unable, therefore, to state the hour at which Sherman's entry began, or the number of hours during which our occupancy of the hill lasted. The facts which I relate, however, prove, it seems to me, the entire and undisputed occupation of the city by Sherman before any fires were visible. *That* is the vital point which, once admitted, makes it undeniable that the place was burnt with his responsibility. Undisturbed on an elevation, and watching with a keen and intense interest, which has photographed the scene forever in my memory, how could I have failed to notice the very thing that would have soonest challenged eager attention, a fire? General Sherman unconsciously corroborates the fact of our being on the hill referred to, and, I think, states the hour at which he saw us, either in his "Book," or in some of his published letters on the subject. He mentions that after the occupation had been some time completed he was riding towards the Charlotte depot, but was advised not to do so by some of his men, as "rebel videttes" were visible on the hill beyond, as he himself saw. Such, unless my memory deceives me, is the substance of his statement.

I am able to remember at what stage of the retreat General Hampton left the city, by the following incident. Shortly before we had taken up our position on the little hill, which I have been alluding to, and when we were quite near it, I had obtained permission from my commanding officer to return to the town for a few minutes, and had dashed back accordingly, as fast as spurs liberally applied could take me. As I turned a corner with furious speed I suddenly found myself confronted by a small column of horsemen, coming on a walk from an

opposite direction, into which I was madly charging. I made a strenuous effort to check my mare, but she was a hard-mouthed brute, the villainous curbchain snapped, and a very serious collision was only prevented by the dexterity of the leader of the band. You may faintly imagine my amazement and discomfiture, when that leader proved to be General Hampton, followed by his staff and couriers. Thus was I very near performing a feat never yet achieved by mortal man, single-handed, unhorsing that peerless knight. I explained my strange proceeding, feeling very foolish about it, but was dismissed on my errand with a kindly smile, and a wave of the hand, as the General rode out of the town.

It will be necessary for me to explain why I had returned to the city where there were no Confederate troops to whom I could have been sent to carry dispatches from my officers. I must confess that the cause was no more and no less than the recollection of the whereabouts of a few dozen of Madeira. It is a refining wine, one inspiring noble impulses, and therefore no true cavalier would hesitate to run the risk of a few vulgar bullets for the sake of its delicious perfume. It is altogether different from whiskey, which, it is said, will make a man steal. Apropos of that, Sherman's regiments were chiefly recruited where whiskey is the *vin du pays*. My earnestness in my mission will, at all events, not be doubted when it is remembered that Confederate cavalrymen furnished their own mounts, and when I mention, that I bestrode a war-horse worth \$3,000, whose valuable life I was thus risking. This sounds well, suggestive of the resplendent days of chivalry, but lest it should be thought that my prowess in drawing the long bow is greater than my skill with other weapons, I will be obliged to say, that the said \$3,000 thus invested were the proceeds of only twenty pounds sterling (about the equivalent of \$100 gold), part of a remittance which I found awaiting me on my arrival at Columbia. This amount was exchanged for me into Confederate money by a benevolent trader, with a generosity worthy of a descendant of some of the stowaways by the "Mayflower," as I afterwards discovered that he had not "shaved" me to a much greater extent than twenty-five per cent.

Besides the quest for wine I had another, and perhaps a better, reason for my private raid. A lady of my acquaintance in the city, a refugee, had a small store of rare wine, which had been saved in some way from the general wreck of her home, and it was almost the only article of value saved. It was possible by selling some of this from time to time (blockade-runners' agents the purchasers) to procure necessary food. This was not the only use made of the slender supply however, as many a sorely wounded soldier could with gratitude attest.

This kind lady was so unduly complimentary as to suppose that I would know beforehand if a retreat was decided on, and could therefore furnish her timely warning. Of course this was a mistake, as I was only a private, but still I had been asked to bring her the desired information, and had promised to do my best. The precious wine would have to be destroyed when it became certain we were to leave the city behind us, for then the wary traders would no longer purchase it, and if seized by the enemy on his entry it might contribute to produce drunken excesses. I had not known absolutely that we were to retreat until the night before—up to that time still hoping that reinforcements would render this unnecessary, and since that time it had been absolutely impossible for me to leave ranks. This, therefore, had had been the first opportunity for fulfilling my promise.

Pouring the fragrant contents of the bottles on the ungrateful ground was a very disagreeable libation to witness, so I lessened it as much as possible by putting as many as I could manage in my overcoat pockets and saddle holsters, and fastening others to my saddle-tree by straps. I do not suppose one horse and man every carried so many bottles before. Meanwhile time was flying, and so must I be, unless desirous of testing the penetration of the enemy's rifles, or the cheer that he furnished to his uninvited guests. So I had to mount in hot haste and away in my loaded down condition, not cutting as graceful a figure I fear as romantic young Lochinvar, judging from the difficultly suppressed mirth of the ladies, but more resembling doubtless the worthy Gilpin, though more fortunate than he. I got my bottles through unbroken. Not that it was any laughing matter for the poor ladies, for they were losing almost their last resource, but "'tis better to laugh than to cry" says the proverb, and it is certainly more becoming to the sex, even charming in spite of being blockaded from the fashions and fabrics of Werth. Not knowing how soon I might make the sociable acquaintance of some of Sherman's men, I made all possible speed in returning to my command, keeping a sharp lookout at every street I crossed, expecting momentarily to hear "the still small voice" not of conscience, but a minnie bullet.

When I reached the hill, where my detachment was posted, the advance guard of the enemy was already in the town. In passing through the streets I had seen no one except an anxious female face at an upper window occasionally, and a few drunken negroes where the commissary stores had been. I saw no Confederate cavalymen or stragglers, and no fires, and cannot believe that I could have failed to see them, if they had existed, for one's eyesight becomes almost preternaturally sharpened under such circumstances.

At a late hour in the day our little detachment was withdrawn from the hill ; we halted that night seven or eight miles from the town. As three of the regiments in our division had been raised in South Carolina, of course very many of the officers and men were leaving behind them in Columbia, near and dear relatives of the tender sex. As we retreated through the streets that morning we had encountered from many a window sad pleading looks and tearful eyes. For any one with a spark of manhood in his composition to leave under such circumstances was a hard trial, but to those thus compulsorily deserting their families it was painful in the extreme. At first the greatest anxiety was felt as to how the entering army would behave, but after we had seen it for several hours in peaceful possession, the worst danger was supposed to be over, and the poor dejected fellows cheered up a little. By night, from a reaction of feeling, the men were quite bright and jolly. Chatting and smoking over the camp fires we all came to the conclusion that the devil was not so black as he was painted after all. My mess discussed the Madeira which I had brought with great satisfaction, the wine shaken into such a muddy condition, as to be unrecognizable, and drunk from tin cups. Oh ! outraged Bacchus ! Soon the men were all peacefully sleeping on that soil for whose freedom they were struggling, all dangers and anxieties for the time forgotten, but they were booted and dressed ready to mount at a moment's notice. A chilly wintry night was succeeded by a gloomy leaden gray dawn. As the cavalymen aroused themselves a strange sight met their half-blinded eyes. Great clouds of heavy black smoke were drifting through the camp, and their horses in alarm were straining uneasily at their halters. At first it was supposed, that the woods in the neighborhood were on fire, but investigation soon proved that this was not the cause. Then the solution of the phenomenon broke upon the men in a horrible revelation ; *it was the smoke from burnt Columbia*. Heart-rending and baffling description was the scene then witnessed. The poor fellows realized that thousands of women and children, among them their nearest and dearest, were crouching, roofless and foodless, in the pitiless winter air, or had met a worse fate. Groans were extorted from strong men, and tears wet the cheeks of grim veterans. The scene is too painful to recall and the theme too sickening to pursue further.

Such had been the fate of Columbia. A deed had been consummated shocking to the public conscience of christendom, unparrelleled since the savage red man had raged in unchecked violence through our primeval forests.

Some months afterwards I was on my way to the Trans-Mississippi department, the Army of Northern Virginia, hitherto the invincible guardian of liberty, had fallen, the lion's heart at length pierced by the brute force of overwhelming numbers, those rifles were silent whose glorious echos will forever live to awaken a response in the breasts of brave men. Organized resistance everywhere in the East was known to have ceased, but it was rumored that the debris of our armies would still rally round the Southern Cross beyond the "Father of Waters." This proved to be incorrect, but at that time I had no means of being better informed, as the usual modes by which news is circulated, the mails and the telegraph, had been for a long time suspended. I was unparoled, still having the right to bear my humble but undisgraced weapons—a wanderer, but not a fugitive from our scattered armies. It was necessary for me to pass through Columbia, in order to continue my journey, and I supposed it would be impracticable to do so, except secretly by night. It was midnight, my poor jaded beast and I, both equally fatigued, hungry and forlorn, plodded on our lonely way through the deserted streets of once beautiful Columbia. There was no light, except that of the moon shining dimly overhead, which served to reveal by its cold, sombre rays the sepulchral scene. Not a sound but the solemn echoes of my horse's hoofs broke the profound silence. Around me was a city of the dead, a sea of ashes, out of which loomed up from ghostly ruins hundreds of blackened chimneys. Never until then did I fully realize the extent and thoroughness of the destruction and the boundless misery which must have been the result. God forbid that the skeleton in the national closet should be needlessly dragged to light, but, remember, the burning of Columbia has been charged upon Hampton's cavalry by General Sherman.

Surely it is permissible for one to deny the commission of the crime who, though himself but an insignificant drop in the ocean of war, still takes a soldier's pride in the fair fame of his old command, whose honor he holds as sacred as his own. As justly might the right of denial be withheld from Mr. Conkling if charged with Mr. Garfield's foul murder. History will be written, and the muse must not hold a lying pen. It should be written in the spirit of liberality and charity learned from the divine sermon once delivered from Judea's mountain height, but it should also be written with due regard to Jehovah's injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Not to the privates or subaltern officers of the corps which burnt Columbia attaches the moral responsibility. A soldier is but a machine which is set in motion or stopped at the will of his superiors.

Sherman's is the guilt, and as far as he *may be* forgiven by his victims—the venerable men, innocent women and helpless babes whom he devoted to destruction—to *that extent* may he find pardon when God's bugle sounds the reveille for the judgment day.

The Battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864.

LETTER FROM COLONEL MCMASTER.

COLUMBIA, S. C., February 25th, 1882.

Mr. Editor,—I have observed reports of the above-named battle published in your Journal very imperfect and erroneous. I commanded Elliott's brigade that day, the line on which was the scene of the battle, and am presumed to know something about it. In justice to the brigade, I have thought of giving you a sketch of the services of the brigade on that occasion, but have been unable to fulfill my desire. The best I can do at present is to give you the following two papers on the subject: First, an extract from a speech made by me before my regiment, Seventeenth South Carolina volunteers, at their reunion at Chester Courthouse, South Carolina, August 13th, 1879. This, of course, lacks detail of other commands, which would add to its value. Second, a full report made me by Major J. C. Coit, who commanded some batteries that day. This will amply repay perusal from its accurate account of the batteries north of the crater, which has never yet been published in your Journal.

Honorable J. C. Coit was invited to attend the reunion of the Seventeenth, and being unable to do so, furnished me this report with permission to publish.

Very respectfully, &c.,

F. W. MCMASTER.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF COLONEL MCMASTER.

I will with some care describe this terrific battle, for it seldom falls to the lot of a regiment to act such a conspicuous part in saving an army. The Seventeenth, with the assistance of a small number of the Twenty-sixth regiment, with the coöperation of Wright's battery, prevented Grant from entering Petersburg that day and capturing the whole of Beauregard's army.

Pegram's salient, where four guns, under Captain Pegram of Richmond, forming part of Major Coit's battalion, was in the centre of

Elliott's brigade. The brigade was arranged in the following order, from left to right—Twenty-sixth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-second and Twenty-third regiments.

Grant had massed 65,000 men opposite this brigade. Beauregard's whole force in the line was only three-and-a-half brigades. The theory of the assault, as stated by General Meade in the Court of Enquiry, held by the Federals soon after, was for General Burnside, with 15,000 men to rush in the opening made by the explosion, and dash over to Cemetery Hill, five hundred or six hundred yards to the rear; this corps to be followed by General Ord with 10,000 men. He states he had 40,000 to 50,000 for the attack of the place, and to rush in the rear of the Confederate lines.

The mine was exploded one-quarter of 5 A. M. 30th July, 1864, with eight thousand pounds of powder. It overwhelmed the battery, the whole of the Eighteenth, three companies of the Twenty-third and part of company A, Seventeenth regiment.

For some minutes there was the utmost consternation among our men. Some scampered out of the lines; some, paralyzed with fear, vaguely scratched at the counter-scarp as if trying to escape. Smoke and dust filled the air. A few minutes afterwards General Ledlie's division began to charge.

This aroused our officers; they began to cheer, and our men bounded on the banquette and commenced firing on the ranks of men who were rushing in without firing a gun. By this time some of the men of the gallant Eighteenth, who extricated themselves from the bank which covered them, came rushing down the trenches, and as many as could picked up guns and began firing. For a considerable time the firing was done entirely by the infantry.

In a few minutes after the explosion Major Coit, who commanded the most effective artillery on our side, came up to see if any of his guns were uninjured.

As soon as he could reach Wright's battery of four guns, in the ravine to the rear of Ransom's brigade, which was at least half an hour after the explosion, he began to fire, and shot six hundred balls into the divisions of Potter, Wilcox and Ferrero, which succeeded Ledlie's division. These guns were the only ones on our lines which, besides enfilading the enemy at close range, could also *fire on the crater and part of our lines.*

Major Gibbes, who had only one gun on the right of the Confederate line capable of enfilading the enemy, began with this gun about one hour after the explosion, and killed many of the enemy. One or two

hours later, Major Gibbes and Major Haskell moved their mortar batteries and dropped a number of balls in the crater and lines.

In fifteen or twenty minutes after the explosion General Elliott came up through the crowded ditch, followed by Colonel Smith of the Twenty-sixth regiment, with a few of his men, and ordered the Twenty-sixth and Seventeenth to form a line on the crest of the hill, and charge the crater. He and a few men gallantly jumped up on the crest of the hill, about fifty yards of the crater, he pointed out the line, and was in less than five minutes shot down and brought back. The command then devolved on your Colonel, who countermanded the order to form on the crest of the hill, which was utterly impracticable, and formed some of the men in the ditches, which went to the rear and commanded some yards in the rear of the crater. Courier after courier was sent to the division commander, and one courier to the regiments on the right of the crater. I ordered Colonel Smith to take his regiment, with three companies of the Seventeenth, under Captain Crawford (which then were larger than the Twenty-sixth regiment) to form in the ravine in the rear of the crater, and cover up the gap, there to lie down and to rise up and fire when necessary, so as to prevent the enemy from rushing down the hill and getting in the rear of our lines. This order was promptly executed, and gave the remainder of the Seventeenth in the main trench more room to use their guns.

The damage done—let the enemy tell. General Meade says the assault came principally from his *right* (our left) of the crater.

The enemy brought guns from all points and threw shells into the crater. General Potter began his movement towards the crest, and was met by another force of the enemy, and was compelled to fall back.

General Potter says: "The next fire I saw came from the right; there was a battery behind some timber, which it was very difficult for our batteries to reach. I ordered my own batteries to turn their whole attention to that one, but they apparently produced no effect."

Many officers testify that repeated assaults were made to secure the crest; some say they saw them make two distinct charges early in the morning, but were repelled by men who rose up in the ravine. One fixes the number of these men at 200, some as high as 500. *These men* who repelled these charges were the Seventeenth and part of the Twenty-Sixth.

The negroes, numbering 4,300 muskets, under General Ferrero, rushed to the mine at 8 o'clock, and one distinct charge, as alleged, occurred soon after. Some of the officers allege their men got 200 yards towards the crest, which was 500 yards to the rear, but this is a clear

mistake. None ever advanced 50 yards beyond, for I watched their efforts with great anxiety up to about 9 o'clock, as I believed the fate of Petersburg depended on it. The officers frequently attempted to urge their men forward, and some would rush across a few yards and then run back. Colonel Smith informed me after the battle, that the enemy made a charge, and upon his men rising and pouring in a volley, they did not make the attempt again. Captain Crawford, who commanded the detachment of the Seventeenth, says, the Federal officers succeeded in getting about 200 men, three different times, outside of the crater, and they never advanced more than 30 yards before his men drove them back.

We saw at one time fourteen beautiful banners waving in the crater and gallant officers, trying to urge their men on in the direction of Cemetery Hill. But all efforts to reach this point, from the rear of the crater, failed by 9 o'clock. And they then attempted to effect their purpose by taking the lines north of the crater, which would secure them a chance to reach the point of their destination, by the ravine which passed through Ransom's lines. This, together with the conformation of the ground necessarily forced the burden of the battle on the Confederate line, north of the crater and in close proximity to it. And especially on Elliott's brigade; the right of Ransom's brigade and the artillery under the command of Major Coit.

The enemy, thus having changed their tactics, would occasionally rush on our right flank—we made barricades to oppose them; then they would run down the front of the line and jump over and were met with the bayonet and clubbed with the musket. Generally they were repelled, occasionally they succeeded and captured some men. Private Hoke, of Company A, was thus cut off, and refused to surrender, and struck down several of the enemy before he was bayoneted. Few battles could show more bayonet wounds than this.

After a severe hand to hand fight, disputing every inch, and losing the gallant Lieutenants Lowry, Pratt, McCorwell, and Captain Dunovant, whose arm was shot off, and many brave men, we were driven down the the hill to Ransom's brigade, which at this time was pouring in an enfilading fire.

The fourth division, in front of the lines of Elliott's brigade, must have numbered 16,000. Besides this, General Turner with 4,000 men charged Ransom's brigade on our left, and was driven back.

At 10 o'clock I was ordered to the brigade head-quarters to see General Bushrod Johnson, our division commander. Sometime after Mahone came up, the Seventeenth under Captain Steele, the ranking

officer present, was turned over to him by order of General Johnson. Mahone's troops were formed in the line already there. It took probably two hours before Mahone's men all came and then a splendid charge was made.

The final charge which captured the works was made about 1 o'clock P. M. The testimony of the enemy is that the troops retreated at 2 o'clock, but this refers to the many who ran back before our men got the prisoners out of the crater—our dutiful Lieutenant-Colonel was on the brink of the crater and came from the hospital, when he was ill, in time to join in the charge, when the prisoners surrendered, and had the opportunity of receiving a number of banners, but cared not for such honors. Our adjutant more ambitiously received two of them, but subsequently allowed some of Mahone's men to spirit them away.

Elliott's brigade lost 677 men that day, according to the estimate made by Adjutant Fant a few days after the battle. This was more than half the Confederate loss on this day :

The 18th South Carolina Volunteers lost 205 men.

"	22nd	"	"	"	"	216	"
"	23rd	"	"	"	"	49	"
"	26th	"	"	"	"	72	"
"	17th	"	"	"	"	135	"
							—
							677

The enemy's loss, according to General Grant's estimate a short time afterwards, was above 5,000 men, including 23 commanders of regiments and two commanders of brigades. These desperate trenches became the abode of the Seventeenth for the rest of the war.

LETTER FROM MAJOR J. C. COIT.

CHERAW, S. C., August 2, 1879.

Colonel F. W. McMaster,

Columbia, S. C. :

Dear Colonel,—Yours of the 29th ult. received. In giving you an account of the part taken by the artillery under my command, and my observations of the conduct of the other troops engaged at the battle of the crater in front of Petersburg, on July 30th, 1864, you will excuse me for going somewhat into details, as it seemed to me that I could not give an intelligent account of that engagement without doing so. I would state in the beginning that my camp-desk and all official papers

of my command were captured when the enemy's cavalry made an attack on the artillery train near Appomattox station, on the night of April 8th, 1865. What I state, therefore, is from recollection without reference to official documents.

My immediate command consisted of four batteries of artillery, of four guns each, to-wit: Bradford's, of Mississippi, four 20-pounder Parrots; Wright's, of Halifax, Virginia, four 12-pounder Napoleons; Pegram's, of Petersburg, Virginia, four 12-pounder Napoleons; Kelly's, of Chesterfield, South Carolina, (my old battery,) four 12-pounder Napoleons.

At the time of the explosion of the mine Kelly's battery was on detached service in North Carolina.

When General Grant crossed to the south side of the James River my battalion was in position in front of General Butler at Bermuda Hundreds, and was moved upon the lines in front of Petersburg, when Grant made his first attack upon that place from City Point. In the defence of Petersburg, therefore, my command occupied the front from the beginning until the close of the siege. During the ten months of that siege, while the infantry were shifted from point to point, my artillery, except for a short time, occupied the same position. While my recollection therefore as to the position of brigades at certain dates (owing to the frequent changes) may not always be correct, still I was perfectly familiar with the general topography of the country and location of troops upon the part of the line occupied by my command. The same may be said in reference to artillery upon the Jerusalem plank road. These guns being some distance from the front line could be easily removed, and frequent changes were made. There were some mortars on the plank road near the covered way, and some guns near the Gee house on the morning of the explosion, but I do not recollect who commanded them that day. Of these I will speak hereafter. I enclose herewith a sketch from memory of the lines and the position of the troops. Batteries, covered ways, and important points adjacent to the crater. This sketch will probably aid you more in understanding the position of the troops as I recollect than any written description I could give.

The salient marked A, when the mine was exploded, was occupied by Pegram's battery, four guns. The battery to the left of the crater, marked B, was Wright's, of Halifax, Va., four guns. The battery marked C, on north side of Appomattox, was Bradford's, of Mississippi, four 20-pounder Parrots.

This battery was opposite the enemy's battery No. 1, and was intended

to enfilade their lines as far as the Hare house and beyond. These were the batteries under my command on the 30th July, 1864. Elliott's brigade occupied the position marked A, the right being in a gorge line in rear of Pegram's battery, and the left extending to or near the ravine in front of Wright's battery. My recollection is that Ransom's brigade occupied the line on Elliott's left, and Grace's brigade on Ransom's left. I have no distinct recollection what troops were to Elliott's right and beyond the centre; I think Wise's brigade. I do not know who commanded the one-gun battery to the right of the crater. This gun was in a ravine or hollow; was intended to sweep the space in front of the salient on the right, but I am sure could not reach the enemy after they occupied our works. I understood at the time the assault was made that this gun was abandoned by those having it in charge, but was afterwards effectively served; Captain McCabe, in his account of the defence of Petersburg, says by Hampton Gibbs and Lieutenant Chamberlayne. This also is the gun alluded to by General Hunt as being the only gun on the right of the crater that he did not silence. The truth is, it was the only gun on the right that could reach the assaulting columns, and it could not reach them after they entered our works. As to the guns in position on the Jerusalem plank road, in rear of the crater, I have no certain recollection. I remember that a section of Garden's, South Carolina battery, was there a few days before the battle, but whether it was there on the 30th I do not know. I see by the May No., 1878, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS that Captain Flanner's North Carolina battery occupied that position. General Bushrod Johnson's headquarters was upon the Jerusalem plank road, near the cemetery, and is marked in the sketch, General Elliott's and my own near the spring on the covered way, in rear of his brigade.

The artillery to the left of Wright's battery, and to the right of the one gun battery on the right of the crater, may have thrown a few shot into the enemy's lines in their front, but took no part in the engagement at the crater. During the day some artillery was brought from the right or rear and placed in position on Cemetery hill, but took no part in the engagement. The only artillery actually engaged was Wright's battery, the battery at the Gee house, and the two mortar batteries marked on sketch M, and the one gun battery to the right of crater (F C). The ravine in which General Mahone formed his division, before making the charge upon the crater, is shown in the sketch to the rear of Elliott's head-quarters, and extending out from the covered way in a direction between the crater and the Plank road.

The night before the explosion I remained in Pegram's battery until

12 o'clock, at which time all was quiet on the lines, the men being in remarkably good spirits, singing songs, &c., all unconscious of the fate that awaited them with the dawn.

At 12 o'clock I returned to my head-quarters at the spring and slept soundly until awakened at daylight by the dull heavy sound of the explosion and by a sensation as of being rocked in a cradle. In a moment I suspected what had occurred and ran up the line in the direction of Pegram's battery. When within a few yards of the crater, I was met by the few men of the battery that survived the explosion, and the fate of the remainder was fully revealed. At this time the enemy were pouring over our works into the crater. Immediately after the explosion the enemy opened upon our lines with all the artillery concentrated in our front. The roar of the enemy's guns, the bursting of shells and rattle of musketry was deafening; yet with all I found the men of Elliott's brigade bravely manning the works up to the borders of the crater, leaving no front for the entrance of the enemy except such as had been made vacant by the up-heaval of the earth. I immediately made my way down the lines, to the left, to Wright's battery. The battery was not in the main line, but a few yards in the rear; it bore directly upon the salient at very close range, and was erected for the purpose of defending that front of our works. It was upon the hill to the left of and very near the ravine or covered way, in rear of Ransom's right. The position was a very elevated one (more elevated than the salient) and as there was a gradual ascent from the ravine to Pegram's battery, Wright's guns were enabled to sweep the front of our works over the heads of our men in the line occupied by Elliott's brigade.

From the moment of the explosion, until my arrival in Wright's battery, could not have exceeded twenty or twenty-five minutes. Up to this time no artillery from our lines had opened that I know of. I immediately ordered the battery to open with shrapnell and canister, first sweeping the ground in front of Elliott's line and the salient. At this time the enemy were still pressing their columns from their lines over the intervening space to the crater. This fire, together with the musketry from Elliott's brigade and other troops along the line within reach, soon checked the advance of the enemy from their own lines. The crater itself could not contain the masses that had already been hurled into the breach, so that thousands were crowded over its interior rim, and stood in its rear without apparent organization in one immense crowd.

Having checked the advance of the enemy from their lines, Wright's guns were turned directly upon the crater, and the masses assembled

in its rear. The fire from this battery was unremitting from the time it opened until the close of the engagement by the surrender of the crater, having thrown during the time from five to six hundred shell and canister. Anticipating a large expenditure of ammunition, additional supplies were ordered from the rear and brought in wagons from Cemetery Hill as near our lines as it was safe to do so in rear of Gracie's right, from which point it was borne by details of men appointed for that purpose. From my position in this battery I had a complete view of all the movements in front and rear of the crater and ground within our lines from the ravine to the plank road. Feeling that our safety depended upon our success in preventing the formation of the enemy, I watched their movements closely, and redoubled the fire when I saw any indication of formation or attempt to advance in the direction of the plank road.

During the engagement, Bradford's battery opened a heavy fire with his 20-pounder Parrots, enfilading the enemy's lines as far as the Hare house and beyond. I cannot speak in too high praise of the conduct of Captain Wright, his officers and men during this engagement. The day was excessively hot, and the labor of serving the guns so rapidly and bearing ammunition from the rear was very exhausting. So busy were we, that though conscious of the continual bursting of shells over us, I was not aware until after the firing ceased, to what a cannonade we had been subjected. Our works were literally battered, and the ground around us and in our rear was so honey-combed by the explosion of mortar shells that you could have walked all over it by stepping from hole to hole. Notwithstanding this heavy fire, the casualties were not great, owing to the fact that the enemy could only obtain an oblique fire upon the front of the battery, and the gunners were protected by heavy traverses between each gun. I may state here that owing to the nearness of the enemy's lines to the salient, the gun detachments of Pegram's battery were required to be awake and ready for an assault at all hours of the night and day. This necessitated the relief of the officers and men each day; two officers and sufficient men to man the guns being on duty, the remainder being in the rear. On the morning of the explosion, Lieutenants Hamlin and Chandler being on duty, were both, with twenty men, killed, three or four only of those on duty escaped.

Now, Colonel, I have stated all that I think necessary in reference to the part taken by the artillery under my command in the engagement of July 30th, 1864. It is not for me to say whose artillery did most effective service on that day. I think, however, I have cause to

complain of the slight praise bestowed upon Wright's battery by Captain McCabe in his account of the defence of Petersburg, (published in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS). Captain McCabe was Adjutant of Pegram's battalion of artillery, and probably not upon the scene until the arrival of Pegram's artillery, which was brought from the right of our lines, and I presume was the artillery that took position on Cemetery hill. I am willing to be judged by those who were *present*, and in position best able to decide. The enemy certainly were in no mean position to know from what point came the most destructive fire. General Potter, of Burnside's corps, says in the court of inquiry, "The worst fire I saw came from the right (his right). There was a battery there behind some timber, which it was very difficult for our batteries to reach. I ordered my batteries to turn their whole attention to that one, but it apparently produced no effect." I have no criticisms to make upon Captain McCabe's account of what was done by others, but I do claim for the men under my command that they merited, and should have, the meed of praise due to those most prominent in the defence of Petersburg on that day.*

* Without intimating that Captain McCabe's sources of information were unreliable, I will state here that an army correspondent of the Richmond papers, in a letter published a day or two after the battle, gave the credit of repelling the enemy to Major Caskie's battalion, of Virginia. The account was never publicly corrected, and I suppose some future historian will seize upon the files of papers containing that letter as the best evidence to be obtained as to the artillery engaged. The truth is Major Caskie's battalion of artillery was to the left of Wright's battery; it could not reach the attacking columns of the enemy, and did not fire a single gun that I know of. I know that Major Caskie, having nothing to do in his front, spent some time with me in Wright's battery, as being the best position for obtaining a view of the battle. So much for the material out of which *history* is made up. I think Wright's battery did most effectual work, for the following reasons: 1st, it was erected for the special purpose of defending the salient; 2d, it was nearest the crater; 3d, The men were well protected from the enemy's fire, and the gunners fired with deliberation; 4th, the men were inspired to avenge the death of their comrades. Two of the guns of Pegram's battery were by the explosion thrown over between the two hostile lines, one of them nearly half-way to the enemy's lines. We recovered both by undermining and drawing them through a ditch into our lines. They were all remounted and placed in battery at the Gee house, where they remained until the evacuation of Petersburg. Only one gun was afterwards placed at the salient. This was a 24 pounder howitzer, and manned by a detachment of Kelly's South Carolina battery under Lieutenant Race. This gun was not brought out at the evacuation, being too heavy. The orders were to stand by it until the last moment after all the troops were withdrawn, and then to spike it. After sending out the other artillery, and when the

Captain McCabe, in the same account, has failed to do full justice to the men of Elliott's brigade; for on page 284, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS, (December, 1876,) he says: "The dread upheaval has rent in twain Elliott's brigade, and the men to the right and left of the huge abyss recoil in terror and dismay. Nor shall we censure them, * * etc." Now I have already stated that when I reached the crater, which could not have exceeded ten minutes after the explosion, I found Elliott's men standing firm and undaunted, almost up to the very borders of the crater. From my position in Wright's battery, the whole of the line from the ravine to the crater was exposed to my view, and I witnessed the hand-to-hand engagement in each successive charge made by the enemy, and I venture to say that more men were then killed with bayonet and clubbed guns than in any other engagement during the war. The only thing separating our men and the enemy in the same ditch were hastily thrown up traverses, over the tops of which the opposing forces crossed their bayonets and delivered their fire. So stubbornly did Elliott's men contest every inch of ground, that the enemy failing to press them down the line from the direction of the crater, resorted to the expedient of rushing from the crater down the front of our works, and then by a flank movement mounting the works and jumping pell-mell upon Elliott's men in the trenches. I witnessed this manœuvre executed several times, sometimes with success, but oftener they were repulsed or bayoneted as they leaped from the works. In this manner did they gain the little ground they held of our lines to the left of the crater. All beyond the crater was hid from my view by the rim of the crater and intervening ridge. The only mistaken movement I noticed was when one of our regiments, the Twenty-sixth South Carolina Volunteers, I think Smith's, attempted to leave the line and occupy the open ground between the crater and Elliott's headquarters. It was an effort gallantly made to interpose and prevent the advance of the enemy in the direction of Cemetery Hill and the plank road. The whole of this ground was swept by the enemy's artillery and musketry from their main line, not to speak of the fire from those within our works. No troops could stand a moment exposed to such a fire, and such as did not fall were immediately withdrawn. I think it was at this time Elliott was wounded. The saddest sight I saw was the wounded left in this exposed position appealing for help until they

troops were all gone I personally attended to the execution of this order. With that gun detachment I was the last to leave that part of the line, made so famous in the defence of Petersburg. Not a Confederate was to be seen as we marched down the line and through the covered way to Petersburg.

sank down in death. Any attempt to remove them would have been vain under that fire.

It was thus the battle raged from daylight until the arrival of Mahone's division, which, I think, was near 11 o'clock. The troops under Mahone were formed in the ravine in rear of Elliott's headquarters, extending from the covered way in a direction between the crater and the Plank road. New hope was inspired by the arrival of reinforcements, and not without good cause, for no sooner did Mahone's men emerge from that ravine at a double quick than did the immense mass in rear of the crater break, and without standing upon the order of their going, sought shelter in the cover of their main line. The fire of the artillery was increased, and as Mahone's men neared the crater, Wright's guns were turned upon the flying masses in front of the salient. The slaughter was terrific, and probably more men were killed in the retreat than in the advance. The victory was virtually won, but those of the enemy within the crater continued for sometime the desperate contest. In my opinion they remained in the crater more from fear of running the gauntlet to their own lines than from any hope of holding their position. At 1 o'clock P. M. the white flag was raised and the final surrender of the crater made.

From the time of the explosion until the charge of Mahone's division, the men of Elliott's brigade bore the brunt of the battle, and with a portion of Ransom's, were the only infantry troops that I saw opposing the advance of the enemy to Cemetery Hill and the Plank road, at least to the left of the crater. To the bravery and skilful handling of the brigade is due, more than to all other infantry troops, the credit of saving Petersburg on that day.

This account has been so hastily written, and is so disjointed that I fear it will not be very intelligible. Perhaps, however, you may extract a few grains of wheat from the chaff, and if anything I have said will aid you in giving a more correct account of that battle I shall be amply compensated for the time it has taken me to scratch it off.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully yours,

JAMES C. COIT.

The Artillery on the Gettysburg Campaign.

REPORT OF MAJOR LATIMER.

HEADQUARTERS ANDREWS'S ARTILLERY BATTALION,

June 25th, 1863.

Major,—I hereby beg leave to submit the following report of the operations of this battalion in the recent engagements around Winchester.

On the morning of the 13th June we marched at 4 o'clock A. M. with Johnson's division from our encampment at Cedarville on the Front Royal and Winchester pike, Captain Carpenter's battery, Lieutenant Lambie commanding, being detached, and following the front brigade under immediate direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews.

This battery arrived in sight of Winchester about 12 o'clock M. Had it proceeded directly up the road it would have been subjected to the fire of a battery stationed on the right of the pike, and on an eminence between the first house on the right of the road, and an encampment which the enemy had just vacated.

Therefore Colonel Andrews moved Carpenter's battery through the woods to the left of the road, reaching an open field enclosed by a stone wall, which somewhat protected the guns. The battery came into action under fire, and in a few minutes by their well-directed shots drove off the enemy's battery as well as the supporting infantry, both retreating rapidly towards the town—one of the enemy's limbers having been exploded, thereby killing three men—others having been killed and wounded by the firing. During the engagement Carpenter's battery lost one man killed and one wounded, and three horses disabled. Dement's First Maryland battery, which was not engaged, but exposed to the fire, lost one man killed. Carpenter's battery was, for some time after this, exposed to a severe fire from heavy batteries which the enemy had posted on the heights to the left of the town, but which we could not reach. Later in the evening, when General Early advanced on the left, some of the enemy's infantry in retreating became exposed to view, when I ordered Lieutenant Lambie to open upon them with his two rifle guns, which he did with effect, very much accelerating their speed. This drew upon the battery a severe fire from the enemy's batteries, posted as before described, without any damage however, except the loss of one or two horses. After night the battery was withdrawn and parked with the remainder of the battalion. None of the batteries of the battalion were again engaged during that day or the next, the enemy having retired within his works, and our lines not being advanced on that part of the field which we occupied. The battalion remained quietly in park behind a sheltering hill near the Front Royal road.

On the evening of the 14th, about dark, in accordance with orders from General Johnson, Dements' First Maryland battery, four Napoleons, a rifle section belonging to Raine's battery, under command of Captain Raine, and a section of Carpenter's battery (rifle guns), under command of Lieutenant Lambie, were taken by Colonel Andrews, with

two brigades of Johnson's Division (Steuarts and Nichols), all under the command of General Johnson, and moved across the country to the road leading from the Winchester and Martinsburg pike to Charlestown, by Jordan Springs, striking it at a point about four miles from the Martinsburg pike, about 3 o'clock A. M., and moving towards that pike. The remainder of the battalion had been left under my command in front of Winchester.

The batteries under command of Colonel Andrews were marching closed up on the infantry, and the first intimation of the presence of an enemy was given by rapid firing of musketry, indicating skirmishing at the head of the column. The battalion was halted immediately. The first gun of Dement's First Maryland battery, which was in front, being at this time within about two hundred yards of the burnt depot, was ordered forward by Colonel Andrews, under direction of General Johnson, and having arrived at the burnt depot was halted. In the meantime the infantry was formed to the right and left of the road by which they had been marching, along the line of the Winchester and Harper's Ferry railroad. The firing had ceased, and the remainder of the battalion was ordered into park in the woods to the right of the road at the burnt depot. Before getting into park, however, Colonel Andrews by direction of General Johnson ordered forward the gun which was in advance, bringing it into position in the road near the bridge across the railroad, upon which it was subsequently moved. The left gun of the same section was brought into position on the left of the road by the same orders. Skirmishers had been sent out from our lines, and quite rapid firing had begun. The two guns could not fire, our skirmishers being in the way. The skirmishers were, however, quickly driven back by the enemy, who followed them. The two guns mentioned then opened upon them with canister. They were severely engaged with infantry at short range, until the close of the action, about one and a half hours, not changing their position, and driving the enemy back frequently.

Shortly after these guns had been put into position the remainder of the battalion was posted by Colonel Andrews's orders along the edge of the wood to the left of the road. They became immediately engaged though at longer range than the first two guns, except Lieutenant Lambie's section of Carpenter's battery which, shortly after getting into position, was by direction of Colonel Andrews, taken to a position about two hundred yards to the right of the road, to protect against a flank movement. About half an hour after Lieutenant Stonestreet with left section of Dement's battery was ordered by Colonel Andrews

to the support of Lieutenant Lambie. A body of the enemy's infantry and cavalry being seen moving to the left of our position, Colonel Andrews directed Captain Raine to move his section about two hundred yards to the left and rear of his position, which he did, firing at right angles with his former line of fire with good effect. Shortly thereafter one of his guns, by order of General Johnson was taken down the road towards Jordan springs to intercept a body of the enemy who were retreating in that direction. The enemy seeing this gun before it had been put in position, several hundred of them surrendered to about seven of our infantrymen.

About the same time Lieutenant Lambie's section and one gun of Captain Dement's which were on the right of the road, not having had occasion to fire, were moved by direction of Colonel Andrews about one-half mile to the rear of our left, to fire upon the body of infantry and cavalry above spoken of, which Captain Raine's guns had not succeeded in arresting. The result was to scatter them in every direction thus making them an easy prey to our infantry.

The action at this time was pretty well over, the enemy's line being broken at nearly every point, and in order to complete the rout, Colonel Andrews was making preparations to charge with one of the sections of Dement's battery through the shattered lines of the enemy and open upon his rear, when he was struck in the arm by a shot from a lingering sharpshooter which gave him a severe, but not serious flesh wound. A short time afterwards the action was closed, the greater part of the enemy surrendering, the remainder having fled.

The conduct of the batteries on this occasion was most creditable; eliciting by the effect with which they were handled by their commanders, the admiration of all beholders. It will be seen that they were several times moved while under fire (always a difficult matter), and the celerity with which these movements were made showed the ability of the battery commanders and the efficiency of their commands.

Captain Raines's battery, though exposed to a severe infantry fire, suffered no loss except having three horses disabled. Sergeants East, Eads and Milstead, are mentioned as having made themselves conspicuous for coolness and fine service rendered, having acted as gunners in addition to their duties as chiefs of pieces. The conduct of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men serving the right section of Captain Dement's battery, cannot be spoken of in terms of praise sufficiently high. The stern determination with which they stood up to their guns is proven by the fact that the gun at the bridge was worked with terrible effect until six men were disabled, and on account of the

difficult position which the gun occupied the two cannoniers which were left were unable to work it. Finding the other gun's detachment becoming weak, the Sergeant and Corporal with the two men went over to its assistance. In a few minutes the latter detachment had suffered as great loss as the former, but owing to the superiority of the ground the gun could be worked with diminished numbers. The loss in Captain Dement's battery was two killed and thirteen wounded, among the wounded Lieutenant Contee and Sergeant Glascock. This loss was confined to the two guns above spoken of, except in the case of one of the men killed, which was done on Saturday when not engaged. Sixteen horses were also killed and disabled, fifteen of these being in the same section. I desire to bring to your immediate notice on this occasion the names of Lieutenant C. S. Contee, commanding the section, Sergeant Harris, Corporals Compton and Thompson, of the first gun; Sergeant Glascock and Corporal May, of second gun.

Captain Carpenter's battery, under command of Lieutenant Lambie, was served in the most efficient manner, both on the day on which we arrived in front of Winchester and the 15th instant. The Lieutenant finds difficulty in making any distinctions, but mentions Sergeant-Major Benjamin Karnes as having been in command of a section and having rendered excellent service. Captain Brown's battery was not engaged at any time.

It is useless for me to speak of the commanders of the batteries engaged. Their known skill and gallantry, as proven on every battlefield, makes it unnecessary to speak of them on this particular occasion.

I am, Major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. W. LATIMER,

Major commanding Andrews's Artillery Battalion.

To Major B. W. Leigh, A. A. General Johnson's Division.

REPORT OF MAJOR MCINTOSH.

HEAD-QUARTERS MCINTOSH'S BATTALION,
Mitchell Station, July 30, 1863.

Colonel:—I have the honor to submit the following report, as called for, "of the operations of this battalion since leaving Fredericksburg," June 15, 1863. The command was moved from the latter place by way of Culpeper Courthouse, Front Royal, Shepherdstown, &c., to Cashtown, Penn., without incident worthy of special note. On the morning of Wednesday, July 1st, it moved with General Pender's division into the line of battle. One battery of Napoleon's (Captain Rice), and a sec-

tion of Whitworth's, was placed first in position a short distance to the right of the turnpike, by the side of a portion of Major Pegram's battalion, and fire was opened slowly upon the enemy, whenever they brought into view considerable bodies of troops, and occasionally upon their batteries. The Whitworth guns were used to shell the woods to the right of the town. After a short interval Captain Johnson's battery, and the remaining section of Captain Hurt's were placed on a commanding hill, some distance to the right, near the Fairfield road, at or near which point they remained during the first days' action without any occasion for an active participation, though frequently under fire. The remaining battery of the command under Lieutenant Wallace was also placed in position near the Cashtown Pike, and contributed its portion of work. The artillery fire on both sides was occasionally brisk, but deliberate on our part. At the time General Powell's batteries occupied the enemy's attention I opened on them a flank fire, which caused them to leave the position in haste, a fine opportunity was also afforded at this time of enfilading a heavy column of the enemy.

Infantry formed in the railroad cut, and along a line of fence, which was employed to advantage by my batteries, in connection with Major Pegram's, and the enemy entirely discomfited disappeared from the field. Previous to this time I had advanced two of my batteries to the intervening hollow, and followed close upon the enemy as he left the hills. No further movement was made during the day—the casualties being one man killed of Captain Johnson's, and one wounded of Captain Rice's by premature explosion, and several horses disabled.

On Thursday morning, July 2d, the battalion was put in position behind a stone wall on the range of hills to the left of the town of Gettysburg, Captain Rice's battery in reserve. The enemy opened upon the spot at various times throughout the two succeeding days a terrible artillery fire accompanied with a galling fire of musketry from their sharpshooters. Our line remained quiet until a movement forward being made by the first corps a few rounds was fired by us to draw the enemy's attention which never failed to do so. The firing in the afternoon became extremely warm and continued, and resulted in considerable loss, Lieutenants Tullis and Ferrell, of Hurt's battery, being wounded. Two guns were disabled on the first day's action, one 3-in. rifle, Lieutenant Wallace's, being struck upon its face, which was sent to the rear with the wagon; and one Whitworth having had an axle broken. The latter was taken to Major Duffie's train and repaired.

The two Whitworth guns were moved Friday morning, by direction

of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill, to a commanding point north of the railroad cut, to enable them to enfilade the enemy's position; they fired it is believed with effect from this point. In the afternoon it was reported to me that the gun formerly disabled had broken its axle again, this time from its own firing. I immediately ordered it to be sent back to the rear for repairs, and learning the next morning that the gun was on the road and could not be hauled along, I sent Captain Hurt to superintend it himself; he succeeded in getting it repaired and followed with it by the route of the wagon train, leaving the rear part of his caisson somewhere on the road. Captain Hurt rejoined me at Hagerstown, the horses belonging to that gun being completely broken down and knocked up. The day of the third witnessed in great measure a repetition of the second. Previous to the charge of our men a general fire of artillery commenced on the right and extended along the left. The bombardment was replied to with equal spirit by the enemy, but their fire in time slackened, and when the charge was made by our men had almost entirely ceased.

During the two days' engagement, and especially the terrific bombardment of the third, it gives me pleasure to speak of the general good conduct of officers and men of this command, and I am proud to say, that occupying a good position for observation, not a single case came under my notice when anyone flinched from the post of danger. Where all behaved so well, it is difficult to draw distinctions; yet, being nearest the company of Lieutenant Wallace, I can bear especial testimony to the coolness and gallantry of himself and men. I cannot forbear also paying a tribute to the handsome conduct of my Ordnance officer, Lieutenant Houston, who exposed himself frequently to the hottest fire and assisted in working at one of the guns.

Saturday, the 4th, the same position was maintained with but little firing, and on the afternoon of that day, under orders from General Hill, I withdrew to Stone Bridge and awaited there the body of the corps, with which I moved to the village of Fairfield. Ordered here to report to General Anderson with two batteries, which I did, moving with his division, crossed the mountain before dark, leaving a section on the top, at the Emmitsburg road, and sending a battery at night with a regiment of Posey's brigade, to take position on the hill overlooking Waynesboro.

Monday, the 5th, moved with the main column to Hagerstown and sent one battery to picket with Anderson's and one with Lane's division.

On the 11th instant moved with General Anderson's division into

line of battle, and took position designated near St. James College, which strong of itself, was well entrenched, but occupied without battle till the evening of the 13th, when I withdrew at dark by your order, moving to Williamsport and thence to Falling Waters, over the worst road and during the worst night of the season. The river was reached and crossed in safety about 9 A. M., the caissons having been sent on before under Lieutenant Price, who conveyed them all safely to camp, about a mile and a half from the river. The Whitworth guns, under Captain Hurt, were put in position near the bridge by General Pendleton, and several shots were fired from them at columns of the enemy's cavalry. Captain Hurt, withdrawing by another road, rejoined the battalion at Bunker Hill. From Bunker Hill the battalion moved with General Anderson's division to Culpeper Courthouse.

Annexed is a statement of casualties with amount of ammunition expended :

Casualties in men killed and wounded.....	24
Men captured.....	16
Horses disabled and killed..	38

The horses, from the battle of Gettysburg to the time of reaching Culpeper Courthouse, received no corn, subsisting entirely upon grass with a little sheaf oats and wheat.

Ammunition expended in battle :

Rounds of Napoleon.....	213
Rounds of 3-inch rifle.....	1,049
Rounds of Whitworth.....	133

Respectfully forwarded,

D. G. McINTOSH,
Major Commanding.

To Colonel R. L. Walker,

Commanding Artillery Third Corps.

The Confederate Treasure—Statement of Paymaster John F. Wheless.

We purpose putting on record a complete history of the Confederate treasure from the time it left Richmond, and also of the specie of the Richmond banks (with which it has been frequently confounded) in order that the slanders concerning it which ever and anon start up may be forever silenced. We are only waiting for some promised statements from gentlemen who were in position to know whereof they

affirm. But as we have already published the conclusive statement of Captain Clark as to the disposition made of the treasure after it was turned over to him, we are happy to be able to add now the equally satisfactory statement of General Wheless who was with the treasure from the evacuation of Richmond until its disbursement by Captain Clark. These two papers really leave nothing more to be said, and we should be quite willing to rest the matter with them but that we wish the evidence to be *cumulative*.

A distinguished Confederate sends us the following introductory note to the letter of General Wheless :

"General John F. Wheless, Inspector-General of Tennessee, was in 1863 a Captain in the First Tennessee Regiment of Volunteers and Assistant-Adjutant and Inspector-General of the corps commanded by Lieutenant-General Polk. At the battle of Perryville Captain Wheless was so severely wounded as to be disabled for field service. His fidelity and efficiency had gained the esteem of his corps commander, and as he had before entering the army been a banker of good repute, in Nashville, Tennessee. General Polk wrote warmly recommending him for an appointment as paymaster in the navy, as well because of his capacity as of his integrity and meritorious services in the field. In this new sphere of duty he was connected with the Confederate treasure when it was removed from Richmond and therefore specially well informed concerning it. When he saw the published report of an interview which represented General J. E. Johnston as making injurious reflections on President Davis in connection with the Confederate States treasure removed from Richmond, General Wheless, like other true-hearted Confederates, felt indignant at the slanderous insinuation and published in the *Nashville American*, of December 25th, a brief but decided refutation of the baseless fiction. At the suggestion of a friend he has written a fuller recital of events which preceded the appointment of Captain M. H. Clark to be treasurer, and thus completes the history of the fund from the time of leaving Richmond, Va., to that when Captain Clark closed the account at Washington, Ga."

LETTER FROM GENERAL WHELESS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Feb. 10th, 1882.

Sir—It gives pleasure to comply with the request for a statement in regard to the movement of the Confederate States Treasury after the evacuation of Richmond. I was at the time paymaster in the Confederate States Navy, and about noon of April 2nd, 1865, received orders

to accompany the naval command under Captain Wm. H. Parker, which had been ordered to escort the Treasury Department. The cars (two I think) containing the coin, books, and a number of officials, clerks and escort, was a part of the same train on which the President and Cabinet went from Richmond to Danville. My information as to the amount of gold and silver (obtained through conversations with gentlemen connected with the Department) was to the effect that it amounted to about \$200,000 mostly, silver and silver bullion. The Richmond banks also sent out about \$300,000, mostly gold, in charge of their own officials or clerks, who continued with the Treasury Department in order to have the protection of its escort.

In order to avoid the frequent repetition of "Treasury Department," I beg simply to refer to it by the expression "we."

After remaining three or four days in Danville, we proceeded to Greensboro, N. C.; remained there a few days, and leaving about \$40,000 of the silver there, moved to Charlotte. Staid there nearly a week, and went to Chester, S. C., thence to Newbury, and thence to Abbeyville, where we remained a few days, and then moved to Washington, Ga., where we took the cars for Augusta. We reached the Georgia railroad at Barnett's station, and I there met friends returning from the vicinity of Atlanta who informed me that they had seen in the Federal papers that Generals Sherman and Johnston had agreed upon an armistice. I immediately communicated the information to Captain Parker, and assured him of my confidence in the reliability of the report, and my conviction that it would end in General Johnston's surrender, and that a complete collapse of the Confederacy would immediately follow, and as soon as this became known Confederate money would become valueless, and the thousands of people of Augusta, and the large force of soldiers employed in the arsenal and other government shops there, having no other means with which to purchase supplies, would attempt the capture of the Confederate treasure, and in such an event our force was wholly inadequate for its protection, consisting only of the midshipmen and officers formerly of the Confederate States steamer "Patrick Henry." During the few days we remained in Augusta, I invited Judge Crump (the acting or assistant treasurer) and Captain Parker to dine with me at the Planter's hotel, and urged upon them the danger that would be incurred by remaining in Augusta, and advised moving to some smaller place, or back to the vicinity of the army, where discipline and organization would be maintained longer than elsewhere. We returned over the route by which he had moved south, and reached

Abbeville about two or three days before the arrival of the President and Cabinet.

Captain Parker feeling the great responsibility of his position, and satisfied that his command was wholly inadequate to the protection of the treasure, earnestly requested to be relieved, which request was granted, and the treasure was taken in charge by General Basil Duke, whose command consisted of about three brigades of cavalry, and moved that night about 12 o'clock towards Washington, Georgia. I had for several days been urging Judge Crump to allow me to draw a few thousand dollars in gold to pay off the "escort," they having faithfully discharged that duty for over a month. He was unwilling to assume what he termed "so much responsibility," but it was agreed that when the cabinet arrived Captain Parker should see Secretary Mallory, and with him call on Secretary Trenholm and get his approval to the payment alluded to. The sickness of Mr. Trenholm prevented the consummation of this arrangement.

We proceeded upon the proper idea that the Secretary of the Treasury was in full control of that department, and we would have as soon thought of applying to the President for quartermaster or ordnance stores as for money. Of course the chief executive had authority to supervise every department, but so far as we knew he had exercised no more control over the one than the other. In fact, most of the time we were out of reach of orders, and Captain Parker had to act on his own judgment, and I have every reason to believe that President Davis had no knowledge of our return to Abbeville until he arrived there. The morning following the departure of the treasure from Abbeville, I proposed to Captain Parker that I should try to overtake it at Washington, Ga., and endeavor to get sufficient to give the command enough to enable them to get to their homes. He consented to this, and I reached Washington about 6 o'clock that evening, called at the house where the President, his staff and part of the Cabinet were quartered, learned that Judge Reagan was the acting Secretary of the Treasury, with the full power of the head of that department. I was personally acquainted with Colonel William Preston Johnston, Judge Crump, and Paymaster Semple, all of whom I met in the parlor. Colonel J. Taylor Wood, to whom Captain Parker had given me a letter, was also there. I requested the influence of these gentlemen with Judge Reagan, but made no suggestion that they should present the matter to President Davis, and though he was in the parlor that night and the next morning I did not trouble him with any reference to it. Knowing that he had entrusted the Treasury Department to Judge Reagan and was occupied

with matters of greater moment, I felt it would be an unwarranted intrusion to approach him with the matter.

Judge Reagan gave me an order on Captain M. H. Clark (a bonded officer whom he had authorized to disburse the funds), for \$1,500 to be paid to the naval escort, and for \$300 to be handed to Lieutenant Bradford, of the marines, who was under orders for the trans-Mississippi Department.

General Bragg, Colonel Oladouski, Captain Clark and myself went to the specie train together, and General Basil Duke took a small bag of gold from one of the boxes and paid us the amounts called for by the orders we held.

While in Washington I learned that about \$100,000 of the coin had been paid out to the cavalry at or near Savannah river bridge, about half-way between Abbeville, S. C., and Washington, Ga. Captain Clark disbursed the balance, as I have learned from him since.

After drawing the money as above stated, I turned over the \$300 to Lieutenant Bradford, and the next morning left for Abbeville, and paid off the naval command there. On my return to Washington I heard that a considerable amount of gold had been captured near that place a night or two before, which I took to be that belonging to the Richmond banks, as I heard that the bank officials who had it in custody from the time of the evacuation of Richmond left Washington with it after the president took his departure from there.

I was with the Treasury Department continuously, from the evacuation of Richmond to its final disbursement, with the exception of a few hours, and from personal knowledge can say that any statement which charges or insinuates that Jefferson Davis used any part of it for his personal benefit is without the slightest foundation, and considering the ease with which a full knowledge of all the facts could have been had, any such statement is not only unwarranted but unjust, if not wickedly malicious.

Respectfully, &c.,

JOHN F. WHEELER.

Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D., Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

Charge of the Kentuckians at Stone River.

Written for the Southern Historical Society Papers by Mrs. SALLIE NEILL ROACH.

[We are under many obligations to the accomplished author of "Theon" for the following beautiful poem:]

"Kentuckians! Charge the Batteries!" Thus the brief command is heard,
And glance meets glance, and lips are dumb, is breathed no questioning word.

Proudly floats their banner there, and bright the bayonets gleam,
And in the waiting hush one hears the ripple of a stream.

Booms across the wooded slope the angry signal gun!
Quickly bugles sound the charge and tell the work begun.

Forward full five thousand men, while whistling bullets fall,
And all the air around is thick with raining shell and ball.

Onward, o'er the nearer ridges! Onward, through the stream!
Onward, where the cannon flashes from the hill-top gleam!

Thicker, faster, round them, o'er them falls the iron rain;
Broken lines are closed together, ranks made whole again.

Nine times see their standard falling—nine times see it wave,
As stalwart arm has raised it where its bearer finds his grave.

One brigade against an army! Yet they climb the hill;
Unsupported hold their places; meet with dauntless will

Death's flying missiles. Hour like ages! Comes at last recall.
Backward less than half their number, fight through shell and ball.

Lies their leader near the ramparts; lie their comrades round;
Face to foeman, slow the remnant leave the bloody ground.

Heroes they! Their banner wreathed with never-dying glory,
Their deed throughout the wondering world proclaimed in song and story.

For history's page no nobler names shall bear recorded ever,
Than those of *Hanson and his men* who fell beside Stone river.

Notes and Queries.

The wounding of Stonewall Jackson or anything relating to it, is of such deep interest as to make no apology necessary for its frequent introduction.

We have published what seems to us conclusive testimony that Jack-

son was wounded by the fire of his own men; but we give the following statement, which is of interest, although it cannot coneract the positive testimony we have already published:

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

Mr. D. W. Busick, of this county, who since the war has been register of deeds, was one of the soldiers that started with the litter that bore General Jackson off the field that fearful night at Chancellorsville. As a historical incident, from so worthy a source, Mr. Busick's version of the affair is worth giving. He says that Jackson was not shot by our own men. He was lying that night by the road down which the Yankees were sweeping with canister and minnie, when General Jackson crossed the road and was shot. His aid called out, and Busick was one of the men that ran to him. He carried one corner of the litter as they went through the woods, where the men were lying so thick that he stepped on a man's leg, and the fellow pulling his leg away tripped him up and he fell, another soldier springing up and taking his place at the litter. They evidently thought he was shot, and history so has it that one of the men at the litter was shot down. But not so. Mr. Busick was that man. In his opinion that Jackson was not shot by his own men he is borne out by many other old soldiers who were present. Mr. Robertson, near Pelham, in Caswell county, was lying on that road, and had his gun-barrel bent by a shot from the same charge that swept the road just about the time that Jackson was killed. He sprang into the woods.—*Reidsville (N. C.) Times*.

In reference to the wounding of the litter-bearer, we have the following in a letter from Dr. Thomas P. Perkins, of Wilmington, Fluvanna county, Va., whom we have known from our boyhood, and for whose high character we can vouch: * * "The man who was bearing General Jackson off the field when wounded, and also had his arm shot off at the time, and had to drop the litter, lives in my neighborhood. He is called 'one-armed John Johnson,' and is a good, worthy man, though very poor. All of the facts can be well established, as the officer by whose command he acted on the occasion, Major J. G. Bowles, is my nearest neighbor and partner in business."

We have asked Dr. Perkins to procure from Mr. Johnson a statement of his recollection of the facts.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

VOLUME IV—(JULY—DECEMBER, 1877), which we have been for so long unable to furnish on account of the exhaustion of several numbers, is now ready for delivery—the missing numbers having been reprinted—and we beg those needing the volume to complete their sets to send on their orders *at once*. Please state definitely whether you wish it bound or unbound, and if bound, in what style. We mail it for \$1.50 unbound, \$2.00 in cloth, \$2.25 in half Morocco, and \$2.50 in half calf.

RENEWALS ARE STILL IN ORDER.—Many of our best friends having overlooked this (to us at least) very important formality. In a few days we shall send bills to all delinquents, but we hope that our friends will save us postage by sending us the \$3.00 *at once*.

"HE GIVES TWICE WHO GIVES QUICKLY" is a proverb which we would be glad for our friends to remember. We would say to many who have promised to help us—by taking Life Memberships, by purchasing full sets of our *Papers*, or by direct contributions to our funds—that we especially need your help *now*, and that your contribution would be much more valuable to us *now* than it is likely to be in the future.

We repeat what we said in our last number, that our financial outlook is *more hopeful* than for several years; but in order to realize our hopes we must have the *practical and prompt help of our friends*.

THE ENROLMENT OF TROOPS FROM EACH STATE in the Confederate armies is a matter of great interest and importance, and we are glad to notice that the Legislature of South Carolina recently passed "An Act to provide for the preparation of Rolls of Troops furnished by the State of South Carolina to the Army of the Confederate States, and of the militia of the State in active service during the war between the Confederate and United States."

We believe that North Carolina has passed a similar act, and we trust that the other States will follow so that we may have a full roster of the troops who fought for Southern independence.



Vol. X.

Richmond, Va., April, 1882.

No. 4.

Memoir of the First Maryland Regiment.

[Written in July, 1863.]

By GENERAL B. T. JOHNSON.

PAPER No. 5.

THE BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.

The manœuvres of Fremont and Shields pursuing Jackson up the valley were now approaching consummation. From Front Royal the Massanutton range tends south parallel to the Blue Ridge, dividing from the lower valley of Virginia the Luray Valley. It terminates at the Picket Mountain some miles above Port Republic, at which point the two valleys unite in the great upper valley. Up the Luray valley is a fine country road, while up the other the broad turnpike offers every facility for the movement of a column. At Harrisonburg, a road turns to the east from the Valley pike, and crossing the East Fork of the Shenandoah at Port Republic, eight miles distant, continues to the left over Brown's Gap and to the right to Staunton. While Fremont pressed Jackson steadily up the valley pike, Shields was rapidly advancing up the Luray valley on Port Republic to intercept him if he attempted to

pass that way, or if he continued on the pike to pass him and strike him in flank and rear.

On the 6th of June, as I have shown, Jackson turned off the main road, and marched on Port Republic; on the 7th he passed his whole train over the river and turned to face Fremont who was then at Harrisonburg, six miles off. Early on the 8th Shields's advance seized Port Republic and the bridge, Jackson's only retreat. At sunrise, then, this was the position: Jackson with his back to the river facing Fremont six miles off, while in his rear two miles distant Shields's advance had possession of his only retreat, while the main body was rapidly coming up—certainly not more than fifteen miles distant. With the quickness of lightning Shields's advance was driven from Port Republic and the Stonewall brigade, and Charles Winder assigned the duty of keeping them from regaining it. At the same time, Ewell was thrown on the advancing columns of Fremont. Eight hours' hard fighting stopped him. By this time Shields had come within striking distance.

At daylight on the morning of Monday the 9th of June we crossed the river, Gen'l Trimble holding Fremont back with his skirmishers, until the last man and horse was safely over, when withdrawing them he fired the bridge, destroying every hope of Shields for succor against Jackson, who was now coming down on him like a lion. Extending down the right side of the Shenandoah, between the river and the mountain, is a plateau, which some times widens out into a mile in depth. About three miles above the burning bridge, the Yankee General had formed his line of battle, his left thrown up the side of the mountain, on the slope of which he had posted a battery of six twelve-pounder Napoleons, while his right was completely protected by the river. Our line marched steadily forward, and the Second brigade of General Edw'd Johnson's old command, consisting of the Fifty-eight, Forty-fourth, and other Virginia Regiments, swept the Yankees before it until, hesitating at an unfortunate time, they were charged in turn and driven back. The Stonewall brigade steadily pressed on, while the Louisianans, swinging round the mountain side, at once with a terrific yell were launched like an avalanche on the battery and its supports, the gallant Wheat as usual in the lead, and each striving to be ahead. The Yankees stood well to their guns, and plied the charging line with canister, but they were borne down and every gun taken in their places. That ended the battle in rout and confusion. Of four brigades brought in by the enemy, we captured 1,000 prisoners and six pieces of artillery. They left probably 1,000 to 1,500 killed and wounded on the field. The residue were so demoralized, as to be useless during the rest of the cam-

paign. Thus 8,000 men were, in effect, destroyed for the enemy in a two hours' fight. The battle was one of the most brilliant and decisive of the war.

We were not in it, by accident. Our wagons had not reached us, we had not our cartridge boxes filled, had had nothing to eat since the day before Cross Keys. The Colonel, finding that our rations were half a mile south of Port Republic, obtained General Ewell's permission to go there, fill his boxes, feed his men, and come on. He thus lost an hour, and consequently only got up as the last charge was made, but really had no participation in the battle.

While we were burying our dead, and before we had time to attend to the enemy's wounded, Fremont appeared on the opposite side, within easy range for artillery, and went into position. Jackson marched up a mountain road, concealing his troops, to Brown's Gap, while we were left as rear guard and picket to hold Fremont back at the fords. While doing this, and attending to some wounded men, both of the enemy's and ours, a battery from the other side opened sharply, and we therefore having obeyed orders, about dusk fell back by the route pursued by the army.

After a march unequalled by its annoyances, we reached the top of the mountain near daylight, and during the day camped at its eastern declivity. In a day or two we removed to the vicinity of Weyer's Cave, and while here, Col. Johnson procured permission from Gen'l Jackson to proceed to Staunton, to re-organize and recruit. The discontent which had displayed itself the day of Front Royal, had been allayed by his promise to lay the matter before the Secretary of War, and he now sought an opportunity to do so. Companies I and H were about being mustered out, their terms expiring in a few days, and he hoped if he had a place to which men could be sent to join him, he might fill up the regiment again. The reputation it had acquired during the campaign, he hoped would conduce greatly to this result. We left the army with the kindest wishes of every one, and with strong hope that thirty days rest would give us five hundred men. General Ewell's mention of the regiment shows his appreciation of it. In his report of the battle of Cross Keys he says:

"The History of the 1st Maryland Regiment, is the History of the Campaign of the Valley, &c., &c."

"The history of the Maryland regiment, gallantly commanded by Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, during the campaign of the Valley, would be the history of every action from Front Royal to Cross Keys. On the 16 inst., near Harrisonburg, the 58th Virginia was engaged with the

Pennsylvania "Bucktails," the fighting being close and bloody. Colonel Johnson came up with his regiment in the hottest period of the fire, and by a dashing charge in flank, drove the enemy with heavy loss, capturing Lieutenant Colonel Kane commanding. In commemoration of their gallant conduct, I ordered one of the captured Bucktails to be appended as a trophy to their flag. The gallantry of the regiment on this occasion is worthy of acknowledgment from a higher source, more particularly as they avenged the death of the gallant General Ashby, who fell at the same time."—*Ewell's Report of the Battle of Cross Keys.*

As soon as we arrived at Staunton Colonel Johnson prepared a written statement of the dispute in the regiment, of the complaints of the men and his own knowledge and opinions of them, and of the facts on which they were based, and sent them to Richmond, by Captain Murray, who delivered it to a trusty person in Richmond, to be handed to the Secretary of War. Before sending it he read the paper to several of the most intelligent of those concerned, who were entirely satisfied with the fairness of its statements. It placed their case, fairly and fully before the department. Unfortunately it never reached Mr. Randolph. On the 15th June, company I and on the 17th company H were mustered out and discharges given the men, they were paid off, and went away delighted, at the prospect of a little holiday after their hard work. They had performed a gallant part in one of the most glorious campaigns of modern wars, and had always been cheerful and zealous, doing their best to appease the discontent of those men, who were mustered for the war. They were aware that the circumstance of part of the regiment being for twelve months and part for the war was the principle cause of the unhappiness of the latter, and they tried to obviate it. No men nor officers ever served a commander more gallantly or faithfully than they did theirs, and none were ever loved and more respected than he regarded them. The day the last one was mustered out, a new company entered the regiment, and was designated company C. It was understood that Captain Murray, would raise a company as soon as possible, and reënter the regiment, and in this view Colonel Johnson reserved the reënlisted men of company H, fourteen in number, for his new company. He had reason then to look forward to eight companies in a short time, seven of them being together and in service. Company C was organized by the election of Captain, Edmund Barry; First Lieutenant, J. P. Marshall; Second Lieutenants, W. H. H. Edelin and John T. Smith.

Two or three days after this, while everything was going on encouragingly, recruits coming in and every prospect of success, Colonel

Johnson met General Jackson in the street, both riding. "Colonel, received the order?" said he, in his crisp way. "No, sir," said the Colonel. "Want you to march." "When sir?" "Now!" "Which way?" "Get in the cars, go with Lawton." "How must I send my train, and the battery?" "By the road." "Well General" said the Colonel, "I hate to ask questions; but it is impossible to send my wagons off without knowing which road to send them. He laughed and said "Oh! send them by the road the others go." And those were the only orders we got to go into the great battles around Richmond. In an hour we were on the train, with General Lawton's brigade, and by managing to find out the railroad arrangements Colonel Johnson got us on the railroad as far as Fredrick's Hall on the Virginia Central road. At Charlottesville, Captain Edelin and his company, which had been absent on detached duty since February, re-joined the regiment. From Frederick's Hall we marched to Blount's Bridge over the South Anna, where we reported to General Elzey, and were assigned to his brigade again, by request of the Colonel and all concerned.

On Wednesday June 25th we moved to Ashland, where we slept in line of battle.

THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, June 26th, "The Army of the Valley" moved from Ashland. It consisted of Jackson's old division, commanded by Brigadier-General Charles Winder, and Ewell's, with Whiting and Lawton, who had joined us at Staunton, and whose coming had convinced the Yankees, that we were about attempting Washington, and had set then to fortifying the lower valley.

We crossed the Central railroad, and passed by the ground over which Branch had fought Fitz John Porter at Hanover a short time before. Swinging then toward the southeast we marched cautiously, Ewell in the advance. First Maryland and Baltimore battery in his front and before them a regiment or two of cavalry. Towards the middle of the day, we began to find indications of the enemy. Logs were thrown into the road, and trees felled across it, their leaves perfectly fresh, and when the twigs were broken showing the fracture had just occurred. The flying axemen were not fifteen minutes ahead, and our march pushed them so that after awhile the obstructions ceased. Early in the afternoon the cavalry in front were seen halted. Instantly you could hear all down the ranks, "Look out boys, fight on hand! cavalry videtting to the rear." "Bring forward the First Maryland," was the order an aid brought from General Ewell. Going past the cavalry to

the front we found the enemy's pickets, which companies G and E, Captain Nicholas and Lieutenant Lutts, immediately drove in—following them rapidly and driving in their supporting force, which skirmished obstinately. This began about 3 o'clock, and we believe were the first guns fired in the great Richmond battles.

Following up our line of skirmishers, about sunset we reached a rising ground overlooking Beaver Dam creek. During our skirmish we saw heavy columns pass down a short distance to our right, understood to be General Branch, and shortly after heard musketry and artillery of the fight at Mechanicsville. The enemy in our immediate front had now got into a position from which we could not dislodge them without a severe struggle, and their interchange of fire was sharp. "What's that firing, Colonel?" said General Jackson to Colonel Johnson, as the latter rode up to General Ewell, to ask if he should drive them off. "It's the enemy's skirmishers in a thicket." "Why don't you stop them?" "Can't do it, sir, without charging them, or shelling the place." "Well, sir, you must stop that firing; make them keep quiet!" "Very well, sir," said the Colonel, and riding off he brought up two pieces of the Baltimore artillery. At the first two shells the Yankees fell back and we were not disturbed until late at night, when they came down in some force, drove off Captain Edelin, who was on picket, and carried off two guns, as we afterwards found, which our skirmishers had prevented their getting off that evening. Re-inforcing Captain Edelin, he was ordered to re-occupy his post; which he did, and the night passed off—the men lying in line of battle, every now and then a ball from a Yankee picket smacking among them or whirring over their heads. The consequence was, nobody got much sleep, and at daylight when we moved again, the whole regiment as skirmishers, we were in no condition for hard work. The Thirteenth Virginia was posted on the right and we on the left, but in a short time General Ewell relieved us with the Ninth Louisiana, and we were withdrawn, with our battery as a reserve to both of them.

This order was kept for some time, and we pushed on, capturing straggling prisoners, camps and hospitals. The Thirteenth Virginia in front was engaged in a continual skirmish nearly the greater part of the march. Towards noon they were withdrawn and we resumed our old position on the right, marching pretty rapidly towards Cold Harbor. At 3 o'clock we were there, and for some time waited for a movement to be made by some one else. In the corner of a field near the cross-roads of Cold Harbor, were collected Generals Jackson, Ewell, A. P. Hill, Elzey, Lawton, Whiting, and others, who sat silently in their sad-

dles, waiting events, or every now and then exchanging a word or two in a low tone with a General officer, or one of their staff. Ranged along the side of the road fronting Gaines's Mill was Elzey's brigade; the rest beyond his right. Each man, from the General commanding the corps to the soldier in the ranks, seemed thoroughly impressed with the belief that everything depended on the impending battle; all were grave and quiet, convinced that if that battle was lost, life had no attraction, and that death were preferable to the hated Yankee rule.

After awhile General Hill rode off and soon the crashing musketry told that the battle had begun. One General after another moved to take his command into its appointed place. Then Stuart's cavalry on the left surged on in a gallop. General Jackson went to the front; we were left with our battery and the Twelfth Georgia. The crash of battle rose higher and higher, swelling on the right, then rolling toward our left. Colonel Johnson, preferring to go in rather than wait in support of a battery, rode off to attract General Jackson's attention, hoping for orders. He found him with a half a dozen of his staff in front, on a rise of ground to the right of the road. "Good evening, General!" said he; "Good evening, Colonel," was the curt reply. "If you want me, I am there;" "Very good, sir." His teeth were clenched, his lips clamped closer than ever, and the blaze of his eye alone betrayed excitement. Straight in the saddle, straighter than usual, for he stooped forward in riding, he sat, his head raised up, catching every sound. Now the roll and crash of small arms would break out at once, as the surf breaks on the shore, and then retire in a gradually receding roar, and then it could be heard far in the distance, swelling and surging and roaring towards us, like an advancing torrent, as if it were about to sweep over everything in its course. Over and over again it went back, and we felt the battle was won. Time and again it rolled towards us, and we feared the victory was lost. Then half a dozen horsemen appeared in a field, a quarter of a mile off, galloping wildly to and fro. Suddenly Jackson threw his horse's head toward them, jerked bolt upright in his saddle, and raised his right arm, horizontal to the elbow, thence perpendicular. "I'll bring them to you," said Colonel Johnson quickly, thinking he was beckoning the horsemen. There was no reply, and looking round at his face, he saw the soldier was praying, abstracted, dead to the strife, and blind to all around, his soul communed alone with his God. Every one observed a dead silence, until turning, he said in his calm, quick tone, "Colonel, send all the infantry in except a hundred to each battery; you cover them!" "All right, sir," said the Colonel, and galloped off to make the circuit of the batteries.

The Story of the Attempted Formation of a N. W. Confederacy.

Letter from GENERAL EARLY.

[It is well to give place in our records to the following clear and conclusive refutation of a *canard* which has been recently taking the rounds of the newspapers.

General Early's letter was originally addressed to the *Lynchburg Virginian*.]

To the Editor of the Virginian,—During my absence in the South, what purports to be "A Story of the War," was published in your paper of the 17th inst., and it met my eye for the first time on yesterday. I am informed that it was copied from the *Philadelphia Press*, and it begins as follows:

THE HISTORY OF A CONSPIRACY THAT FAILED.

"Colonel T. A. Burr, a well known Confederate officer, tells the story of an attempt to release 20,000 Confederate prisoners at Chicago, Columbus and Sandusky in 1864, and to form a northwestern confederacy. Major C. H. Cole, of the Fifth Tennessee regiment, was the leading spirit of the plot. He narrowly escaped hanging, and is now a prominent railroad man in Texas. He received his instructions from Jacob Thompson, who was then in Canada, and was put in command of the department of Ohio, with headquarters at Sandusky. With the force of the 20,000 Rebels whom the conspirators intended to release, and with the active aid of the Northern sympathizers, it was thought that a northwestern confederacy was not impossible; and the time fixed for the assault on the camps where the prisoners were confined was gauged by General Early's attack on Washington, which was to engage the great force of our army, and make it impossible to reinforce the small body of Union soldiers in the Northwest, where there was almost open rebellion against conscription, and people were weary of war. It was first intended to strike the blow while the National Democratic Convention was in session at Chicago, and more than 4,000 Confederate soldiers and sympathizers were there ready for action. But, Early's delay in striking Washington caused a postponement."

Then follow some very remarkable statements about the efforts of Major Cole to carry out the projected scheme.

As this story is re-published in a paper printed at the place of my residence, and to which I am a regular subscriber, silence on my part

might be construed into an acknowledgment of its accuracy. I therefore deem it proper and necessary to notice it, and to disclaim all knowledge whatever of the alleged plot or conspiracy. My first knowledge of it, and, in fact, even of the names of Colonel T. A. Burr and Major C. H. Cole, is derived from the publication from which the above extract is taken.

The project of sending my command to meet Hunter's force, then supposed to be in the Valley, and, after that was disposed of, to make the advance on Washington, was adopted at a conference between President Davis and General Lee, late in the afternoon of the 12th of June, 1864, and I began the movement early on the morning of the 13th. On arriving at Charlottesville, I found that Hunter was advancing on Lynchburg, and it became necessary for me to meet him at that place. After his retreat, and my pursuit of him beyond Salem, General Lee, in a telegram, submitted it to my discretion whether I should make the advance on Washington, and this was repeated in a telegram to me after I reached Staunton; and I assumed the responsibility of continuing the movement. This does not look as if my movement was a part of a scheme for releasing the Confederates in northern prisons, and establishing a northwestern confederacy. In order to reach the vicinity of Washington, north of the Potomac, it was necessary for me to get rid of the Federal forces in the lower Valley and at Harper's Ferry, and after this was done I had to fight another force at Monocacy Junction. Notwithstanding these obstacles in the way of my advance, I reached the front of the defenses of Washington, on the north, on the 11th of July, after a march which, for its rapidity, was unequalled by any march made by any force on either side during the war, or as I believe by any army in any modern war. I did not delay my attack on Washington, for I made none; but finding the defenses of that city occupied by a force much superior to my own, and that the greater part of two corps of Grant's army had arrived about or a little before the time of my own arrival, I retired across the Potomac, in order to save my command from destruction, as Hunter had arrived at Harper's Ferry, in my rear, with a force much larger than my own. I may say here, as I have stated on several occasions, that it was not a part of General Lee's plan that I should make an attack on Washington, but his instructions were that I should threaten that city in order to draw troops away from Grant's army. When I suggested to him the idea of capturing Washington, he said very emphatically that it would be impossible to do so. After I reached Sharpsburg, on my route to Washington, I received a dispatch by a messenger from General Lee, informing

me that there was a scheme for releasing the prisoners at Point Lookout, by a naval expedition up the Chesapeake, and I was directed to send a cavalry force towards that point, in order to co-operate in the scheme, if I found it practicable to do so. I did order General Bradley T. Johnson to move in that direction with his brigade, after cutting the railroads between Baltimore and Philadelphia and Baltimore and Washington; and he had started and crossed the railroad between Washington and Baltimore, when, having learned that two corps had arrived at Washington from Grant's army, he informed me of the fact by a courier who reached me in front of Washington on the night of the 11th of July. Realizing the fact then that there was no possible hope of capturing Washington, I determined to retire, and sent an order to General Johnson to rejoin me. The attempt to release the prisoners at Point Lookout was not made for reasons not at all connected with my operations.

If there was this scheme for releasing the prisoners in the North and Northwest, which was to be carried out in connection with my advance on Washington, it is a little singular that General Lee gave me no information of it when he informed me of the proposed attempt at Point Lookout?

I may further remark that, as the project of sending me to threaten Washington was first conceived on the 12th of June and I arrived in front of Washington on the 11th July, it was simply impossible that information of the fact could have reached the Confederate commissioners in Canada, and been sent by them to Sandusky, in Ohio, before I retired from the front of Washington.

It is said: "It was first intended to strike the blow while the national Democratic convention was in session at Chicago, and more than 4,000 Confederate soldiers and sympathizers were there ready for action. But Early's delay in striking Washington caused a postponement."

The Democratic convention for 1864, which nominated McClellan for President, assembled at Chicago on the 31st of August—a little more than seven weeks after I had retired from Washington. When that convention was held I was confronted by Sheridan in the Valley with very nearly 55,000 troops, according to the returns on file in the Adjutant-General's office in Washington, while my whole force did not reach the fourth of that number. Was it expected that I should destroy Sheridan, then capture Washington, hold in check the entire force of the United States army, including all the troops in Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, while the 20,000 released prisoners should arm

themselves, overrun all the Northwestern States and establish a Northwestern Confederacy? Really, this "Story of the War" requires a vast deal of credulity and entire ignorance of the events of the war on the part of any one who accepts it as the truth.

The idea of introducing Mr. Jacob Thompson on board of a United States man-of-war as a "country aunt" is funny, to say the least of it. And the statement that "the Confederacy (in 1864) had plenty of money in its secret service fund," and that "there was something like \$86,000,000 to the credit of the Confederate Commissioner and his colleague, Jacob Thompson, most of which was deposited at a bank in Toronto," is not excelled in its romanticism by that other story of Mr. Davis's carrying off over \$2,000,000 in specie about his person when he was made a prisoner at the close of the war.

If there was any such secret fund, that is, a fund that would have been available in Canada, it must have been a very profound secret indeed, and such it will ever remain until that final day when all secrets shall be given up.

In regard to the mission of Mr. Jacob Thompson and his colleagues in Canada, the following statement is to be found in "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by President Davis, vol. 2, pp. 611-12:

"The opening of the spring campaign of 1864 was a favorable conjuncture for the employment of the resources of diplomacy. To approach the Government of the United States directly would have been in vain. Repeated efforts had already demonstrated its inflexible purpose—not to negotiate with the Confederate authorities. Political developments at the North, however, favored the adoption of some action that might influence popular sentiment in the hostile section. The aspect of the peace party was quite encouraging, and it seemed that the real issue to be decided in the Presidential election of that year was the continuance or cessation of the war. A commission of three persons, eminent in position and intelligence, was accordingly appointed to visit Canada, with a view to negotiation with such persons in the North as might be relied upon to aid the attainment of peace. The commission was designed to facilitate such preliminary conditions as might lead to formal negotiations between the two governments, and they were expected to make judicious use of any political opportunity that might be presented.

"The commissioners—Messrs. Clay, of Alabama, Holcombe, of Virginia, and Thompson, of Mississippi—established themselves at Niagara Falls in July, and on the 12th commenced a correspondence with Hor-

ace Greeley, of New York. Through him they sought a safe conduct to Washington. Mr. Lincoln at first appeared to favor an interview, but finally refused, on the ground that the Commissioners were not authorized to treat for peace."

Mr. Davis makes no further mention of this mission in his book, and he says not one word, anywhere, of the alleged scheme for releasing the prisoners and establishing a Northwestern Confederacy.

It is true that there was a scheme gotten up, perhaps in the Fall of 1864, by some escaped Confederate prisoners, who had made their way into Canada, for the release of the Confederate prisoners at Johnson's Island; but that scheme proved an abortion, as the means for carrying it out were wholly inadequate. There was, also, a raid into Vermont, for the purpose of plundering some bank or banks; but none of these schemes had any connection whatever with my movement on Washington.

Permit me, in conclusion, Mr. Editor, to express my surprise that any respectable Northern journal should publish so absurd a story as the one I have thus noticed, and my still greater surprise that it should be copied into a respectable Southern journal.

J. A. EARLY.

February 23, 1882.

The Kentucky Campaign.

By MAJOR PAUL F. HAMMOND.

No. 6 (CONCLUSION.)

Thus the writer has endeavored to trace accurately and faithfully the main features of the campaign in Kentucky. A few words of comment, recalling attention to what seems to have been its chief errors and summing up its results, may not be inappropriate, in conclusion, nor wholly useless. It is certainly no very difficult, but at the same time it is no pleasant task, to point out errors after they have been committed; yet it is only by its disinterested and impartial performance that we can gather for ourselves the full fruits of experience, the best if bitterest teacher, or pluck from disaster the lessons which may lead to future triumphs.

The experience of this war has remarkably illustrated the time-honored truth that the most serious misfortunes often follow from apparently trifling causes, and that in every employment, but in war above all others, it is necessary to be thorough in order to be successful.

The first great errors in the Kentucky campaign came from a defect which follows, more or less, the entire military organization of the South—and that is, the want of adequate arrangements for obtaining and transmitting information. To this was due the escape of the Federal General Morgan in his perilous retreat from Cumberland Gap. Again, had constant daily communications been kept up between Generals Smith and Bragg, the former after the battle of Richmond, would have been informed of the latter's position as well as that of Buell, and of such importance was this information that, in the possession of General Smith, it must have led him to advance on Louisville, which would have fallen easily into our hands, with its valuable accumulation of Federal stores, at the same time hemming in Buell so completely that the destruction of his army must have followed as an almost certain consequence. As it was, Gen. Smith received no communication from General Bragg from the time he left Barboursville, on the 27th of August, until the 13th of September, during which time he was kept in a state of anxiety and suspense which precluded any further decisive movement.

The first object of General Bragg in his movement from Chattanooga was, by rapid marching, to get between Buell and Louisville, cut his lines of communication, and force him to give battle in the open field; his second, to defeat and destroy his army. When the former was accomplished under such flattering auspices, by the capture of Munfordsville, the latter was hardly regarded as matter of doubt. That Bragg refrained from attacking at Bowling Green may be understood, since Buell's circumstances, rendering his strong position there untenable for any length of time, would soon force him into the open field; but that he should have permitted him to escape unmolested, by a desperate movement, in the face of his whole army, is an unexplained mystery. That Buell was weak was shown by the anxiety with which he avoided battle, the very thing he would have desired had his army been strong enough to give him any reasonable hopes of success.

This was a decided reverse to our arms, and that without a battle. Any General is liable to defeat, when attacked by superior numbers, if his troops fail to do their duty, or by errors or untoward accidents in the confusion of the actual combat; but it is among the gravest reflections upon the abilities of a commander that he suffers himself to be foiled in his greatest purpose without fighting, especially when he has commenced the campaign by being the assailant, and proposes to continue on the offensive.

If Buell's escape was owing to a surprise, it is clear that General Bragg should have followed him at once and attacked him in Louisville before he could strengthen his army by organizing the raw levies, which, it was well known, were gathering there and at Covington in large numbers. If, on the other hand, he had refrained from attacking because he felt himself too weak, as he could not hope ever to possess greater relative strength in Kentucky, it was equally clear that Bragg should have retired at once, and seizing upon Nashville, if possible, fortify the Cumberland, or, else, the strongest available line of defense in the territory from which the enemy had been driven, and occupy it for the ensuing winter's campaign. But adopting neither of these policies, General Bragg left his army at Bardstown, almost at the very moment when an attack by forces numerically superior was commencing, and came to Lexington, for no other purposes, that the issue has shown, than to enjoy a short lived triumph, declare Confederate treasure notes a legal tender, and inaugurate Mr. Hawes provisional governor of Kentucky, in which office there was slight hope of maintaining him, as he actually failed to do even for a single day.

After this, if General Bragg hoped to maintain his position in the State, it was of the utmost importance that he should seize the earliest opportunity to give battle—first, because the enemy were gaining strength every day and we were not, and, secondly, because his only prospect of support was from the people of Kentucky, which could only be fulfilled by inspiring these people with confidence in his ability to hold his position in the State; and besides, if finally worsted his line of retreat lay through a country exceedingly difficult at any time, and almost impassable in cold and wet weather, the season for which was close at hand. But it has been seen that he refused battle at Frankfort. It is true that he fought at Perryville, but only after detaching the chief portion of his army to meet a small force of the enemy, while with the remnant he attacked their main columns. With even one-half of Smith's forces upon the field of Perryville a victory would have been gained, the fruitful consequences of which it would be difficult to over-estimate.

Thence the campaign could only be retrieved by some bold stroke of genius or happy turn of fortune. General Bragg's personal gallantry has been conspicuous on battle fields in this war and in the Mexican, and even his worst enemies do not deny that he has ability, but the preceding conduct of the campaign did not furnish much reason to hope that he could regain by his own efforts that which he had lost, and, disheartened by failures, it was hardly to be expected that he would

even seize what Fortune offered. Hope revived for an instant, but only for an instant, at Harrodsburg. Great errors had been committed and great dangers menaced on all sides, but whatever had been the errors and whatever dangers attended other measures, in retreating at the verge of winter, with troops ill-clad and without sufficient food, through a destitute country, by wretched roads and over mountains, a desperate policy was adopted. Unless forced to it, a stupendous mistake was made, and if forced to, when the brilliant prospects of but a few days earlier are recalled, it may well be asked, "What reduced the grand Southern army to this extremity?"

By the Kentucky campaign, North Alabama was relieved and Middle Tennessee re-occupied. Nearly 10,000 prisoners, 14,000 stand of small arms, some cannons, and many wagons and mules were captured. The Confederate armies subsisted for six weeks upon the enemy's territory, and during that time received into their ranks more volunteer Kentuckians than they lost men in battle. It cannot be denied, that much was won, and at little cost, comparatively; unless, indeed, we estimate those immense results, which although never actually won, more than once seemed surely ours. It is equally true, that much more might have been gained, and ought to have been gained, possibly ending the war. The campaign began with brilliant successes and terminated ingloriously, and it terminated thus on account of a series of errors and mishaps so unexpected, so inexplicable, and so inconsistent with the abilities of the Commanding General and his Lieutenants, and so fatal, despite the vigilance and experience of his subordinate officers, and the unsurpassed courage, discipline and devotion of the soldiers, that we feel tempted to cry, with the superstitious children of the East, it was Destiny. *Allah il Allah*, it was God's will.

The Artillery on the Gettysburg Campaign.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. J. GARNETT.

HEADQUARTERS GARNETT'S BAT'N L. ART'Y,
Camp near Gordonsville, Va., Aug. 2, 1863.

Colonel,—In obedience to your "circular" dated July 29th, 1863, directing me to "make and forward to" these (your) headquarters, as soon as possible, an "official report of the operations of your (my) battalion of artillery from the time it left Fredericksburg to the present time," I have the honor to report as follows:

On the morning of the 15th of June, in obedience to your orders, I withdrew my command from the position it had occupied on Lee's Hill since the 6th inst., to the rear, immediately on the Telegraph road, and reported to Major-General Heth for duty with his division. At 2 o'clock P. M. I moved with Heth's division from Fredericksburg and accompanied this command on its daily marches through the Maryland and Pennsylvania campaign, until the morning of the 1st of July, when I was relieved and became directly subject to your orders.

The commencement of the battles around Gettysburg found my battalion at Cashtown, Pa., where it had arrived the previous evening from near Fayetteville, Pa. About 11 o'clock A. M. on the morning of the 1st of July, I received orders to bring up my command within supporting distance on the Gettysburg pike, which I reached after the battle had been in progress for several hours. On reaching the scene of action, as directed, I halted my battalion in column on the side of the road and awaited further orders. After a delay of about an hour, I received a message from Major Pegram, requesting that I relieve one of his batteries whose ammunition had become exhausted. I accordingly sent him Captain V. Maurin, of the Donaldsonville battery, with six of my rifle pieces, which almost immediately opened upon the enemy with apparent effect. These pieces kept up a slow and steady fire for about an hour, when, the enemy having been forced back out of range to the position held by them on the second and third days, together with the other pieces of the command they were advanced to the front in the rear of the line of battle, nearly opposite Cemetery Hill, where they remained in park until the following morning, protected from the enemy's fire by a high hill. On the morning of the second day, having received an order to send all of my rifles to the position immediately opposite Cemetery Hill, and to the right of the Fairfield turnpike, I accordingly dispatched Major Richardson with the nine rifle-pieces of the battalion to the hill indicated, where they remained in position until the following morning. At 3 o'clock P. M., when the engagement became general, these pieces opened fire upon the enemy's batteries opposite, which they kept up, without cessation, until about thirty minutes before sunset. Just as the sun had disappeared behind the horizon the enemy's guns were observed to be turned upon a portion of General Ewell's forces, which had attacked them in the rear, when Major Richardson, by opening upon them with his nine rifles, succeeded in diverting their fire. On the third day Major Richardson was ordered to the position held by Major-General Anderson's division, and to the right of Major Pegram's battalion.

Towards the close of the day, in obedience to orders from General Longstreet, he placed his guns in position under fire at this point, but did not fire a single shot, having received orders to that effect. The remaining six guns (four Napoleons and two howitzers) bore no part in these actions, although they were upon the field in readiness whenever they should be called upon. On the morning of the 4th, however, I placed them in the position occupied by the rifle pieces on the second day, where they remained until night, when they were recalled to take their position in the line of march for Hagerstown.

On the 4th inst., Major Richardson was ordered to report to General Imboden, in charge of the wagon train, with the three rifle-pieces of Company "B," and the two rifles of Company "D," which were thus temporarily detached from the battalion. Major Richardson being absent at Culpeper C. H., under orders, I am unable to make at present an official report of the operations of that portion of the battalion under his command, but will forward it as soon as I can communicate with him. It may not be improper here to state that three of these pieces, the two others having been turned over to Captain Hart on the march in consequence of the horses becoming too weak to pull them, formed a part of the escort of the wagon train under the command of General Imboden, and that they performed good service in the engagement at Williamsport.

On reaching Hagerstown the battalion was reunited under Major Richardson, who continued in command until the morning of the day on which the enemy fell back across the Potomac, when I resumed the command.

I regret to state that owing to the jaded condition of the horses, which had been but scantily supplied with forage since the 1st of July, during all of which time they had not received a single feed of corn, I was forced to abandon two rifle-pieces belonging to Captain Lewis's battery, on the night of the retreat from Maryland. Every effort was made to bring them off, but being the rear of the artillery, and before my arrangements could be completed, which were made with all possible dispatch, the enemy's cavalry charged and took them, together with six men and spare horses which had been sent back for the purpose of bringing them off. On reaching the Virginia shore I was ordered to place six of my pieces (two Napoleons and four rifles) in position on the hills to the left of the turnpike and commanding the pontoon bridge, which I accordingly did, and very soon thereafter, General Pendleton being present, they opened upon the enemy's skirmishers and checked their advance upon the bridge. These pieces kept up an

irregular fire until evening, when I ordered them to cease firing, the enemy evincing no intention of attempting to cross and their formations not being sufficiently large to warrant the further expenditure of ammunition. The subsequent movements of my battalion are identical with those of the corps to which it is attached until we reached near Front Royal, when in obedience to orders received through you, I turned off at that point and proceeded up the Valley pike by New Market to this place, having arrived here at 3 o'clock P. M. on the 29th ultimo, by easy marches.

I regret to state that the losses which my battalion has incurred during the recent campaign are especially heavy in horses, those now remaining being for the present almost totally unserviceable. It is my opinion, however, that with a short respite I will soon be able to report them as serviceable. I would respectfully state that at the time of leaving Fredericksburg their condition was generally bad, in consequence of the hardships they had encountered during the past winter, together with what they had gone through with during the spring campaign.

The various losses in detail I have already sent you. The casualties in my command are as follows: Severely wounded, two enlisted men; slightly wounded, three enlisted men; missing, supposed to be in the hands of the enemy, fourteen enlisted men.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN J. GARNETT,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Battalion Artillery.

Colonel R. L. Walker,

Chief Artillery Third Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

REPORT OF COLONEL H. C. CABELL.

CAMP CABELL'S BATTALION,

NEAR CULPEPER C. H., August 7th, 1863.

Colonel J. B. Walton,

Chief of Artillery First Corps, A. N. V.:

Colonel,—In compliance with your order at the earliest period to make a report of the operations of my battalion from the time it left the Rappahannock for Maryland and Pennsylvania to its return, I have the honor to submit the following report:

The battalion left Stanard's farm, about ten miles in the rear of

Fredericksburg, on June 3d. Camped near Culpeper Courthouse June 7th. Remained near Culpeper Courthouse till the 16th. Were ordered to accompany the division to meet the enemy, who were pressing Stuart's cavalry at Brandy Station. The enemy did not advance, being driven off as it seemed by the appearance of our forces. On the 16th resumed the march. We arrived at Ashby's Gap on the 19th, and camped on the mountain. There being some fighting between the cavalry, crossed the Shenandoah the evening of the 20th. The division recrossed the river accompanied by Capt. Fraser's battery on the 21st. Subsequently the rest of the battalion moved across the Shenandoah and took position at Ashby's Gap, where we again camped. On the 22d we again crossed the Shenandoah, and resuming our march on the 24th, on the 26th crossed the Potomac. We camped a mile beyond Chambersburg on the 28th. On July 1st we camped a few miles from Gettysburg, and on the 2d of July moved up with the division. When we commenced to ascend the road leading to the crest of the hill, where the battle was subsequently fought, my battalion moved to the head of the column. Near the crest of the hill I turned to the right and placed the battalion in position on the edge of the wood, the right resting near the road leading from Gettysburg to Emmettsburg. One horse was wounded while crossing the field, although this movement was made beyond the view of the enemy. On our right and slightly in front the enemy occupied a rocky mountain with several batteries, and directly in front about six or seven hundred yards distant was a large number of batteries occupying a peach orchard. Receiving orders, we opened a most effective fire upon these batteries. Exposed ourselves to a flanking fire from the enemy's mountain batteries. Our position gave us a similar advantage in firing upon a large part of his line, which was drawn up nearly parallel with the Emmettsburg road. The battalion being first to open fire, received for a short time a concentrated fire from the enemy's batteries.

The fire from our lines and from the enemy became incessant, rendering it necessary for us sometimes to pause and allow the smoke to clear away in order to enable the gunners to take aim. During the same time two guns were ordered to play upon the batteries on the stony mountain, I have reason to believe, with great effect.

The loss of my battalion was very heavy during the cannonading. Captain Fraser, who had always in previous engagements as in this, set an example of the highest courage, coolness and gallantry, fell dangerously wounded by the bursting of a shell. The same shell killed two sergeants and one man.

Lieutenant Cooper, of the same battery, was wounded during the same engagement. The batteries in the peach orchard were driven off, and our fire was suspended to allow the infantry to advance. The guns on the right continued to fire on the enemy's batteries on the mountain, as soon as the infantry had charged.

The next day, finding that Captain Fraser's command was so much crippled by the loss of men, I placed two of his guns (3-inch rifles) in charge of Captain Manly. These two guns, under command of Lieutenant Payne of Manly's battery, two 3-inch rifles of Captain McCarthy's battery, under command of Lieutenant R. M. Anderson, and two Parrott guns of Captain Fraser's battery, under command of Lieutenant Furlong, were ordered to take position on the new and advanced line of battle.

These guns were placed several hundred yards in front of the infantry, near a small brick house, and fronted the road leading from Gettysburg to Emmettsburg. The line of artillery extended up the road for some distance. Captain Carlton's battery and a section of Captain McCarthy's battery (two Napoleons) were ordered to the left of the line, in front of Pickett's division; the guns being placed slightly in echelon, owing to the conformation of the line of battle. Their position was considerably to the left of the brick house, the interval being occupied by batteries of other battalions. Captain McCarthy had, early in the morning, been placed three or four hundred yards in advance of the skirmishers, fired twenty rounds, and with a section of another battery, succeeded in driving back an advancing line of the enemy. The fire of the artillery was opened about 1 o'clock P. M. For over two hours the cannonading on both sides was almost continuous and incessant; far, very far, exceeding any cannonading I have ever before witnessed. The last named batteries were opposite the cemetery position of the enemy.

During this cannonading, Lieutenant Jennings, a brave and gallant officer, fell wounded, and later in the day, Captain Carlton, who has in action so gallantly commanded his battery, fell also wounded. The command of the battery fell upon, and was at once assumed, by First Lieutenant C. W. Motes.

The artillery ceased firing, and a part of Pickett's division passed over the ground occupied by these batteries in their celebrated charge. Captain Manly occupied, slightly shifting the position of his guns, the same position occupied the day before, and engaged the mountain batteries particularly with effect.

After Pickett's division was ordered back from their assault on the

Cemetery Hill, Captain McCarthy and Lieutenant Motes were ordered to move forward, and came in position immediately on the road above mentioned, occupying the left flank of the line extended, upon which were placed the sections commanded respectively by Lieutenant Anderson, Lieutenant Payne, and Lieutenant Furlong. One of Lieutenant Furlong's guns being entirely out of ammunition, was ordered to the rear, and the other piece was placed about 300 yards on the left of his previous position. The enemy's sharpshooters were continually firing and annoying us. Only a few of our pickets were in front of us. No infantry in sight in our rear, but Anderson's division was in the woods about 400 yards in the rear. The ammunition of the guns was nearly exhausted. The positions occupied by these guns was about 700 yards from the Cemetery Hill. The change in the position of the guns was made about 4 o'clock P. M., with orders to hold it till night.

We fired upon a line of infantry approaching, and with the other batteries, dispersed them or drove them back. The attack was not renewed. The guns remained in this position till after dark, when they were withdrawn. During the next day there was but little firing on either side. During the night of the 4th we withdrew from our position, and after a most distressing march, camped at Monterey Springs the night of the 5th. We arrived at Hagerstown the next evening, and camped about one mile from the town.

On the 8th of July Captain Manly's battery was ordered to picket near Frankstown, Md., on the Antietam. On Friday, July 10th, this battery crossed the Antietam and went to the assistance of General Stuart's cavalry. They engaged the enemy at about 6 A. M., near the suburbs of Frankstown, and fought him from that position until late in the afternoon, compelling his artillery to change positions twice during the engagement. Captain Manly was then ordered by Lieutenant-General Longstreet to report with four guns to Major-General Pickett. He rejoined the battalion after we recrossed the Potomac. Lieutenant Dunn, of this battery, with one gun, remained with the battalion.

On the 7th of July First Lieutenant R. M. Anderson, of McCarthy's battery, was ordered to take command of Captain Fraser's battery; owing to the wounds received by Captain Fraser and Lieutenant Cooper, this battery had been left with only one officer. On the morning of the 10th the battery was ordered to report to Brigadier-General Kershaw, on the Sharpsburg turnpike. It was placed in position on the right of the road. About 2 o'clock the battery took position on a hill to the left of the bridge over the Antietam, and in close range

of the enemy's sharpshooters, who immediately opened a vigorous fire, killing one man and slightly wounding another. Lieutenant Anderson opened fire into a brick building on the opposite side of the creek, under cover of which the enemy's sharpshooters were collecting, and seriously annoying our forces. After a few rounds from each piece he succeeded in dispersing them from the house, as well as for the time silencing their sharpshooters in his immediate front. At twilight he received orders to withdraw his pieces and report to Colonel Munford, commanding a brigade of cavalry, remained with him until about 9 A. M. the following day, when, by order, he reported to the battalion. Lieutenant Motes, commanding Carlton's battery, reported to Brigadier-General Wofford on the morning of the 10th, and was placed in position on the left of the Williamsport and Sharpsburg pike, near St. James Church, where he remained till the next evening, when, under orders, he retired to a position on the right of the road. My battalion was placed in position on this line, on both sides of the road, with orders to fortify it, which was done during the night and the following day. During the evening of the 13th I was ordered to send my caissons across the Potomac and to withdraw my pieces at dark. The order was promptly obeyed, and we recrossed the river without loss on the morning of the 14th.

We arrived at Culpeper C. H. on the 25th, having camped successively, near Bunker's Hill, on a farm about ten miles from Winchester, near Millwood, on the left bank of the Shenandoah, at Gaines's Cross-Roads, and on the right bank of Hazel river. During this march, although threatened by the enemy, there was no engagement, and we suffered no loss of any kind. I was much indebted to Major S. R. Hamilton for assistance rendered me on every occasion. I desire to return my thanks to my Ordnance officer, Lieutenant H. L. Powell, and Ordnance-Sergeant O. M. Price, for their efficiency. Lieutenant Powell, though wounded, continued on duty. Captain Manly, in his report, calls attention to an act of coolness by Private H. E. Thair, by which many lives were probably saved. Thair was acting No 6 at one of the guns, and while adjusting a fuze-igniter it accidentally exploded and ignited the fuze already in the shell, he seized the shell and ran with it several yard from the limber, at the same time drawing the burning fuze from the shell with his fingers.

Captain McCarthy pays the following high but no less deserved tribute to Corporal Allan Morton, who fell on the 3d of July: "In Corporal Allan Morton, the battery lost its best and bravest soldier, one who had endeared himself to all by his unflinching bravery, his

strict attention to all duties, and his cheerful obedience to all orders."

Lieutenant Furlong says that he "was much indebted to Corporals Campbell and Kernan for the manner in which they managed their respective pieces."

The battalion sustained the following casualties: In Manly's battery, 3 killed, 4 wounded, and four (4) missing; 13 horses killed and 7 disabled. In McCarthy's battery, 2 killed and 8 wounded; 23 horses killed and 2 disabled. In Carlton's battery, 1 killed, 2 officers and 3 enlisted men wounded; 13 horses killed and 4 wounded (disabled, but for a short time, one.) In Fraser's battery, 6 killed, 2 officers and 11 enlisted men wounded; 18 horses killed. Total—killed, 12; wounded officers, 4; enlisted men, 26; 67 horses killed and 13 disabled. I have the honor to enclose the reports of the battery officers.

I have not language to express my admiration of the coolness and courage displayed by the officers and men on the field of this great battle. Their acts speak for themselves. In the successive skirmishes in which a portion of the battalion was engaged, and when placed in line of battle near Hagerstown, inviting and expecting an attack, their cool courage and energy are above praise.

In crossing rivers, in overcoming the difficulties of a tedious march, in providing for the horses of the battalion, no officers ever exhibited greater energy and efficiency. Passing over muddy roads, exposed to rain nearly every day, they bore the difficulties of the march without a murmur of dissatisfaction. All seemed engaged in a cause which made privation, endurance and any sacrifice a "labor of love."

Very respectfully,

H. C. CABELL,
Colonel Commanding.

General W. N. Pendleton,

Chief of Artillery, A. N. V.:

General,—This report not having been finished before Colonel Walton left Virginia, is respectfully forwarded to you.

Very respectfully,

H. C. CABELL,
Colonel Commanding.

Campaigns of the Civil War—Chancellorsville—Gettysburg.

A Review of General Doubleday by Colonel WM. ALLAN.

No volume of this valuable series covers a period of more absorbing interest than General Doubleday's account of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. These were two of the greatest battles of the war, and the last, though not the decisive struggle it is often represented, marked the supreme point of southern effort, and was followed by unmistakable and growing signs of exhaustion. The book, as we might expect from the character and rank of its author, is a clear and painstaking narrative of events in which he bore a distinguished part. It is valuable as the carefully prepared statement of a Federal General officer who was a prominent participant, especially at Gettysburg, in the great campaign of 1863. It is well illustrated by fairly good maps, and in this respect contrasts very agreeably with most of the preceding numbers of the series.

General Doubleday's statement of the Federal movements at Chancellorsville is clear and good, and he apportions the blame for its disaster there much more justly between Hooker, Howard, and Sedgwick than does Colonel Dodge, in his more elaborate and most excellent work on this battle. There can be no doubt that the overwhelming rout of the Eleventh corps by Jackson was largely due to Howard's taking none but the feeblest precautions against a flank attack, and that too in spite of the fact that he knew Jackson to be moving all day across his front, and had been warned by Hooker to be on his guard. Again, though Sedgwick showed tardiness and lack of enterprise in pushing up from Fredericksburg, General Doubleday sees so clearly the immensely greater blunder of Hooker in lying idle at Chancellorsville with (besides the troops that had been engaged) "37,000 fresh men" in front of "17,000 worn out men," while Sedgwick was being beaten, that he thinks Hooker must have been incapacitated for command by his wounds of the day before. He says: "The concussion must have effected his brain."

General Doubleday is more of annalist than historian, and is of course mainly occupied with the blunders of his own superiors. He could hardly be expected to describe in fitting terms the splendid strategy of Lee, the no less magnificent audacity and skill of Jackson, and the courage and determination of those 60,000 Confederates who throttled "the finest army on the planet," (as Hooker with pardonable pride termed it) on the south bank of the Rappahannock and hurled it, though doubly as numerous, bleeding and powerless beyond that stream.

But while there is much to praise, the prominence of the distinguished author makes it all the more necessary to point out some of the errors he has made. We may allude, in passing to the fondness General Doubleday has for the term "Rebel" instead of "Confederate," a small matter, but showing a tendency of mind not exactly historical. But there are graver matters, for instance, on page 37, in describing the gallant charge of Major Kernan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, at Hazel Grove, he says: "At 34 years of age, literally impaled on the bayonets of the enemy, he laid down his life and saved the army from capture and his country from the unutterable degradation of the establishment of slavery in the Northern States." The idea contained in the close of this sentence is repeated elsewhere in the book. Now, it may be permitted to a brave man like General Doubleday to become enthusiastic over the gallant charge of a handful of cavalry, even to the extent of greatly exaggerating the results of their devotion, but he has no right to say that the issue fought over was the "establishment of slavery in the Northern States." The Southern States never aimed at anything of the kind; they fought for independance, and no more desired or expected, in the event of success, to extend their institutions over the North than did the American colonies, at the close of the Revolution, desire or expect to turn the Mother country into a Federal Republic.

Again, General Doubleday shows a conspicuous inability to deal fairly with the question of numbers. This is manifested frequently in his book, but we will content ourselves with examining one of the most notable instances, his enumeration of the forces at Gettysburg, on page 123. He says: "The two armies * * * were in numbers as follows according to the estimate made by the Count of Paris, who is an impartial observer, and who has made a close study of the question.

"The Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, 82,000 men and 300 guns.

"The Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, 73,500 men and 190 guns.

"Stuart had 11,100 cavalry and 16 guns.

"Pleasanton had about the same number of cavalry and 27 guns."

The Count of Paris is hardly entitled to the character of an "impartial observer." He is frequently one-sided, and in his earlier volumes, especially, seems to have troubled himself but little about information that did not proceed from the side on which he fought. But letting this pass, it seems hardly possible, and yet it is a fact, that General Doubleday has seriously misstated the Count, and in favor of his own

side. In a letter from the Count of Paris (SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS, vol. vi, page 10), from which General Doubleday seems to have quoted, the former credits General Lee with 73,500 men of all arms on July 1st, and says: "If we deduct the cavalry on both sides, we can say that the Southern General fought with 62,000 or 63,000 men and 190 guns, the 80,000 or 82,000 men and 300 guns with which Meade encountered him at Gettysburg." General Doubleday has evidently counted *Stuart's cavalry twice* in the above statement, while *he has counted Pleasanton's cavalry but once*.

But why at this day should General Doubleday resort to the complicated calculations by which the Count of Paris, several years ago, and in the absence of the official returns, attempted to arrive at the numbers of the Federal army on July 1st, 1863? General Meade's official return for June 30th, the day before the battle of Gettysburg began, has been more than once published. It is given in the article of General Early, which follows in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS the very letter from which General Doubleday quotes, and of course it settles the question as to Meade's numbers. It gives the "present for duty" in the Federal *infantry and artillery* at that date as 89,283, and gives the strength of the cavalry as taken from the return of May 31st (that for June not having been made in the cavalry), as 10,192. Now, on July 2d two brigades, not included above, joined Meade, viz: Stannard's Vermont brigade and Lockwood's Maryland brigade. These are estimated by General Humphreys at 2,500 each, or 5,000 for the two. In regard to the cavalry, after the return of May 31st was made Stahl's brigade of 6,100 men joined Hooker, but the Federal cavalry suffered severely in the fights and marches of June, and Dr. Bates as well as other Federal authorities, estimate that it did not exceed 12,000 on July 1. (Its strength on July 10 was 11,842.) Hence, adding the 5,000 infantry, we have 94,283 as the "*present for duty*" in the Federal infantry and artillery at Gettysburg, and adding the 12,000 cavalry, we have Meade's "*present for duty*" of all arms as 106,283. (As appears from the return of July 10, this number should be still further increased a few hundreds by some batteries which were omitted from the return of June 30.) Meade's return contains a heading not used in Confederate reports—"present for duty, *equipped*," which contains only those actually available for the line of battle"; that is, it omits all general and staff officers, provost guard, engineer brigade, signal corps and guards and orderlies, and includes only line officers and men. Under this head the return of June 30 gives 83,900 *infantry and artillery*. Add Stannard's and Lockwood's 5,000 and the 12,000

cavalry, and we have 100,900 for Meade's fighting strength for actual line of battle. Why, in all fairness, did not General Doubleday take this return of June 30 for the Federal strength, or show cause for rejecting it in favor of the speculations of the Count of Paris, made evidently without a knowledge of it?

It is a more difficult matter to arrive with exactness at General Lee's strength, because no return of his army has been found later than May 31. At that date his "Present for duty" was 64,159 *infantry and artillery*, and 10,292 *cavalry*—total 74,451. Between that date and July 1, Corse's brigade of five regiments, and three regiments of Early's division, that had been included in this return, were detached, and left behind in Virginia, while Pettigrew's brigade of four regiments, two regiments that had been in West Virginia, and "perhaps two other regiments in Davis' newly formed brigade," had been added to Lee's infantry. These infantry additions may be taken as off-setting the infantry detached, and therefore not affecting the question. Besides these changes there were added to Lee's army the two cavalry brigades of Jenkins and Imboden. Both the Count of Paris and Colonel Taylor, of General Lee's staff, estimate the strength of three cavalry brigades at 3,000 men.

The Count and some other writers, have imagined, without a single fact on which to base the supposition, that the Confederate army was increased by the return of sick and deserters, and by the arrival of conscripts during the month of June, though it was engaged in an active campaign, and was moving from its own base into hostile territory. General Early clearly shows in the article above referred to, that this was not so, and that on the contrary his own division lost from sickness and straggling ten per cent. of its strength between May 31 and June 30, and by July 1 it had probably decreased fifteen per cent. The return of Rodes's division made at Carlisle a few days before the battle, shows a decrease of five per cent. in his strength as compared with May 31. These are the only two divisions whose returns near the date of the battle have been found, so far as I know. To sum up—Stuart's cavalry was increased by 3,000 after May 31, but like the Federal cavalry had been seriously lessened by severe marching and fighting. If the Federal cavalry could only muster 12,000 out of 16,000 on July 1, Stuart could not have had over 10,000 or 11,000 out of 13,300. But of Stuart's *seven* brigades *three* (Robertson's, Jones's and Imboden's) were not present at Gettysburg, having been engaged (like French's Federal division at Frederick, which is not included in

Meade's numbers) in protecting communications, guarding supplies, &c., in the rear. So Stuart had 6,000 or 7,000 cavalry at Gettysburg.

The Confederate *infantry* and *artillery* numbered 64,159 less the small losses in the battles about Winchester, and the far greater losses from the exhaustion of a march of two hundred miles. These losses have been variously estimated at from 5,000 to 11,000 men. So far no returns have been found that would fix the latter with exactness, but it is very evident that Lee's infantry and artillery "present for duty" July 1st, did not reach 60,000 men, and that 66,000 or 67,000 men of all arms, "present for duty," is a liberal statement of his force.

The Confederate returns had no column for "present for duty equipped," hence this estimate of Lee's force is to be compared with Meade's 106,283 "present for duty" of all arms.

The above sample of the way in which General Doubleday has dealt with the numbers of the combatants is not calculated to give a favorable impression of the impartiality with which he has treated his subject. His book is, however, a useful contribution to the annals of the war, though the author has not been able to lay aside the partisan sufficiently to rise to the true level of history.

Tribute to the Confederate Dead.

By REV. DR. MARKHAM of New Orleans.

[The following eloquent address was delivered at the reunion of the veterans of the Army of Tennessee in New Orleans, on the 6th of April, 1882, and will be read with tender interest by all who cherish the memory of our fallen heroes:]

Mr. President and Comrades of the Army of Tennessee,—Standing to-day beside the mound that is the base of the monument from whose four sides look out the faces of four of our dead heroes, with that typical figure, the Confederate soldier, standing on the top of its commemorative column, and recalling the toast to which I was to respond here to-night, Irving's tender and familiar words came vividly to mind: "There comes a voice from the tomb sweeter than song, and there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living." For those faces and that figure brought the dead to life.

There was Albert Sidney Johnston, coming out from the cloud and mist of misapprehension and detraction, vindicated in his dying as the

peer of the most illustrious in that grand galaxy of generals, statesmen, and heroes that have made the name and fame of the Southern Confederacy immortal. There was Louisiana's bishop-general, Polk, who, with a lofty soul, a clear conscience, and an abiding faith, and clad in the divine panoply, wore also with ease and grace the armor of human strife. There was Stonewall Jackson, flashing through the conflict the very genius of battle. And there, too, was Lee, "first in war, first in peace," and still first in all our hearts. And above, and of right crowning that monumental shaft and looking down upon that heroic group, stood that figure leaning upon his gun, a mute, yet eloquent reminder of the men who followed, trusted and loved those leaders—leaders who, without such followers, without men so courageous, patriotic and devoted, had never been lifted to their high places in human history. Ah! amid associations so suggestive, there was a charm in the remembrance of our dead.

And, looking around on the throng of loving women and true men gathered to pay honor to "our dead," I asked myself did these men die in vain? Were their lives wasted or lost? And in quick response and earnest protest my heart cried out, No! no! a thousand times no! True, they died sad and cruel deaths. Ball and shot and shell made their lives leap forth at a bound, or left them shattered in frame or limb to sink in slower agonies. Through long sickness they wasted in camps and hospitals, away from home, from wife and children, kindred and friends. Through vigil-keeping nights and weary days, under parching suns, in blinding dust and amid freezing snows they toiled and suffered. They fell in trenches, and in mines, or on fields of blood under the open sky, with none to close their eyes or compose their limbs; their last sighs heard only by the winds of heaven that moaned their requiem; leaving behind them empty homes, weeping eyes and breaking hearts.

And yet in the days when they suffered and died there were men who lived in ease and plenty, and died quietly in their beds, whose names are as dead and forgotten as their cold and mouldering forms. And to be "forgotten as a dead man out of mind," to be "to dumb forgetfulness a prey" is a dreaded fate. For the desire of posthumous fame is a noble aspiration of the human soul. Among life's right ambition it is a worthy aim to seek to do something that will keep a man's memory fresh and green; and it is a consolation to be able to say when dying, "I shall not altogether die."

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I have yet to learn that those generations that pass through uneventful and unhistoric days are to be envied, as gathering up their feet in

their beds they go gently to their fathers, or to be esteemed as favored above those other generations that lived in times that tried men's souls, times that showed the stuff that men were made of, times that developed the heroic qualities of honor, truth and strength, that are so often consumed by the "cankers of a long peace." The dead past of history lies along its wide deserts and level plains of quiet and abundance, while its living past is among its hills and hollows of unrest and want, and its heroic past is on its eminences, laboriously attained, from whose lofty heights of toil and strife, sun-illumined and heaven-touched, look out the men and shine forth the deeds that place man beside the immortals and lift him toward the eternal.

Were I a Jew—whose records are the grandest—and were I asked in what period of my people's history it was most an honor to have lived, I would select, not David's glorious day, when surrounding nations bowed to Israel's conquering arms, nor Solomon's golden time—Israel's high noon of peace and plenty—but I would choose, rather, the life time of that generation that camped forty years in the wilderness, their eyes not suffered to see Canaan nor their feet to press its sacred soil; for in that day God came down and talked with Moses in the mount, and gave to them that law that is the basis of the truth and right and justice that to-day prevail throughout Christendom.

And so with us, in that seven years' struggle that made us a nation. It was well worth "twice ten years of peaceful life" to have lived and labored with Washington, to have fought at Bunker's Hill and Saratoga, at Princeton and Yorktown, and to have suffered and endured at Valley Forge.

But it may be said that these gained and ours lost. Well, be it so. Were the lives of ours, therefore, wasted, and did our dead die in vain? As well say so of the martyrs, whose blood was the seed of the church. And, drawing reverently the parallel, when Jesus died in agony and ignominy, Pilate and Herod lived. In that eclipse of the God-man, was his cause lost? Why, in three centuries he became the world's master, his name ruling that empire whose subordinate official had delivered him to death.

Ah! men die, but principles live, and truth,

"Though struck to earth revives again.
The eternal years of God are her's."

And, to-day, the principles of constitutional right and individual liberty, of State sovereignty, and local self-government, for which our men warred and died, find assertion and advocacy throughout the land.

In the homage paid, to this day, at their tombs by fair women and brave men, among them men once foes who came as friends, a homage paid through floral offerings symbolizing love and peace, our association offered our dead the highest tribute. What said that pair of scales set there in silent but expressive beauty? "Weighed in the balances they were not found wanting."

Comrades, I know that as the words of our toast arrest our ears, tender memories are awakened in our hearts—memories of men whose hearts were knit to ours in the camp, the march, the bivouac, the siege and the battle. And as Shiloh, and Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, and Chattanooga, and Vicksburg, and Atlanta, and Franklin, and Nashville, and Mansfield, and Pleasant Hill, pass before us, familiar forms and faces appear instinct with the life and bright with the light that was the strength and the joy of those camping and campaigning days. And some of them, alas! we see bathed in their blood, shrouded in their blankets and laid away in their nameless graves. Well do I recall our charges up Franklin's fatal slope, and remember how, the day after, as their chaplain, with Scripture and prayer, I buried seventy of the best and bravest of my brigade, placed side by side in the long trenches that were their common grave. And that fight at Peach Tree Creek, above Atlanta, where, of our 1,230 that went in, but 650 came out. Ah! how often, as we entered those fields of slaughter, looking along our devoted ranks, the pathos and power of those lines, in which a master of words commemorates Waterloo, thrilled my soul as prophecies of that awaiting us:

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The noon the marshaling to arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array.

The thunder clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe—in one red burial blent."

Comrades, though divided from "Our Dead," we are not dissevered. For while not of those—nor would I be—who believe that

"Ever near us, though unseen,
Their dear immortal spirits tread,"

while I cannot think that they are roused from their rest

"On fame's eternal camping-ground,"

and sent forth on this weary and anxious patrol, keeping watch and ward over our miseries, follies and sins, I yet believe, finding my warrant in that book that tells us that the angels of God are his ministering messengers of love and mercy, that these same angels, who take the tear and the prayer of penitence above, so that Heaven's arches resound with notes of joy over the repenting, that they also bear word of us to ours who are gone before, telling them how, with toil and wrestle, we are yet struggling up toward the better land and the blessed life, and telling, too, that they, though dead, are living in our hearts and on our lips. In such a faith there is set a stimulus to our endeavors so to live that our lives here may waken joy in hearts that love us there.

And in the light of such a faith, it is not overbold or strained to say that, doubtless, to-night the hearts of heroes who have passed over the river and await us on the other side are made glad by our remembrance, as, gathered here, we honor their names, their virtues and their deeds.

And, comrades, one word more. The time will come when this association will have reached its maximum; when our president shall no more report, as he has done to-night, an increase in our number; when there will be no more new members. And then will our contraction begin. From that day will date our decline. One by one the veterans who survive, dropping from our thinning ranks, will diminish our ever-decreasing roll. And there will be a day when the last survivor, on this the night of our annual reunion, shall enter our hall alone.

God grant that, then, as with the trembling grasp of age, he lifts to his lips the glass of remembrance, and dreading to break the solemn stillness in which he sits, faintly whispers to his own ear his last toast—"My" (no longer "our") "My Dead"—that, then and there, as his eye passes over the long roll, and he folds it for a final report, he may send it up indorsed and approved, writing on it: "These, my comrades, in *war*, died on the field of honor, in *peace*, at the post of duty, and are living in the fields of glory."

The Fifteenth Georgia Regiment at Gettysburg.

REPORT OF COLONEL D. M. DU BOSE.

HEAD-QUARTERS FIFTEENTH REG'T GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS,
July 27th, 1863.

Lieutenant Perry, A. A. A. General :

Sir,—In obedience to orders No. —, received to-day, I herewith submit to Brigadier-General H. L. Benning a report of the part taken by my regiment (the Fifteenth Georgia) in the battle of Gettysburg on the 2d and 3d of July, 1863. My regiment occupied that portion of the ground on the extreme left of the brigade. On the 2d of July, after moving for a considerable distance across an open field under a heavy shelling from the enemy's batteries, I reached my position from which I was to move in line of battle to assist in supporting Brigadier-General Laws's brigade, which I learned had moved forward to attack the enemy. After marching forward four or five hundred yards, I, with the rest of the brigade, was halted and rested until an order came to me from General Benning to move forward at once to the support of our advanced troops. This movement was made at once, in good order, under fire of the enemy's artillery. After getting within a hundred and fifty yards of the advanced troops, I was again halted by General Benning for a few moments, my regiment having gotten a short distance ahead of another portion of our brigade lines, owing, I suppose, to the difference in the nature of the ground, over which we had to march. General Benning then left the position where he was, then near my right, and went towards the right of the brigade. I rested a few minutes in this position, until I saw the balance of the brigade had moved up even with my position and were still advancing. I immediately ordered a forward movement, and soon gained the point where our advance troops were fighting behind a stone fence, a little above the foot of a high, wooded, rocky hill. At this point my regiment commenced the engagement with the enemy who occupied the hill. At this point the nature of the ground was such that I could not see the other portion of our brigade. After fighting the enemy in this position a short time, I saw from the heavy fire of musketry on my right that the other portion of the brigade were hotly engaged trying to carry the hill in their front, which was destitute of trees. I immediately ordered my regiment to jump the stone fence and charge that portion of the hill in my front; which order they obeyed willingly and promptly, driving

the enemy from my part of the hill, turning that portion of their right flank which occupied the barren hill in front of the troops of our own brigade, on my right, and thereby assisting them in gaining the hill in their front. In this charge a portion of one of the Texas regiments joined me (the First Texas) and behaved well. After gaining the hill I continued to move forward, driving the enemy before me at a rapid rate, capturing between one hundred and forty and two hundred prisoners, including officers as well as men. I had gone on rapidly from the top of the hill between a quarter and a half mile ahead of the other portion of our brigade, which I found had halted at the top of that portion of the hill in their front, when I discovered a large body of the enemy moving so as to put themselves between me and the troops on my left and in my rear, and thereby cut me off entirely from support. As soon as I saw the danger to which I was exposed I ordered a halt, and also ordered my regiment to fall back.

I fell back to the stone fence before referred to, and there very soon arranged my line and fought the enemy in this position until I saw the troops on my left getting ready for another charge. I at once ordered my regiment to charge, which they did well, driving the enemy from their position. The troops on my left then fell back to their original position and the enemy commenced advancing upon my left. I took a small party of men, threw them out as skirmishers on the left and drove back the enemy's advance, but very soon a heavy column of the enemy came upon my left flank, drove in the skirmishers, and not being supported on the left in that position, I fell back again to my original position, and continued the fight at this point until I received a message from the commander of the troops on my left, stating that he was going to charge the enemy again, and desired me to do the same on my part of the line, which proposition I agreed to at once, and immediately ordered my regiment forward, and again did they obey my order with alacrity and courage, driving the enemy this time entirely out of the woods in my front. I then changed the front of my line so as to fire upon the enemy in the open field at the foot of the mountain on my right. In this position my line was almost at a right angle with the line of the brigade. I placed them in this position so as to assist the troops on the left, who had followed the retreating column of enemy, and were then attempting to charge a portion of the mountain height. I ordered my men to pour in a heavy fire upon the enemy as soon as the troops on the left commenced falling back, as I thought they would have to do, and thereby protect their retreat as much as possible. This they did very effectually. I remained in this position

a considerable length of time, and until late in the evening, when it became so dark that objects in the woods could not be so easily discerned. I then learned that the enemy were again moving round upon my left in heavy force. Upon learning this, I changed my line back about two hundred yards and fronted differently. I had not gotten through this movement before I discovered that the enemy were moving forward rapidly and were within two hundred yards of the left of my line. I halted, faced about and commenced fighting them, and after a few well directed volleys, succeeded in checking their advance. They then fell back, and I moved my regiment back to the stone fence in my rear, formed them in a few moments and rested in this position until General Benning ordered me to rest for the night upon the hill in my front. It was now after dark; I moved up and occupied the position he had directed me to, and also collected together all the fragments of regiments and companies from other commands, and formed them upon the same line with my own regiment, and stationed pickets in front. In this position I remained until just before daylight on the morning of the 3d of July, when I was ordered by General Benning to move my regiment back to the stone wall, from which he had ordered me the night before. I remained in position behind this wall until late in the evening of the third day of July, keeping a body of skirmishers in my front. In the latter part of the evening the enemy pressed so heavily upon my skirmishers that I was compelled to reinforce them with two additional companies, and very soon thereafter a heavy skirmish commenced.

The enemy had commenced moving around upon my left in heavy force. The troops upon my left having been withdrawn, I notified General Benning of the movement being made by the enemy. He immediately came down to my position and there received orders through a courier to move the left of his brigade so as to unite with the right of General McLaws's Division. Brigadier-General Benning ordered me to move to the position pointed out by the courier, which order I obeyed at once, calling in most of my skirmishers. The new position to which I had been ordered and occupied left a space of fully a quarter of a mile between my right and the then left of General Benning's brigade. This space was entirely unoccupied except by a few skirmishers from my regiment. I had not gained my new position but a short time before a brisk skirmish commenced between the enemy and my left wing. At this time I received an order from General Benning by one of his couriers to hold the hill I was on and that General McLaws would support me on the left. By the courier who brought me

this order I notified General Benning that I could see nothing of General McLaws, but instead of finding his troops upon my left, that the enemy were moving around upon my left in heavy force. After this time I received no further orders or notice of the movement of our troops from any one. The enemy came on rapidly in heavy force, turning my left entirely, and also advancing in front, and moving upon my right, in the space between my right and the left of the position where I had left the balance of our brigade.

After fighting in this position until I saw the enemy had greatly the advantage of me by his flank movement, I drew my line of battle back about seventy or eighty yards, changing at the same time my front. At this position I secured my men as best I could behind rock and trees, seeing that I was compelled to fight greatly superior numbers. In this position I had a desperate fight, the enemy moving up on my right and left flanks and front. I fought them until they had gotten within twenty to forty yards of my men. Seeing no reinforcements coming to my relief, and finding that in a few moments more my whole regiment would be either killed or captured, I ordered a retreat through the only space left open to me by the enemy. After falling back three or four hundred yards, I rallied my regiment behind a stone fence, and there checked the advance of the enemy; but after fighting in this position for a time, the enemy made the same movement upon this position that he had done upon the one I had last left, by throwing a force around my left flank, and moving up on my right flank, by this means hoping to surround me, and entirely cut off all means of retreat. As soon as I saw that the position of the enemy rendered my position untenable, I again ordered my men to retire. After retreating some four hundred yards further back I again rallied the remnant of my regiment, and fought them until driven from my position by one of the enemy's batteries, which completely enfiladed my position, throwing shells among my men who were lying behind the stone fence. I again ordered a retreat and fell back to where the balance of the brigade had been ordered after I left it.

During each of the four separate fights I made that evening I looked for and expected support either upon my right or left, which did not come, nor did I retire from either position until I had ascertained that there was no support to be had. My men and officers fought bravely, but my loss was immense. How any of us escaped, I do not see. In the battle of the 2nd July I went in with 330 or 335 muskets, and lost seventy men killed, wounded and missing. In the battle of the third I lost one hundred and one, making a total loss of one hundred and seventy-one men in the two days' fighting.

During the battle of the 2nd July I was greatly assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel Hearnburger and my Adjutant-Lieutenant, L. Pierce, both of whom behaved with coolness and courage. I am also indebted to all of my officers who were present, for the assistance rendered by them. My men behaved well and worthy of their former reputation. All of which is respectfully submitted.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

D. M. DuBOSE,

Colonel Fifteenth Georgia Volunteers.

**General Stephen Elliott, Lieutenant James A. Hamilton, and
Elliott's Torpedoes.**

By Major J. A. HAMILTON.

I am very confident that General Stephen Elliott was among the first, (if he was not the initiator) to introduce the use of torpedoes. During the spring of 1862 this officer, then Captain of the Beaufort artillery, was at Hardeeville. His command had several heavy howitzers with which they did duty in the absence of a light battery which he was awaiting. An inspection had been ordered, and the writer was with a squad, cleaning up one of the howitzers. The Savannah had overrun its banks, and the gun was pushed into the water for a wash. Not being used to a "fresh" I pushed it too far, and to my chagrin I saw it plunge with its heavy gun chests into the bed of the stream. I sought the Captain, and found him stretched on his stomach studying a plan of torpedo which he had drawn. Relating my mishap, he gave me a look half severe and half laughing, and leaping up began to divest himself of his uniform. When he reached the stream he was in his undergarments. Diving into the booming current he was hid for a minute, then he rose like an otter, shook the water out of his full head of hair, and struck for the shore. "A rope;" it was brought. Down he went again, and remained long enough to tie the rope to the lower axle, and run it along the pole. He reappeared, and said as he walked coolly to his tent, "hitch on the battery horses." The horses were geared to the rope and the gun was dragged from its bed to *terra firma*. The washing was complete.

A few weeks later, just after the fall of Fort Pulaski, Captain Elliott, with a few of his men, secreted some of his torpedoes in the Savannah river, near "Red Bluff." I have never learned if these were encountered by the enemy. Later, and while he was watching the coast with a "terrible faithfulness," he saw two of the enemy's war craft run into

St. Helena. He procured two frail race-boats, and putting Lieutenant James A. Hamilton in charge of one he took the other. A dark night found the two fleet boats gliding abreast and about two hundred feet apart down towards the vessels that lay head to an ebb tide. A pair of torpedoes were sent on their mission; one of the vessels, the smaller, with a crew of about thirty, was blown to atoms. Excepting the actors in this affair no one knew of it; Captain Elliott kept his own counsel, and was the more successful for it. After the removal of Colonel Rhett to another field of service Colonel Stephen Elliott was placed in charge of Fort Sumter. How he floated masses of ranging timber down the harbor at night and dragged it through the rear ports; how he created a frame and filled it in with debris; how he unpaved the streets of Charleston, and set the cobble-stones outside of his unique parapet, and how he flung out a new and defiant flag over the "fort within a fort," is for a gifted pen. Elliott, the genius of war, lifted the drooping crest of the old fortress, and like Druihus used the enemy's material to defeat him. Anticipating a night attack from the enemy (which afterwards was skilfully planned, and which met with a complete and disastrous overthrow to the Federals, nearly all of whom were captured or killed) he desired to avert or weaken such an assault by attacking the "Ironsides," then the rallying centre of the fleet. Torpedoes at this time were used successfully on the western rivers, and were being discussed in Charleston. Colonel Elliott wrote to his friend and late brother officer. The original is in the possession of one of Lieutenant Hamilton's relatives:

"AUGUST 29, 1863.

"*Dear Jim*,—As you have already heard from ———, General Beauregard desired me to suggest a commissioned officer who might take charge of the completion, and perhaps the application, of the four torpedoes now at McPhersonville. I could think of no one so fit as yourself, as you understand the machines and are perfectly capable of applying them. In the latter operation, however, I hope to have a share myself, if my duties do not interfere. * * * Call for what you want and you shall have it. * * * I consider the blowing up of the "Ironsides" of so much importance that it overcomes my scruples. * * * Hoping you will pitch in and be ready for the dark nights,
I am yours truly, &c.,

"STEPHEN ELLIOTT.

"*To Lieutenant James A. Hamilton.*"

The next day saw the laconic Colonel and his trusted Lieutenant seated on the boulders counting the chances. "Which of the vessels

will you try? The Ironsides is farthest out and until she moves in you must work on the closest." Elliott watched the other. "I shall not hunt the field for a Harold, Colonel; any one of them is worth the attempt." Hamilton made his rendezvous at the "hundred pines," and avoided all noonday movements; yet it is supposed that spies in the city sent word of his intentions, in bottles floated down to the fleet. After one or two attempts made, the Ironsides was rafted around with fenders which kept off the torpedoes. I am not sure that she had not been shocked by one torpedo. A few days later, however, and Lieutenant Hamilton while reconnoitering after night in a small boat was thrown into the sea and remained there for about an half hour. This brought on a congestion, and he was ordered away to recruit. He sank rapidly, and while trying to walk down a flight of steps in Columbia, he fell, burst a blood vessel and died. Just before dying he beckoned to his brother: "What says the doctor?" The sad reply was given, "No hope, dear Jim." "I am too young to die; however, if it is God's will, Amen!" Turning to his servant he said, "Israel, square me on the pillow." This done, he dressed his shoulders as if in ranks, "Good-bye brother;" and the man of iron nerve took his long furlough. He died at thirty-four. While lying in uniform awaiting transportation, a brother officer of another command came in, and kissed the dead man's forehead. The writer advanced and enquired "why this affection?" "There is one," he replied, "who saved my life and reputation. I was once flanked by the enemy; he that sleeps there was fighting his guns at my left as busy as he could be. I crossed over and said, Lieutenant, I am to be captured. Forward; he called to his section—forward they went. Fall back; he said to me as he unlimbered in my front. I fell back, he broke the enemy's charge and I escaped."

A distinctive modesty stamped both Elliott and his Lieutenant. The senior a bluff, dashing, handsome, well-bred soldier; his Lieutenant a slim, well-knit, modest but determined man, whom his leader trusted in any emergency. "Elliott is a paragon," said the younger to me; "Jim is a faithful fighter," said the Colonel. Yemassee, hot, bloody, victorious Yemassee, was fought. It was an all-day fight, and the Confederates had laid out twice their number that day. On the field, at night, some of the officers were enjoying a refreshment of good things; a toast was offered by one amid that scene of slaughter, "Hamilton, the hero of the day." It was drank all round, but the subject of the toast was, meanwhile, snoring soundly with his head pillowed on a root a few yards away. He cared naught for sentiment; he was a man for work. The torpedoes which Elliott used were his own invention; they consisted of two cans, one empty to float, the other which held

powder. A musket sawed off to a length of three feet was adjusted between the two; an eccentric or trip was arranged around the musket grip, and this connected with the trigger. When the trip was disturbed, as if by touching a vessel's side, it fired the musket into the lower can, which was submerged, and the explosion ensued. How much damage was done to the enemy can never be told. Both General Elliott and his Lieutenant were painfully reticent about what they would or had done, but what they did do was the possible of what two men could do.

The Southern Soldier Boy.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,
True as the truest that wore it—
Brave as the bravest, he marched away,
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay,)
Triumphant waved our flag one day,
He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest, where duty led,
He hurried without a falter;
Bold as the boldest, he fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red,
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain,
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
On his pale, pure face, not a mark of pain,
(His mother dreams they will meet again,)
The fairest form amid all the slain,
Like a child asleep—he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the woods that swept
The field where his comrades found him,
They buried him there—and the hot tears crept
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept,
(His mother—God pity her—smiled and slept,
Dreaming her arms were around him.)

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother—
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
There is not a name, there is not a stone—
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
But his *memory lives* in the other.

Correspondence and Orders Concerning the Army of Northern Virginia.

[We propose giving, from time to time, from the compilation made by the "War Records"-office, such letters and orders as may be of special interest and value to our readers—beginning with those concerning the Army of Northern Virginia from May 30th, to August 13th, 1862.]

HEADQUARTERS, HARRISON'S, VA.,
May 20, 1862.

GENERAL LEE:

General,—I had the honor to write you on Saturday,* expressing the opinion that it is absolutely necessary that the Department of Henrico should be included in my command. Having received no reply, I respectfully repeat the suggestion, and ask the President to have the proper orders in the case given. It is needless to remind either of you of the mischief inevitable from divided commands.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. E. JOHNSTON, *General*.

—
HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, VA.,
May, 21, 1862.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,
Comdg. Army of Northern Virginia.

General,—The President desires to know the number of troops around Richmond, how they are posted, and the organization of the divisions and brigades; also, the programme of operations which you propose. The information relative to the composition and position of your army can readily be furnished, but your plan of operations, dependent upon circumstances, perhaps, yet to be developed, may not be so easily explained, nor may it be prudent to commit it to paper. I would, therefore, respectfully suggest that you communicate your views on this subject personally to the President, which, perhaps, would be more convenient to you and satisfactory to him.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE, *General*.

—
HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, VA.,
May 22, 1862.

GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON,
Comdg. Army of Northern Virginia,
Headquarters near Richmond, Va.

General,—Your letter of this morning relative to the construction of

* Not found.

the bridge near Drewry's Bluff has been received.* Upon inquiring of the acting chief engineer, I find that everything necessary for the construction of a bridge has been furnished Captain Blackford and sent down to-day, except labor. Fifty laborers have also been sent down, and others will be sent as soon as they can be procured. Owing to the difficulty of getting hands, it will be necessary to draw any additional force that may be wanted from the troops stationed in contiguous positions to the work.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General*.

—
HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, VA.,

May 22, 1862.

GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON,

Commanding, &c.

General,—Your letter of this morning* by Major Whiting has been received, and I can only assure you that there is no question as to the extent of your authority or command. The troops at and around Drewry's Bluff are commanded by General Mahone, and are a part of General Huger's division, whose operations you of course control.

As regards the work at Drewry's Bluff, it was commenced under the general plan and superintendence of Captain Rives, and subsequently has been placed in immediate charge of the Navy. The system adopted is so far advanced as to render it hazardous to change it, and the only thing to be done is to strengthen and complete it as fast as possible. Captain Clarke is considered the constructing engineer, and I see no objection to Major Stevens having the general control, if his other duties will permit, or at least to his giving to Captain Clarke and the naval officers in charge the benefit of his experience and knowledge. But the President is unwilling to disturb the arrangement with the Navy Department now existing, further than is necessary to insure the general control of the military operations now exercised by General Mahone, who is, of course, subject to your orders.

I am, General, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General*.

—
HEADQUARTERS, HARRISON'S VA.,

May 28, 1862—9 A. M.

GENERAL LEE.

General,—If McDowell is approaching, of which there can be no

* Not found.

doubt, we must fight very soon. Every man we have should be here. Major-General Holmes's troops should, therefore, be ordered to Richmond forthwith; they may be wanted to-morrow. I have more than once suggested a concentration here of all available forces.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

P. S.—I shall bring up Huger.

J. E. J.

Notes and Queries.

The Wounding of Stonewall Jackson.

In our Notes on this sad event in our last issue, we gave a statement of one who claims to have been one of the litter bearers who bore Jackson from the field, and who expressed the opinion that Jackson was wounded by the enemy, and not by his own men. We distinctly disavowed that idea, and said that the proofs were abundant that Jackson fell by the fire of his own men; but we ought, perhaps, to have pointed out those proofs a little more clearly.

In Volume VI, pp. 230–234, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, we published the narrative of Major Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of General A. P. Hill's staff. In same Volume, pp. 261–282, we published a paper by General Early in which he gives a letter from Captain Wilbourn, of Jackson's staff, who was with his chief at the time he was wounded. And in Volume 8, pp. 493–496, we printed General Lane's account of the affair.

These statements are all perfectly conclusive, and show beyond all cavil, that our great chieftain was shot down by the fire of his own men, who would gladly have laid down their lives for him.

Towns Burned by Federal Troops.

The following letter explains itself:

OXFORD, MISS., Mar. 30, 1882.

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES,

Secretary Southern Historical Society:

DEAR SIR,—I have just read in your January and February number, a letter to you from my brother-in-law, W. M. Polk, with a chap-

ter from a forthcoming work—The Life of Leonidas Polk. I read also with interest a letter from Rev. H. E. Hayden. I will add another to the list of towns wantonly burnt by Federal officers during the war.

There were no Confederate forces in this part of the country, when General Smith, belonging to General Grant's army, ordered this town to be burnt. All the houses around the square (except a small fire-proof store), the court-house, Jacob Thompson's residence, James Brown's house, and many other private dwellings were destroyed, and an officer ordered to burn the University. Finding only peaceful occupants, literary and philosophical apparatus, he said he would rather lose his commission than carry out such a vandal order, and so it was spared.

The only reason that General Smith gave for such wanton destruction was, that he had heard that General Forrest was about to make a raid into Memphis! (100 miles away). The better reason may have been that it was the home of Jacob Thompson,

Very Respectfully,

P. H. SKIPWITH.

Did Cutt's Battalion have sixty guns at Sharpsburg?

General Palfrey in his "Antietam and Fredericksburg" quotes General D. H. Hill's report as saying: "I had, however, twenty-six pieces of artillery of my own, and near sixty pieces of Cutt's battalion temporarily under my command."

We have referred to General Hill's report (A. N. V. Reports, Vol. II, page 114) and find that General Palfrey has correctly quoted him.

But it is, of course, one of the many typographical errors in the volumes of Reports printed by order of the Confederate Congress. No Confederate battalion of artillery had in it anywhere near sixty pieces. We find no report of Colonel Cutt's of Sharpsburg in these volumes, but in his report of seven days around Richmond he puts the number of guns in his battalion at fifteen, and he hardly had more at Sharpsburg. Who can give us *definite* information on this point?

Stonewall Jackson Frightened for once.

Governor Jackson of West Virginia tells this anecdote: "I recollect asking 'Stonewall,' who was my cousin, if he had ever been frightened in war. He said yes, once he had been considerably under a sense of fear. It was in the city of Mexico. A chest containing a large sum of money had been put in Lieutenant Jackson's charge, and to be per-

fectly secure of it he ordered it to be carried to his headquarters, in an old abbey or convent, and laid down there alone in the room with it to sleep, a sentinel walking the corridor outside. He had been there in bed only a few minutes, and was getting drowsy, when he distinctly heard something under his bed, which lifted up as if a man was secreted there. Jackson said he leaped out of bed and drew his sword, and examined the bed and the room in vain. Jackson then supposed he had been possibly dreaming, and resumed his bed. Just as he was thinking it was all a mistake his bed lifted again, plainly and with some force. He started forth a second time, sword in hand, and behold! nothing was there. 'This time,' said he, 'I was scared indeed, till my attention was called to a shouting outside in the street, and then I found that it was an earthquake passing under the city of Mexico that had lifted my bed up and given me such apprehension.'

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS are always annoying, and especially when they affect the sense of important historical statements. We believe our printers are generally very accurate, and even where mistakes sometimes creep in it may be the fault of the copy, or of our proof-reading, rather than of the printers.

But in our January-February number were some mistakes, which (whether made by the copyist or the printers) ought to be corrected. In GENERAL EARLY'S LETTER ABOUT WINCHESTER, he is made to write (page 79) "*Burntown*" for Brucetown, and to say that he "would have still won the day if our cavalry could have stopped the enemy's, but so overwhelming was the *battle*, and so demoralized was the larger part of ours, that no assistance was received from it." "*Battle*" should have been "*latter*." General Early writes so carefully and accurately, that we are particularly annoyed when mistakes creep into his articles, even when (as in this case) the fault is in the copyist. CAPTAIN POLK writes us in reference to his article on CHICKAMAUGA, published in our January-February number:

On page 5, in the paragraph relating to the operations of Generals Hill and Hindman against Generals Negley and Baird in McLemore's Cove (September 11th, 1863), I am made to say, "By daylight of the 11th September Cleburne had forced his way through the felled timber of Dug's Gap, and was ready to respond to Hindman's attack, but being uncertain of his position did not attack," * * * It should read, "Cleburne had forced his way through the felled timber of Dug's Gap, and was ready to respond, but Hindman, uncertain of his position, did not attack."

RENEWALS are still in order, and we hope our friends will promptly forward the \$3 due us—a small matter to them, but a very important one to us.

LECTURES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SOCIETY will be delivered the last of May or first of June in a number of Southern cities by our gallant and accomplished friend, General Fitz Lee, who has kindly consented to give this additional proof of his devotion to the Society and its interests.

We shall be very much mistaken if the several cities to which he goes do not give "General Fitz" a hearty welcome and a cordial greeting.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the "special fund" we are raising have been made by several of our friends, whose names and subscriptions we will publish in due season.

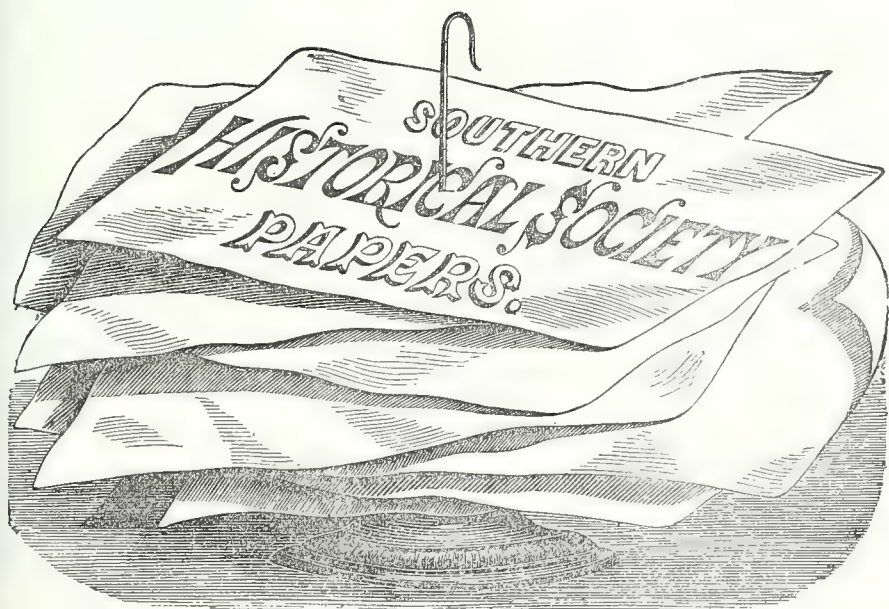
Meantime, others who have promised to help, would greatly oblige us by sending the money at their earliest convenience direct to this office; and yet others will be welcomed into this company of willing helpers.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS continue to present monthly attractions for old and young, which are unrivalled in their line, and which seem to be appreciated by a constantly increasing circle of readers.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE is diligently at work on a "History of the Army of Northern Virginia." A gallant and able soldier, who was an active participant in well nigh every battle that army ever fought, General Lee wields a facile pen, and could not fail to give us a book of deep interest. But those who have read his exceedingly able and pains-taking papers on Gettysburg and Chancellorsville will expect from General Lee a book of *real historic value*. And they will not be disappointed.

We have received GENERAL JACOB D. COX's account of "Second Bull Run, as connected with the Fitz John Porter Case," and propose to give it a careful study and a candid review; but we shall be greatly mistaken if this defence of the court martial that convicted Porter does not confirm us in our opinion that they were guilty of a great outrage on an able and gallant soldier in making him the "scapegoat" of Pope's imbecility.



Vol. X.

Richmond, Va., May, 1882.

No. 5.

The Peninsula—McClellan's Campaign of 1862, by Alexander S. Webb.

A REVIEW BY COLONEL WILLIAM ALLAN.

General Webb's book is a valuable one. It is on the whole, a clear and simple narrative of the Peninsula campaign, or rather of the actions and sufferings of the army of the Potomac during that campaign. It is written with that comprehension of the military field of operations and of the movements therein, that we might expect from an officer of the rank and distinction of the author, and who was at the same time a participant in the campaign he describes. His tone is temperate, his criticisms of the various Federal officers and authorities whom he thinks blameworthy, are judicious and moderate, though in some cases, as in that of McClellan, they are, to say the least, generous; his spirit towards his foes, "the rebels" is generally fair, and he has evidently taken pains to consult the authorities on both sides. The book is a pleasant contrast to the mass of misrepresentation and abuse that for years poured forth from northern papers under the name of History, the end of which, it is to be hoped, is heralded by this book and others like it.

General Webb has however given rather a narrative of the doings

of the army of the Potomac than a history of the Peninsula campaign. His description of the Confederate side of the struggle is very brief and meagre. His attention, and his pages are chiefly filled with the Federal plans of campaign, the differences between McClellan and the Federal administration, the difficulties which successively appeared in the path of the Federal army and the questions as to responsibility connected with these difficulties and the consequent failures. He handles General McClellan's military reputation very tenderly, he is anxious to take care of it, and he has found, as others have, that this makes exhaustive draughts on his skill and his time. There are too a numbers of errors of statement in the book, some of which are evidently due to haste in its preparation.

In the spring of 1862, the Confederate government found itself face to face with a difficult problem in Virginia. The largest and best appointed of the Federal armies, under their Commander-in-Chief, lay in front of General Johnston at Manassas, evidently waiting only for good weather to assume the offensive. This army contained over 180,000 men "present for duty," and from 600 to 700 pieces of artillery (p. 7). Johnston was holding it in check with less than 50,000 men (p. 26). The Federal navy had virtually undisputed control of the sea and the rivers, except the James. Some Confederate batteries had partially obstructed the Potomac below Washington, but these could be driven away whenever the Federal Commander chose to do it. A small Confederate force under Huger still held Norfolk and the Navy Yard, where they were preparing the ram, Virginia, to introduce a new era into naval warfare. Magruder, with 11,000 men, watched the peninsula between the James and York, and by means of his works at Yorktown and Gloucester Point, closed the latter river above that point. In the West heavy reverses had already befallen the Confederate arms, and still greater were impending, so that nothing could be drawn from that quarter to strengthen the slender means with which the Confederacy was to meet the prodigious military armament that was about to set forth against Richmond. Johnston, who, by his boldness, had confined the Federal army for months to the vicinity of Washington, realized that with the advent of spring his advanced position at Manassas was untenable. McClellan could move against him in overwhelming strength, or he could leave Washington securely defended by a force larger than the Confederate army, and then move an army twice as numerous as Johnston's to the Rappahannock or the lower Chesapeake, and thus place it between Johnston and Richmond. Seeing that Fredericksburg offered the most direct route to Richmond and

possessed many advantages over all the others, Johnston expected his adversary to move by it, and therefore prepared to fall back behind the Rappahannock so that he might be ready to oppose an advance by way of Fredericksburg as well as be within reach should McClellan choose a more southerly line of approach. Johnston continued to maintain a bold front at Manassas, and by various *ruses* imposed greatly exaggerated notions of his strength upon McClellan to the last moment. To the latter's great surprise he quietly evacuated Manassas on March 9th.

This movement of the Confederate army somewhat deranged McClellan's plans. After long discussion, the latter had induced President Lincoln to agree to his plan of transporting the mass of his army to Urbana, on the lower Rappahannock, for an advance thence by way of West Point on Richmond. A main inducement to this plan was that the Federal army might by a rapid movement interpose itself between Richmond and General Johnston. With the Confederates behind the Rappahannock this last could no longer be hoped for, and General McClellan now had recourse to the alternative plan which he had kept in reserve (General Webb calls it a *dernier ressort*, p. 30) of making his base at Fortress Monroe and advancing thence up the Peninsula. The brilliant naval victory of the Virginia (March 8) in Hampton Roads closed the James for the time, but the Federal fleet in the lower Chesapeake was able to confine the formidable iron-clad to that river, and thus the bay and the York river up to Yorktown were open to the unmolested use of the Federal commander. By the first of April a large part of McClellan's army was at Fort Monroe and ready to go forward.

The closing weeks of March and the early ones of April were anxious ones to the Confederates. McClellan's great army was evidently on the move against Richmond, but from what point or points it would advance was for a time uncertain, and the utmost vigilance had to be exercised. The Confederate forces were fearfully inadequate, even when concentrated, and now they were scattered to guard many places. Early in April it became evident from the large number of troops that had landed at Fort Monroe that McClellan intended to try the Peninsula route, and orders were given to begin the transfer of Johnston's army from the Rappahannock to Yorktown. Meantime, to Magruder with 11,000 men was assigned the task of holding the Federal army in check until Johnston's forces could arrive. We believe that history records few operations more skilful or successful than those by which Magruder accomplished his task. Magruder's line stretched across the Peninsula from Yorktown to Mulberry Point on the James. With

6,000 of his men he garrisoned the extremities of his line, holding Gloucester Point and closing the York river by his batteries. The other 5,000 held the line of the Warwick creek, which he had converted into a formidable line of defense by the use of all the resources that nature and engineering skill had placed within his reach. On April 2 McClellan reached Fort Monroe, and finding 58,000 of his troops ready to move, he ordered this force forward on the 4th, leaving the remainder to follow. Next day he found himself in front of Magruder's line, where his advance was checked, and so vigorously and skilfully did Magruder manage his forces that the Federal army forbore to assault, and deliberately set down to force the handful of Confederates out of their Yorktown lines by regular approaches and siege guns. A feeble and unsuccessful attempt was made on April 16 to break the Confederate lines, and after this McClellan seemed confirmed in his conviction that they could be carried only by regular siege operations. These lines were held for one month—long enough for Johnston and the bulk of his army to reach Yorktown—long enough for the Confederate Government to make all the dispositions within its power to meet the invading army.

Much has been written in criticism, and much in defence of the Federal administration and of McClellan in reference to the "siege of Yorktown." That the administration treated McClellan badly there can be no doubt. Its whole conduct towards him, in the spring of 1862, showed want of confidence, and in withholding McDowell's corps at the last moment, it behaved in a way that should have caused his immediate and peremptory resignation. But, on the other hand, it is nonsense to excuse, on the score of want of support, a commander who, with 80,000 or 90,000 troops, was completely held at bay by 11,000 men behind a line twelve miles long!

Johnston showed as great skill in retiring from Yorktown as he and Magruder had shown in defending it. At the last moment when McClellan, after a month's arduous effort, was about ready to open his powerful batteries, Johnston quietly retreated towards Richmond, and so surprised and disconcerted McClellan, that it was half a day before he could begin the pursuit. (Page 69.) At Williamsburg (May 5) the Confederates found it necessary to check the advance of the Federals, which was pressing their rear. Longstreet and D. H. Hill were halted for this purpose. Longstreet accomplished the end in view handsomely by severely defeating Hooker's division, and inflicting some damage on Kearney's. D. H. Hill, on the Confederate left, did not manage so well, and in consequence Hancock was able there to

inflict a severe repulse on Early's brigade. But, on the whole, General Johnston, with a loss of over 1,500, inflicted a loss of over 2,200, and effectually checked the pursuit. McClellan sent a large force, headed by Franklin's division by water to the head of the York opposite West Point, with the purpose of there landing and seizing the Confederate line of retreat; but Johnston attacked the first troops that landed vigorously, drove them back to the cover of their gunboats, and penned them up there until his army trains had passed on towards the Chickahominy. Baffled thus in his movements against both the flank and rear of the retreating army, McClellan was content to follow slowly and with great caution. The retreat from Yorktown involved the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederates; and the destruction of the iron-clad Virginia quickly gave to the Federals the command of the James river up to Drewry's Bluff. This caused Johnston to retire across the Chickahominy and take position in front of Richmond; and on May 21 the Federal army advanced to the line of the Chickahominy.

So far boldness and skill in strategy had given the Confederates the advantage in the campaign, but the Federals were gathering from different directions in overwhelming force, and it was evident that a great battle, or battles, must soon be fought for the possession of Richmond. The disparity of numbers against the Confederates was alarming. And here it should be said that General Webb is inaccurate, and sometimes very unfair in his statement of numbers. Thus, using an expression of McClellan's which probably refers to the force he could place in line of battle in an aggressive movement, he states McClellan's strength in May as 80,000 (p. 84), while he makes no reference to the official reports. From the latter he elsewhere (p. 181) gives McClellan's numbers when he left Yorktown, as 109,335 "present for duty." There is no fair and honest basis for estimates of strength but the official reports. All else is guess-work, and all cutting down of official numbers on special grounds is only fair when applied in the same way to both armies. Now, it is plain that McClellan had early in May 109,000 effectives. How many of these he could throw forward to fight, and how many must be kept guarding his flanks, his communications and his depots, is not the question. In answer to McClellan's urgent appeals, at the middle of May, McDowell was ordered forward from Fredericksburg with a force which General Webb correctly states at 41,000 men and 100 guns (p. 85). Thus, 150,000 men were about to unite in the attack on Richmond. To meet this, Johnston had, by the official report of May 21, 53,688 men at Richmond. He called in Branch's and Anderson's brigades from

Gordonsville and Fredericksburg, and Huger's three brigades from Petersburg. General Webb absurdly estimates Branch's and Anderson's brigades at 12,000 (p. 86). They actually numbered possibly as many as 5,500. (See Branch's order, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS, vol. viii, page 103, which shows his strength did not exceed 3,000, and Taylor's *Four Years with General Lee*, page 50, where Anderson's strength is given at from 2,000 to 2,300 in the seven days' battles.) Huger's brigades may have numbered 6,000 at this time. Thus the Confederates were able to concentrate about 65,000 men to oppose the 150,000 which were about to unite against them.

It would be hard to find a finer illustration of the adage, that "fortune favors the brave" than occurred at this juncture. Stonewall Jackson, after defeating Fremont's advance in the mountains of West Virginia, and while he was supposed to be one hundred and fifty miles away, suddenly surprised Banks at Front Royal and Winchester, and driving him in confusion and route across the Potomac, advanced to Harper's Ferry. Jackson and his 16,000 men created a marvelous panic at Washington and throughout the North, the accounts of which at this day read like the pages of a romance. The Federal Capitol was believed to be in danger, 300,000 men were called for by the President, the militia of whole States were ordered out, and the proclamations of Governors as far away as Ohio and Massachusetts would not have seemed tame to the Romans after Cannae. The most important result of Jackson's dash was the stoppage of McDowell, who had already begun the movement that in three days would have united him with McClellan. A large part of McDowell's army was ordered back after Jackson, and the remainder was held for the time at Fredericksburg.

Relieved by Jackson's success of the fear of McDowell's forces from the North, Johnston, who had determined to attack McClellan before the junction, if possible, postponed his attack until the advance of a part of the latter's army on the south side of the Chickahominy should give the Confederates a chance of concentrating against one of the Federal wings. Meantime General Fitz John Porter gained an advantage which had no important results, at Hanover Court-house, where, with 12,000 men he attacked and defeated Branch with 4,000. Here again General Webb greatly exaggerates the Confederate force. (P. 96—see Branch's order above referred to.)

At the last of May Johnston thought the time to strike had come. Two of McClellan's corps lay on the south side of the Chickahominy along the Williamsburg road, their advance having been pushed as far as Seven Pines. The remainder of the Federal army was on the north

side of that river. The communication between the wings was as yet imperfect, for but few of the numerous bridges McClellan was building were complete. Every advance towards Richmond by the corps on the south side separated them more and more from their supports. On May 30th Johnston concentrated twenty-three of his twenty-seven brigades, and prepared to throw them, on the morrow, against the Federal corps of Keyes and Heintzelman, which were on the south side.

A terrific rain storm occurred on the night of the 30th, which by flooding the Chickahominy imperiled and finally interrupted the communication between McClellan's wings. While in this respect assisting the Confederates, it seriously interfered with their movements on the 31st, as the whole country was covered with water, and some of the swollen sources of White Oak Swamp caused a delay of many hours in the march of Huger's division. Longstreet with his own and D. H. Hill's division was sent out to attack Keyes in front at Seven Pines. Huger was to strike Keyes's left flank, and Johnston himself was to direct G. W. Smith's division against his right flank and prevent a retreat towards the Chickahominy. Hours were wasted in waiting for Huger to get into position. Finally, about midday, Longstreet ordered the attack to be made by D. H. Hill. Casey's Federal division was quickly routed and the whole of Keyes's Corps and Kearney's division of Heintzelman's was during the afternoon, defeated and driven from their works and camps to a third line of works a mile or two in the rear. Unfortunately Johnston did not order Smith forward promptly. Longstreet had been two or three hours engaged before General Johnston knew it, and when in the middle of the afternoon Smith was hurried forward to give the *coup de grace* to Heintzelman, he was just in time to run against the head of Sumner's corps at Fair Oaks. The latter sent by McClellan to reinforce his left wing, had succeeded in crossing the Chickahominy on the already floating bridges just before they were carried away, and hastening forward arrived soon enough to stop Smith, and by engaging him in a stubborn and bloody contest until night, prevented his going to Longstreet's assistance. General Johnston fell severely wounded at night-fall and the usual result of a change of commanders in the midst of a battle was seen next day. No concerted, definite plan of operations guided the Confederates on June 1st. Severe but desultory fighting took place between Longstreet's lines and the fresh troops of Hooker's and Richardson's divisions without any decided result, while Smith, now in chief command of the Confederates remained quiet in front of Sumner, though Magruder's large division, which had been unengaged, was at hand. By midday all fighting had

ceased. Early in the afternoon General R. E. Lee, was placed in command by President Davis, and during the evening and night he ordered the Confederate army back to its late positions in front of Richmond.

The battle of Seven Pines, though costing each army about 6,000 men, resulted in little. The plan of the Confederate leader was admirable, but the execution of it was defective. Too much time was wasted in waiting for Huger; but a more serious fault was the delay in sending forward Smith's division on Longstreet's left. Next morning the battle might have been renewed with the whole Confederate force at hand with good promise of success. As it was, the Confederates had hit Keyes and Heintzelman damaging blows, but it had been done at heavy cost, and the only result of value to them was the increased caution and slowness of McClellan's movements.

The new Confederate Commander at once began preparations for a renewal of the struggle. Troops that could be spared from the South were ordered to Richmond. Jackson was directed to be prepared to move to the same place from the Valley at the critical moment. (General Webb is in error in attributing this movement to Jackson himself, as he does on page 122. Jackson had been constantly instructed to keep such a movement in view, as may be seen from General Lee's letter to him of May 16.) The victories of Cross Keys and Port Republic, on June 8 and June 9, made the withdrawal of McDowell's corps from McClellan permanent, and left Jackson free to join Lee. Meantime the latter was busy in preparation. On June 11 Stuart was sent with the Confederate cavalry to reconnoiter McClellan's right and rear. This gallant cavalryman extended his reconnoissance into a raid completely around the Federal army, cutting its communications and destroying supplies as he went. This expedition, one of the most brilliant and successful feats of arms that had been accomplished up to that time in the war, gave Lee the information on which he planned his attack on McClellan. General Webb thinks it worthy of only a passing allusion. Lee now ordered Jackson to join the main army, using a *ruse de guerre* to prevent the large Federal forces in Northern Virginia from following him. Considerable bodies of troops were sent up to Jackson as if to reinforce him for another advance towards Washington. Care was taken that tidings of this movement should reach the enemy. On June 16 Jackson was ordered to move down with the greatest expedition and secrecy, and so admirable was the execution of this plan, that when Jackson reached Ashland, twelve miles north of Richmond on June 25th, neither McClellan nor the government at Washington had any knowledge of his whereabouts (page 124), and it

was not until the Federal pickets north of the Chickahominy were driven in next day that the Federal Commander had any certain information of the approach of his swift-footed assailant.

Lee was now ready to deliver battle. His strength, including Jackson, was from 80,000 to 81,000 men. (See the careful computations of General Early, *SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS*, vol. I, p. 421, and of Colonel Taylor, *Four Years with General Lee*, the latter of which General Webb adopts, p. 119). General McClellan's strength, omitting Dix's command at Fort Monroe, was by his official return for June 10, 105,825 "present for duty." (This number General Webb unfairly reduces to 92,500.) This disparity was not greater than must naturally exist between two combatants so unequal in resources as were the North and South. If the independence of the South was to be achieved it must be done in spite of it. To Lee's mind a simply defensive policy, resulting ultimately in a siege, promised nothing beyond a protracted struggle, with certain disaster at the end of it. He believed he could best thwart his adversary by attacking him. McClellan had, after the battle of Seven Pines, transferred the bulk of his army to the south side of the Chickahominy, where he reoccupied the ground from which Keyes and Heinzelman had been driven on May 31. This ground he covered with a network of entrenchments, and under the cover of strong works was slowly pushing his lines towards Richmond. About one-third of his army held the north side of the Chickahominy as high up as Meadow Bridge, and at the same time covered his communications with his base at West Point, on the Pamunkey. Lee determined to attack the Federal right wing, overwhelm it if possible, and destroy McClellan's communications and depots. McClellan would thus be forced to fight for his communications or to adopt some other line of retreat at immense cost of supplies. The information brought by Stuart confirmed Lee in his plan, and Jackson was then ordered to come down on McClellan's right and rear. When Jackson was at hand A. P. Hill was to send a brigade across the Chickahominy above the Federal right to unite with Jackson, and when the Confederate forces had moved down the north side and uncovered Meadow bridge, the remainder of A. P. Hill's division was to cross there, and he was to be followed by Longstreet and D. H. Hill by way of the Mechanicsville bridge as soon as it was open. Magruder and Huger were left to hold the lines in front of Richmond, facing the mass of McClellan's army.

Jackson, worn by his forced march from the Valley, was behind time on the morning of June 26th, and A. P. Hill waited from early in the

morning until the middle of the afternoon for the approach of Jackson, which was to uncover the bridge in his front. Then, fearing lest further delay might imperil the whole movement by revealing it to the enemy, he carried the bridge before him, and, moving down towards Mechanicsville, drove the small Federal force there to the lines at Beaver Dam creek, which were held by McCall's division. Jackson was expected to turn this line, but being yet behind, A. P. Hill engaged the Federal forces and made attempts on each flank, which were, however, repulsed. Longstreet and D. H. Hill joined A. P. Hill near nightfall, and the approach of Jackson on their flank caused the Federals to retreat next morning to Gaines's Mill and Cold Harbor. Here Fitz John Porter held a strong position, covering the principal bridges across the Chickahominy and protecting at the same time the York River railroad. Porter was reinforced during the afternoon by Slocum's division, and later by two additional brigades. These Federal forces amounted probably to from 30,000 to 40,000 men, or about one-third of McClellan's army. The remaining 70,000 were on the south side of the river, in front of Magruder and Huger. Lee had left on the south side some 25,000 to 30,000, and thus had probably about 50,000 men with which to attack Porter. The Confederates followed up the retreating Federals to Gaines's Mill on the afternoon of Friday, June 27th, attacked them in their positions, and after a fierce and bloody combat completely defeated Porter, driving his troops to the Chickahominy (which they crossed under cover of the night), and capturing twenty-two guns. While this was going on, Magruder made such a display of force in front of Richmond that the mass of the Federal army was held there inactive, and none of their officers in high command deemed it possible to spare any considerable force from that side to reinforce Porter. Thus Lee managed to hold *two-thirds* of McClellan's army idle with *one-third* of his own, while with the main body of the Confederate forces he inflicted a crushing blow on Porter. The Federal commander was certainly outgeneraled.

The defeat of Porter threw the York River railroad and the Federal depots on that road and on the Pamunkey into the hands of the Confederates and forced the Federal army to another line of retreat. It was now that McClellan made his wisest move in the campaign. He had been thinking of the James river as a base, and now cut off from the Pamunkey, he determined to move towards the James at its nearest point, instead of recrossing the Chickahominy and retreating down the peninsula. He began at once the movement of the immense trains and material of his army across White Oak Swamp, in the direction of

Turkey Bend. The highest commendation that can be given of this movement is that it deceived his adversary and gained him a day's breathing time. Lee was uncertain as to McClellan's designs on the 28th, and such movements as he made that day were made with the notion that McClellan would recross the Chickahominy at Battner's bridge or at some of the crossings below. It was night before the Confederate commander divined McClellan's plans, and issued orders accordingly.

On the 29th Longstreet and A. P. Hill were sent to the south side of the Chickahominy. They were, by a circuit, to strike the Long-Bridge road and the flank of the retreating army. McGruder and Huger were to press the rear of the Federals by the Williamsburg and Charles City roads, Jackson to cross the Chickahominy and join in the pursuit. Longstreet was busy all day marching towards his destination. Jackson was compelled to repair the bridge over the Chickahominy, which kept him back all day. Magruder finding that the enemy had abandoned the lines in his front and had left or destroyed great quantities of stores, pressed after him and attacked the rear, under Sumner, at Savage Station. Magruder's attack was partial, he only using about half his force, and though there was much demoralization in the Federal army as indicated by Heintzelman's precipitate retreat and the destruction of stores, Sumner was able to hold his ground and keep Magruder at bay until night-fall, when the Federals made good their retreat to the south side of White Oak Swamp.

Next day, June 30th, was the day of greatest peril to the Federal army. Jackson having crossed the Chickahominy, was ordered to follow in its wake towards White Oak Swamp. Huger was directed to press along the Charles City road. Longstreet, with his own and A. P. Hill's divisions, was to attack its flank along the Long-Bridge road. Nearer the James, Holmes was advancing along the River road. Magruder was directed to make a circuit around Huger and follow Longstreet.

Jackson soon reached White Oak Swamp and found the passage of this difficult stream strongly defended by Franklin. A severe artillery fight took place, in which the Federal batteries suffered greatly, but Jackson's efforts to reconstruct the bridge and force a passage for his infantry were successfully resisted by Franklin until night-fall. Meantime Huger was impeded by some felled timber in his way, and did nothing. Holmes, on the extreme Confederate right, ran against Porter and some Federal artillery that had taken position at Malvern under the fire of the gunboats in James river, and Holmes was quickly and completely checked. Longstreet and A. P. Hill, however, attacked

vigorously at Frazier's farm, and defeated and put to flight the greater part of McCall's division, capturing its commander and inflicting severe losses on the troops brought up in support. At night-fall the Confederates had pressed nearly to the Quaker road, on which the Federals were retreating, and had taken many prisoners and ten guns. Longstreet was unsupported, however, and the Federals were able to hold on to their line of retreat until dark, when they fell back to Malvern Hill. This was the day big with fate to McClellan. Had Jackson and Huger co-operated with Longstreet in his assault, the result can hardly be doubted; the greater part of the Federal army must have been overwhelmed. Huger, though nearest Longstreet, did nothing, and some of the Federal troops in his front were actually sent against the latter. This failure was one of the greatest blunders of the Confederate campaign. Jackson was held back by a very serious obstacle, backed by a strong and well commanded force, sufficient, perhaps, to account in an ordinary case for his failure to unite in the attack, but it is hard to avoid the belief that had he exhibited on this occasion the wonderful skill and audacity that characterized his Valley campaign, he would have crossed White Oak Swamp in spite of Franklin.

Next day, July 1st, the Confederates, once more reunited, followed the retreating army to Malvern Hill, where McClellan had selected an admirable position and massed on it all of his forces and his immense artillery. Here Lee again attacked, but after a sanguinary contest, in which the Federal lines were severely tested, he was repulsed. The attack on the part of the Confederates was badly managed. Some confusion about the roads in this intricate region caused Magruder to be late in reaching the field. Concert of action between the attacking columns was not secured; the assaults, especially on the right, where Magruder commanded, were partial and disjointed, and the result was that McClellan saved his army by inflicting a severe repulse upon his adversary. As soon as the battle was ended, McClellan abandoned the field and retreated to Harrison's Landing (or Westover), where he could be more completely protected by the fleet in the James river. The Confederates followed, but the check at Malvern made their pursuit slow, and when the army again closed up with the Federals the latter were found in possession of a strong position, commanded by the gunboats and defended by earthworks. The contest now ceased, and General Lee withdrew to the neighborhood of Richmond.

McClellan's losses were great. His loss in men was heavy, though not so large as that of the Confederates. His losses in material and supplies were far greater. They were simply immense; but his loss in

prestige and *morale* was greatest of all. His campaign was felt to be a complete failure, and this conviction became so general that all his efforts could not prevent the Federal Government from withdrawing his army (we think wisely) from the James to the Potomac. McClellan fought injudiciously at Cold Harbor. After his defeat he selected skilfully his plan of retreat, but his mode of conducting that retreat has been most severely, and we believe justly, criticised. Good fighting and the advantages afforded by the country enabled him to escape. He chose an admirable position at Malvern Hill, and made there a judicious and successful stand which saved his defeated army from destruction.

On the other hand Lee won a great success. With an army only four-fifths as numerous as his adversaries, and of which he had been in command only a little more than three weeks, he had driven McClellan twenty miles from Richmond, had broken up his depots and communications, and had compelled the splendid army that threatened the Confederate capitol to fly for refuge to the protection of the gunboats in the river. He had, indeed, nearly accomplished the destruction of this army. On the 30th of June his admirable plans failed of their full results, only from the incapacity or want of energy of some of his subordinates. On the next day, at Malvern Hill, more, perhaps, might have been accomplished if he had himself used greater care and watchfulness to ensure concert of action in the attack. As it was, he completely broke up the campaign against Richmond, and having huddled up the Federal army on the banks of the James, left it to a July sun to force the speedy evacuation of the Peninsula and the withdrawal of the enemy to the front of Washington. General Lee was new to his plan and new to the army he was thenceforth to lead, and for this reason this campaign is, in some respects, inferior to those that followed, especially to the great, the almost incomparable one of 1864; but, nevertheless, it will remain an ever-enduring monument of his military audacity and skill.

One of the best chapters in General Webb's book is the last. It is clear, temperate and judicious. One of the worst is that on Malvern Hill, which is disjointed and confused. There are numerous smaller oversights, some of which show haste in preparation or careless proof-reading. Thus Whiting is several times called Whitney (pages 82-134), Mechum's River is called Mechanic's Run (page 122), R. H. Anderson is erroneously put for J. R. Anderson (page 96), Ellison's Mill is called Ellicott's Mill. (Page 126.) Confederate *brigades* are frequently spoken of as *divisions*—as Gregg's brigade (page 132),

Armistead's brigade. (Page 156.) A. P. Hill's report is misquoted, to make the same mistake on page 150, where Field's and Pender's brigades are turned into divisions. I have noted no mistakes of the opposite kind. On page 187, the Confederates attacking Porter are spoken of as 70,000 in number (?), though here General Webb may be giving McClellan's estimate and not his own.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By General JAMES H. LANE.

GENERAL NOTES.

[General Lane has furnished us a roster of every officer and man of his brigade who surrendered at Appomattox C. H., but we reserve this to publish along with the roster of the whole army, which we have in course of preparation—a "bead roll of fame" worthy to be printed in letters of gold. Another number will complete this interesting sketch of a gallant brigade.]

CORPS OF SHARP-SHOOTERS.

Our corps of sharp-shooters was organized in the fall of 1863, at Liberty Mills. It was composed of picked marksmen and brave men. Its officers, too, were all cool and brave. This fine body of men were not only thoroughly instructed in skirmish drill, but were frequently practiced in calculating and stepping off distances, firing at targets and similar exercises, which rendered them very efficient. The first commander was the intrepid Captain John G. Knox, of the Seventh regiment, who was captured in the Wilderness. Captain William T. Nicholson, of the Thirty-seventh, another brave young officer, temporarily commanded them until Major Thomas J. Wooten, of the Eighteenth, was assigned as their permanent commander. Major Wooten was exceedingly modest, but a cool, cautious and fearless young officer, and was universally beloved by his men.

This body, composed of men from the different regiments of the brigade, first distinguished themselves under Knox in the Wilderness, when they dashed into the enemy on the left of the road and captured a large number of prisoners. On the 12th May, at Spotsylvania Courthouse, under Nicholson, they were kept out a long time in front of the salient to the left of the Fredericksburg road, where they behaved with

great gallantry in the presence of General Lee, and were complimented by him on the field. Under Wooten they established a still more glorious reputation—especially in their first dash at the enemy's picket line, which called forth a complimentary communication from superior head-quarters; in their double-quick deployments and advance and captures in the battle at Jones's farm; in their sudden rush into the enemy's disordered ranks and large captures at the Pegram house, and in the part they bore in the recapture of the hill taken from us the day of Gordon's attack on Fort Steadman. They also behaved with great gallantry when Grant broke our lines at Petersburg, and on the retreat to Appomattox Courthouse they were frequently thrown forward to fight the enemy when the brigade was not engaged.

QUARTERMASTER DEPARTMENT.

Our first quartermaster was Major Joseph A. Engelhard, an efficient officer, who continued with the brigade until the promotion of General Pender, when he was transferred to his staff as the Assistant Adjutant-General of the "Light Division." General Branch states in his official report of the battles around Richmond that "my quartermaster, Joseph A. Engelhard, placed his train in charge of an assistant as soon as it was possible, and continued with me on the field throughout the expedition."

Major George S. Thompson, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, who succeeded Major Engelhard, was also an efficient officer, but his health forced him to seek a transfer to a more southern climate.

After Major Thompson left us, Captain A. D. Cazaux, of Wilmington, North Carolina, the quartermaster of the Eighteenth regiment, discharged the duties of brigade quartermaster until after we went into winter quarters at Petersburg. He was an energetic, efficient and popular officer. I made every effort to secure his promotion but without success.

While in winter quarters at Petersburg, Major E. W. Herndon, of North Carolina, was ordered to report to me as our brigade quartermaster. He remained with us until the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse.

Our wagons were always kept in good order, and the oil used on the harness was made in the brigade from the hoofs of beeves furnished by the brigade commissary.

Our best animals were selected for the ordnance wagons, medical wagons and ambulances. All of them were kept in good condition, and in winter they were sheltered in comfortable log stables.

Much of the efficiency in this department was due to Sergeant Lassiter, detailed from the Twenty-eighth regiment.

A great deal of the clothing furnished us was received from the quartermaster department of North Carolina.

Early in the winter, while camped at Moss Neck below Fredericksburg, we commenced making shoes, and continued it with great success until the close of the war. Good shoemakers were detailed and sent home for their tools. All of the lasts were made in camp, and the leather was furnished by the quartermaster department of North Carolina. The "big-footed" men were always provided for first; and to make our stock of leather go as far as possible, the quarters of the old worn-out shoes in camp were regularly gathered up and revamped.

COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

Major D. T. Carraway, of Newberne, N. C., our first Brigade Commissary, was an excellent officer. He continued with us until after the battle of Chancellorsville, when he was transferred to General Pender's staff.

Major Thomas H. McKoy, who succeeded Major Carraway, volunteered as a private in the "Wilmington Light Infantry," was appointed Second Lieutenant Co. C, Seventh North Carolina Troops, and after serving two years in the line was made Commissary of his regiment with the rank of Captain. He was a brave and gallant officer and gentleman in every sense of the word. Having been in the ranks, he knew how to sympathize with the soldiers at the front and on their long, weary marches. He would always take charge of our cooking details, and often sit up all night to prevent delay in preparing the rations.

At Liberty Mills he scoured the country, collected tax in kind, stored his provisions in a log house, built in camp for that purpose, and thereby prevented a great deal of suffering that winter.

At Moss Neck he purchased moulds and wicks in Richmond and commenced making tallow candles, which he issued regularly to the officers of the brigade.

The Major had a faithful, efficient and most valuable assistant in F. L. Alexander, Commissary Sergeant, detailed from Co. C, Thirty-Seventh regiment.

Our men made large quantities of turpentine and lye soap for their own use and for sale whenever they could find purchasers. That which I bought and sent to the rear was pronounced excellent by those who used it.

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

The first and only ordnance officer of this brigade was Captain James A. Bryan, of Newberne, N. C., an educated gentleman and an efficient officer. He entered the service in 1861, with the rank of Second Lieutenant, Company G, Tenth regiment artillery, N. C. S. T., and was assigned to ordnance duty at Raleigh. He afterwards served at Newberne in the same capacity under Colonel John D. Whitford; was then appointed Second Lieutenant Artillery C. S. A., and served as ordnance officer, at the same place, on the staffs of Generals Gatlin, Holmes, D. H. Hill, and Branch. After the fall of Newberne he became ordnance officer of this brigade, and served in that capacity and aid-de-camp on General Branch's staff from Mechanicsville to Sharpsburg. Soon after the battles around Richmond he was promoted to First Lieutenant on the recommendation of General Branch. On my recommendation he was made Captain of Artillery.

In his report of the battles around Richmond, General Branch says: "My ordnance officer, Lieutenant James A. Bryan, though instructed to remain with his train in the rear, placed it in charge of an assistant and continued with me on the field throughout the expedition." In his report of the battle of Cedar Run, he says: "Lieutenant Bryan, of my staff, was with me, and conducted himself gallantly."

Captain Bryan also wished to go into action with me, but I would not allow him to do so.

BRIGADE SURGEONS.

The Senior Regimental Surgeon was always required to act as Brigade Surgeon. The following served in that capacity: James A. Miller, Robert Gibbon, J. F. McRee, Ed. G. Higginbotham, Wesley M. Campbell, George E. Trescot.

ASSISTANT INSPECTOR GENERAL.

Captain E. T. Nicholson, of Halifax, N. C., was the only Assistant Inspector General this brigade ever had. He was a student in the University of North Carolina at the outbreak of hostilities, but left that institution from a sense of duty, and entered the North Carolina Cavalry as a private. He was subsequently elected Second Lieutenant Company E, Thirty-seventh North Carolina Troops, and on my recommendation he was appointed our Brigade Inspector. When that office was abolished he was ordered to Johnson's North Carolina Brigade as

its Assistant Adjutant-General, and soon after lost his life in the attack on Fort Stedman, while gallantly bearing the colors of one of his regiments far in advance of the general line. When I was arrested, after the war, and taken to Fortress Monroe, the provost marshal of that place told me that he was in Fort Stedman at that time, that he witnessed Nicholson's great gallantry, and that when he fell it was generally remarked by the Federal officers that it was a pity to kill such a brave man. The Captain also behaved with conspicuous gallantry in the fight at Jones's farm. He was a most excellent officer, a noble-hearted, Christian gentleman, and was universally beloved.

ASSISTANT ADJUTANTS-GENERAL.

The first Assistant Adjutant-General of this brigade was Captain W. E. Cannady, of whom General Branch, in his report of the battles around Richmond, says: "He had been with me since my appointment to the command of a regiment, and in all situations had shown himself true and faithful. After leaving Mechanicsville he was obliged to return to the hospital, and before the close of the expedition died of typhoid fever."

Captain Francis T. Hawks succeeded Captain Cannady, and continued with the brigade until after the battle of Fredericksburg. In his report of the battle of Newberne, General Branch says: "To Mr. Francis T. Hawks, who tendered his services for the occasion and was placed on my staff, I was greatly indebted for services in bearing orders and rallying troops. He remained with me throughout the battle and subsequent retreat." General Branch also reports that at Cedar Run "he conducted himself gallantly."

After we went into winter-quarters at Moss Neck, Captain George B. Johnston, on my recommendation, was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of our brigade, but remained with us only a short time on account of ill health. He tendered his resignation July 6th, 1863, and died soon after of consumption. Captain Johnston was a highly cultivated, intelligent, kind-hearted, Christian gentleman, a thorough rebel, and a bold and most efficient officer. He entered the Confederate service as a private in Company D, First North Carolina Volunteers (Bethel regiment), was afterwards elected First Lieutenant of Company G, Twenty-eighth North Carolina Regiment, and was Captain of that company when I persuaded him to accept a position on my staff.

No one can read the following letter and not admire the noble character of its author:

RALEIGH, July 6th, 1863.

GENERAL JAMES H. LANE,

Commanding Brigade, Pender's Division, &c.:

My Dear General,—With this I send you a formal resignation of my position on your staff. Although it may seem uncalled for, I cannot resist the temptation to write you more fully on the subject.

After three months' struggle with disease, in the vain hope of rejoining you and sharing with you the toils and dangers of this campaign, I am told by my physicians that I am utterly unfit for duty *now*, and that I cannot hope to return to my post while warm weather lasts. In accordance with the views expressed to you in a former letter, nothing is left me but to resign.

The principle of *duty* is the only one which has guided my action in this matter. Duty *to the service* demands my resignation; for in this her life and death struggle, our country *needs* that every one of her offices should be efficiently filled—that every officer should at least be at his post, ready to do his best; he then who holds one of these offices, and from sickness or any other cause is unable to discharge its duties, must give way to a better man. Such is *my* situation.

My duty to you, as my commanding officer and my personal friend requires it; for the last four months you have been without the services of an Adjutant-General and doubtless have been compelled to perform my duties for me; besides your enemies in the brigade will make my continued absence a handle against you, speaking of *me* with slanderous tongues and lying hearts that they may wound *your* feelings and lessen your influence.

Finally, my duty to my family and myself requires my resignation; if I should retain my position, and, after spending the *whole active campaign* in *my sick room*, should be able to resume my duties at *its close*—when the army had quit the field for the camp—this would afford a coincidence too unfortunate not to be immediately seized upon by the tooth of calumny; indeed, few men's reputations could stand such a test. Rather than do so, I would *then* resign and go again into the ranks.

I need not tell *you*, my dear General, with what reluctance I take this step—how, hoping against hope, I have put off the evil day, until (I fear) I have taxed too sorely even your friendly patience. Your military family was a happy one; such kindness and genial courtesy and mutual confidence dwelt among us; and the ties of personal friend-

ship, binding me so strongly to yourself, were beginning to take in also and to draw very close to me all of my brother officers of your staff. It causes me no slight pain to sever those ties—to take to my heart the thought that I am no longer *of you*. My constant prayer will be may God protect and bless you all; and my heart will be with you in the future, rejoicing at every brave deed done and at every new laurel won, full of earnest sympathy with all your fortunes whether good or ill.

Please remember me most particularly to my brother officers of the staff, the officers of Company G, Colonels Lowe, Speer, and Major Stowe; Colonels Avery, Barbour, and Barry—in a word *all* of my personal friends.

If God should ever give me strength to take the field again, you may expect to see me *somewhere* in the old 4th, if it be in the ranks with a musket on my shoulder.

Yours most truly,

GEO. B. JOHNSTON.

The next and last assistant Adjutant-General was Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., of Fayetteville, N. C. He entered the service as a private in Company F, First North Carolina Volunteers ("Bethel Regiment"), and was adjutant of the Fifty-Sixth North Carolina Troops when I secured his promotion. He, too, was a very intelligent, highly educated, noble-hearted, Christian gentleman. In the discharge of all office work, he was remarkably accurate, prompt and efficient; and on the field, quick, cool, bold and dashing—just the officer to inspire troops with confidence. In the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania Courthouse, he was conspicuously gallant; and at Petersburg, when our lines were broken, he mounted the works, and by his great bravery, won the outspoken admiration of all who saw him.

AIDS-DE-CAMP.

I think General Branch had only one aid, Lieutenant W. A. Blount, "who was severely wounded at Mechanicsville," as stated in General Branch's official report of the battles around Richmond.

First Lieutenant Oscar Lane, my first aid, was in all of the battles in which the brigade took part, from Sharpsburg to Spotsylvania Courthouse, where he was mortally wounded. He was a private in the "Chesapeake Guards," from Mathews county, Va., until the evacuation of Yorktown, but acted as adjutant of the regiment to which his company was attached. He next served as an "amateur"

in the Fifth Virginia Cavalry, accompanied General Stuart in his circuit around McClellan's rear, and took part in several other cavalry raids.

Lieutenant Lane was a handsome, brave, chivalrous, dashing young officer. His humor, fine manners and generous impulses made him universally popular. He was the life of our head-quarters, where he was beloved by everybody.

My boy brother, J. Rooker Lane, entered the service as a private in the "Chesapeake Guards," a volunteer infantry company from Mathews county, Va., and was wounded at Yorktown. After the evacuation of that place he served as a private in Company E, Fifth Virginia Cavalry, until the winter of 1863, when, at my request, and on account of his youth, General Lee ordered him to report to me for duty. As my "acting aid" he was always ready for any duty, and behaved very gallantly at Chancellorsville, where he was killed in the charge on the morning of the 3d of May.

He was a boy of fine disposition, and by his attractive manners soon made friends wherever he went. He was a great pet at our head-quarters, especially with my first Adjutant-General, Captain G. B. Johnston.

My last aid was Captain Everard B. Meade, of Richmond, Va., who first volunteered and afterwards enlisted for the war as a private in Company F, Twenty-first Virginia Regiment. At the time of his promotion he was a Second Lieutenant in the First Engineer Regiment of the Army of Northern Virginia.

He was an intelligent, high-toned gentleman, and a prompt, efficient, and very gallant officer. In the battle at Jones's farm he was conspicuously gallant; and from the time our lines were attacked at Petersburg to the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse he acted with great bravery, and was of great assistance.

Memoir of the First Maryland Regiment.

[Written in July 1863.]

By General BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

PAPER No. 6. (Conclusion.)

THE CAPTURE OF DISPATCH STATION—BEHIND M'CLELLAN.

The conduct of the Regiment at Cold Harbor was probably more creditable than any action they ever performed. The fighting actually done by them really amounted to nothing—nothing in comparison to the gallant dash at Harrisonburg, nor the deadly struggle at Cross Keys where, hour after hour they rolled back the attack of Fremont's regiments in that terrible storm of iron and lead. Going into action late, over ground filled with dead and wounded, swept on all sides by shot and shell, while battalion after battalion came back in disorder, they moved on unshaken as steadily as iron, silent, steady, and attentive, they obeyed every word of command promptly, and accurately, and at last stormed the strong position of McGee's house at a "right shoulder shift arms" and without firing a shot. When the rush of disordered troops backward seemed about to attract their attention, the word of command ordering the changes of arms in the manual, were heard and obeyed at once, with precision, and nothing but the perfect coolness and steadiness of the men and officers saved us from almost annihilation. Other regiments, who went in with us, stopped to fire—got in disorder, lost very heavily, and then from the confusion in the ranks, and their losses, were forced to retire. The discipline and coolness of our men saved us from all this.

In this battle General Ewell lost his horse, General Elzey was wounded, and the chivalrous Wheat, with many other of our old friends killed. General Elzey being wounded, devolved the command of his brigade upon Colonel Walker, of the Thirteenth Virginia, and General Ewell separated us from it, making the "Maryland Line" again a distinct command, under Colonel Johnson. Before the battle he had ordered Captain Brown to report to Brigadier-General Fitz. Lee, in order to give them a chance for service, so for seven days the command only consisted of the First Maryland and the Baltimore Light Artillery.

During the morning of Saturday, June 28th, Jackson moved off down the left bank of the Chickahominy, Ewell on the right, the First

Maryland and the battery on the right of Ewell. Toward noon the cavalry advance under Major Martin, of the Jeff. Davis Legion, dashed in upon Dispatch station, on the York river railroad, and drove off the guard. We went instantly to their support, and took possession of the stores there found, which were quite acceptable. Taking post on the hill above the station, our pickets were pushed to the Williamsburg road, a mile or so from Bottom's bridge, and within four or five hundred yards of the enemy's videttes, which were riding slowly to and fro on their beats on the level ground below.

At Bottom's bridge could be seen immense masses of men working like beavers on entrenchments on both sides of the river, where there was a heavy work containing apparently heavy guns. Up the railroad, across the track, could be seen some branches of trees piled which might conceal a gun or two, or might be only a pretence. General Ewell came up, and after having the position pointed out to him said: "Colonel, suppose you try those fellows at work there; we'll find out how many guns they have!" So a couple of pieces were put in position and opened. The second shot had not reached the mass of working Yankees before they broke right and left and three batteries at once pitched shell after shell into us—at Bottom's bridge, on the railroad, and at a point between. "That'll do," said the General, "we've found out what we want." So our guns were run back under the crest of the hill. We had stirred up a hornet's nest, however, for the Yanks kept firing eagerly for some time after we stopped.

On Sunday morning a movement could be seen among them. Column after column, with knapsacks packed, for hours were passing the railroad, down the bank of the river, and miles below others could be seen moving in the same direction. General Ewell reported the fact, and in the afternoon we received orders to march up the Chickahominy, a reconnoissance having shown that the enemy was not crossing below and endeavoring to get to Williamsburg. As we were moving off a sudden movement was perceived in the masked battery on the railroad, and it was quickly withdrawn, a train came rapidly down with a singular rushing noise and accelerating speed until, with a roar, it leaped over the bridge into the Chickahominy, at the same moment exploding with the report of ten thousand cannon. It was a train of ammunition they had fired and set off towards us. It may have been intended to explode among us or to destroy the bridge. A dense column of smoke rolled upwards, continually rising from its centre and expanding on its sides, until it rose like a huge inverted cone miles high and broad, one of the grandest sights that can be seen.

This explosion convinced General Ewell that they were not going to attempt to force Bottom's bridge, and we accordingly hurried after the rest of the army. Monday and Tuesday we were rear guard, with orders to put all stragglers in our ranks and carry them into action. By noon we had collected 1,500 men from innumerable brigades and regiments. About that time we halted, in consequence of a movement in front of us which indicated an approaching battle. Troops were lying on the ground awaiting orders, ammunition and ambulance trains turned off, and couriers and aids galloped to and fro. After a while the artillery opened in front, followed by the crash of small arms. Colonel Johnson moved toward it, but his lately well filled ranks in the meantime had become depleted to their usual thinness. The guns and powder had been too much for the stragglers, and they had got off in passing other halting columns. After proceeding up the road some distance we moved into the woods and lay there, our left on the road. The Colonel rode forward with Lieutenant Frank Bond, of the cavalry, A. A. General, and Lieutenant Booth, adjutant of the regiment, until passing General George B. Anderson, of North Carolina, and the remnant of his brigade, they rose a small hill and suddenly turned a corner of the woods. Three hundred yards off in the open ground was a Yankee line, apparently a regiment, supporting skirmishers. Turning quickly, the three officers escaped before the astonished Yankees could fire. This was just in front of the Littleton house, and at that time there was no artillery there. Colonel Johnson rode directly to General Ewell, who ordered him to General Jackson, and he asked if he should take his battery there and drive them off. The General said "No." Had it been done, in all probability that mass of artillery which was afterwards placed there could never have been collected on our left. Some other movement, however, was being made at the time, and we suppose General Jackson was under orders not to advance his lines. General Ewell directed us to remain where we were until further orders.

And during that whole terrible afternoon we lay under the most infernal fire that has ever been concentrated in America. The heavy mass in front poured over us a continual stream of shot and shell—while on our right the gunboats sent their 100-pound cylinders through the forest, enfilading us. The continual roar and shriek of the shell, the incessant crash of falling trees, the heavy dull report in the distance, and the sharp stunning explosion among us, over our heads, all around, with constant singing of minnie balls, made a scene uninterrupted by an instant cessation, for five hours, which will never be for-

gotten by those who heard and endured it. Better, a thousand times better is the shock of battle—the charge—the cheer—the run forward, the short sharp struggle, and the flying foe—or your own men falling back to reform, than this terrible strain on the nerves in passive endurance. Lieutenant Shellman, Company A, was rolled over by a shot which tore up the ground beside him. Lieutenant Dorsey lifted up by one which passed under him. There was not a second during that whole afternoon that some one was not covered by the dirt or branches tossed there by the ploughing or cutting shot. Each one lay in his place, however, waiting the order to forward.

Toward night the stream of stragglers in the road thickened, and regiments and even brigades commenced coming back. Just then some scattered men came quickly by us. "Who are you?" was asked. "Seventh Louisiana," was the reply. "Form with us." "Who are you?" said they. "First Maryland." "All right, Maryland!" and they formed steadily and marched to their regiment and brigade. The magnificent Louisiana brigade had made some mistake, some regiments charged without orders, had been driven back with great loss and were now forming with us. At last there seemed to be no one in front. The Louisiana brigade had been the only line before us and this had partly been driven back. The road was filled with a brigade which appeared to have no commander, and which hesitated, marched forward, then marched back, halted and then made a determined move towards the rear. It was necessary for some one to go forward to hold the ground, and to keep back the enemy if only to delay him with skirmishers.

There was no one to give orders, and no time to hunt for them. General Jackson who had been sitting on his horse reading right by us during an hour of the hottest fire had ridden off. General Ewell had left an hour before. So Colonel Johnson determined to move forward as far as possible, find out what the enemy was doing, and check him as much as we could with our small force. The night concealed our numbers and increased our chances. As we filed out, passing the column which was going toward the rear, Ewell's well-known voice was heard, "What troops are those?" "First Maryland," sang out some one. "Thank heaven! you Marylanders are the only ones whose faces I find in the right direction." We went down the road cautiously and found General Charles Winder, who, with only seventy men of his brigade, was attempting to hold the ground we had gained during the day. He ordered Colonel Johnson to go up the road and get possession of as much as possible of a small wood which is beyond the Lit-

tleton house. Pushing out gradually, we got the whole wood, and Captain Herbert, company D, was posted in its extreme point, companies A and B being deployed right and left of him, and the reserve of the regiment back at the Littleton house. Then commenced a night of horrors. It appears we were holding ground fought over during the day by North Carolina troops. The ground was covered with their killed and wounded, and during the livelong night the silence echoed with the long-drawn scream of the wounded as they called the number of their regiments. "Fourteenth North Carolina!" "Fourth North Carolina!" "Third North Carolina!" "Thirtieth North Carolina!" rose on all sides in terrible but plaintive tones. As far as possible they were collected and supplied with water, but many a poor fellow lay there till the light came. The morning showed how they had fought. Up the road was a worm fence covered by thick bushes of sassafras and dogwood and blackberry; charging, they had pulled out corners of this fence and leaped through the gaps.

There they lay piled, some flat, some sitting, some resting on the fence rails as they had fallen. In the open ground they lay by file and rank, each man on his face, his musket grasped in front of him, toward the foe. Within ten feet of the Yankee battery was a group which had apparently forced its way there and then all fallen dead. There were no wounded there. All night long the roll of the enemy's artillery showed they were in motion, and it was not until daylight that we could perceive certainly that they were moving from us. Colonel Johnson then ordered the skirmishers not to fire on the Yankees collecting their wounded, but only to drive back any attempted reconnaissance. Soon after daylight a squadron of cavalry rode within two hundred yards of Captain Herbert's outer post, apparently the escort of a General officer, and an officer rode forward a few yards and deliberately inspected our pickets through his glass as far as he could see them. Before he had settled himself fairly in the saddle crack went half a dozen rifles—round wheeled the horse but fell in a few jumps, and the squadron galloped off—very soon skirmishers came up and pressed us but were soon driven off. While this was going on a brigadier sent word to General Jackson that Colonel Johnson was attacking every one that came near him, and if he was not stopped would bring on a general engagement. "He's right," said Jackson, "that's his business there, attack them whenever he sees them! that's the way!"

On the 3rd of July we marched with Ewell's division. General Early had been ordered to the command of the Old Fourth Brigade,

and on approaching Westover on the James, we formed the left of Early. During the evening of the 4th, we pressed the enemy slowly back within sight of Westover Church, where we rested.

The next morning he had entrenched the hills around Westover, covered them with artillery and made an abattis half a mile deep in front of him, by felling trees.

General Lee however did not purpose to push him further, and in a day or two we all marched toward Richmond in the most oppressive heat we had ever experienced. The miasma from the swamps, and the stench of the battle field were beginning to tell on men accustomed to the pure air and cool water of the valley. We camped near Mechanicsville. Colonel Johnson thought this the auspicious moment to endeavor to recruit the regiment again. Since the Spring it had always been his intention to resign and submit his claims for a re-election, so that he might be cleared of any responsibility for the troubles. But as his re-election was a certainty with the same company officers, it would have been a farce, unless they were subjected to a re-organization also.

He had no reason to doubt but that they would be in the main re-elected, but it seemed the fairest conduct to the men.

Companies A and B had been entitled to a re-election of officers on their reorganization as re-enlisted companies, and his object had always been to equalize the condition of all the companies as far as possible.

Had he been able he would have procured the furlough and re-enlistment for all in winter quarters, where the germ of the discontent was engendered by companies A and B re-enlisting and getting furloughs. But this could not be done. The muster-rolls of companies D, E, F and G were made out for the war, signed by Lieutenant-Colonel George Deas, the mustering officer, and placed in the Adjutant-General's office. No such privilege could therefore be given them. Companies A and B were enlisted for twelve months from May 21, 1861. He explained the matter to Generals Jackson and Ewell, and procured their endorsement of his application to the Secretary of War for permission to proceed to Charlottesville, recruit the regiment and reorganize by an election of company and field officers. He had only heard, the evening of the battle of Cold Harbor, from Major Kyle, Commissary of the Maryland Line, that the communication he had sent from Staunton by Captain Murray to the Secretary of War, setting forth the complaints of the men had been handed to him, and that he had not delivered it as yet. He therefore seized this as the first moment practicable to lay that matter also before the Secretary.

Mr. Randolph at once granted the order for reorganization ; and the complaints of the men of companies D, E, F and G as to their term of enlistment having been explained to him, he said, as understood by Colonel Johnson and Captain J. Louis Smith, who was present, that that being a question of fact, it could only be determined by a court with jurisdiction competent to try it, and that would be a court martial.

Colonel Johnson therefore published an order requiring all men absent without leave to report in two weeks for duty, or be considered and treated as deserters, and proceeded with the regiment to Charlottesville.

While there, he reported to the Secretary of War that he had explained to the men his conclusion about them as he understood it, and in answer to an inquiry from him fully and distinctly set forth all the facts in relation to the original enlistment at Harper's Ferry, the complaints of the men about them and the statements of the company officers in relation thereto.

Companies E, F and G, claimed to have understood their original enlistment as only for one year. Their officers declared that the time and terms were fully explained to them to be for the war. Company D claimed that the original enlistment by Colonel Deas was not binding because of want of authority in him.

But many individuals of all four of these companies asserted that they understood the facts as alleged by their officers.

During the first week at Charlottesville there was considerable grumbling and dissatisfaction, but that quieted down and the men were getting satisfied and contented. Colonel Johnson furnished each man who desired it, with a new uniform, his bounty and pay and a short furlough, in consideration of which, the recipient was to go off and hunt up recruits. The plan was working well ; many came back before their leave was out, and many who had been absent for months came in, rejoiced to get among their old comrades again.

While this was going on Colonel Johnson took Companies A, B, C and D to Gordonsville in obedience to General Jackson's orders and assumed command there, leaving the residue behind to collect men.

Thus we had every prospect of reorganizing in a few weeks and going into the field, with from three to four hundred men at least.

On the 14th of August came an order from the Secretary of War to disband the whole regiment. No exceptions were made. Companies A, B and C, which had just gone into service, were included as well as those who were discontented.

How this order was procured was never known. It is supposed that

some persons, who had recently arrived in the Confederacy, having access to the authorities in Richmond, had produced such erroneous impressions on them and misled them to such an extent as to have been able to procure from them this unjust and extraordinary order. It was not the act of any friend of the regiment nor of any soldier who had ever served in it, as far as could be ascertained.

Elzey and Steuart our first and second Colonels had been wounded in battle and were out of the field. They were never consulted about it. Colonel Johnson had been the sole field officer with it since Lieutenant-Colonel Dorsey had been wounded at Winchester, and having been continuously in the field since the war commenced, had neither time nor taste for the Richmond intrigues. No more cruel blow could have been struck at him or his brother officers. They had fronted and fought the enemy for fifteen months, in such a way as to have from them the respect of their commanding officers, and the whole conduct of the command had been such as to place it high in the esteem of the whole army.

Whatever was the intention of the authors of this deed toward Colonel Johnson and his officers it signally failed in injuring them. General Ewell immediately requested a higher rank for him, that of Brigadier-General, and General Jackson placed him in command of the Second brigade of his old division, which he led at second Manassas, and had the triumph of marching into Maryland and into Frederick. All the other officers soon were placed in honorable and responsible positions. But the consequences to Maryland were such as the conspirators did not foresee. The army went there. Thousands wished to enlist. Every one asked "Where is the First Maryland?" The disappointment and chagrin at finding it disbanded was extreme. They had no Maryland organization to rally on. Colonel Johnson tried to organize a force in Frederick, but before a skeleton could be found the army marched, Sharpsburg was fought, Maryland evacuated, and the whole Confederacy filled with complaints that Maryland did not rise; that no men joined our army, and that she was untrue to the South.

Had the First Maryland regiment been with Jackson in Frederick during the three days he was there it would have filled up to two thousand men. Eight hundred, at least joined the cavalry and artillery companies as it was, but with that regiment as a nucleus, two thousand men would certainly have been obtained in three days.

They had no time to get together and organize companies, select captains and choose officers. That was impossible. So they were left behind or scattered through the whole army, and the consequence has been the most widespread distrust of Maryland among the Southern

people and army. Before then there had been the warmest enthusiasm and most intense sympathy for our State.

The persons who destroyed our regiment may thank themselves for having inflicted a more deadly blow on the interests and future chances of the State than Hicks, Winter Davis and Bradford combined.

On the 17th August, 1862, the regiment was mustered out and paid off. It had many more men than some regiments. The non-commissioned officers received the colors, regimental fund and other property, which was turned over to them by the Colonel. They appointed a committee of sergeants with the color-sergeant at the head to present the regimental color and bucktail, which they had followed in every fight, to Mrs. Johnson, in token of their appreciation of her efforts for them.

This they did with this letter:

To Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson:

DEAR MADAM:—Upon the occasion of the disbandment of the First Maryland Regiment on the 17th of August, we, the undersigned, members of the above named regiment, do unanimously agree and resolve to present to you as one worthy to receive it, our flag, which has been gallantly and victoriously borne over many a bloody and hard fought field and under whose sacred folds Maryland's exiled sons have fought and bled in a holy cause. Our attachment to our flag is undying, and now that circumstances have rendered it necessary that our organization should no longer exist, we place in your hands, as a testimonial of our regard and esteem, our little flag which is dear to us all.

For the regiment,

ALBERT TOLSON, Sergeant of Co. C.

RICHARD L. BROWN.

GEO. TYLER, Sergeant of Co. A.

GEO. W. WENTWORTH, Sergeant of Co. B.

F. FARR, Sergeant of Co. F.

W. JOSEPH FRANCK, Sergeant of Co. D.

CALVIN MYERS, Sergeant of Co. E.

CH. N. FERRIOT, Sergeant of Co. G.

EDWIN SELVAGE, Color-Bearer.

The large Regimental State Standard, they directed the Colonel to have emblazoned with their battles and deposited with the Historical Society of Virginia, to be by it retained, until Maryland joins the Southern Confederacy, when it is to be turned over to the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore.

He found it impossible to have it properly painted, but placed it in charge of Thomas H. Wynne, Esq., of Richmond, to be properly fixed and given to the Virginia Historical Society. On it should be imprinted or painted the names of "Manassas First, Munson's Hill, Upton's Hill, Hall's Hill, Sangster's Station, Rappahannock, Front Royal, Winchester, Bolivar Heights, Harrisonburg (Bucktails), Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill and Westover," being fifteen battles and skirmishes in which the regiment had been engaged.

The regimental fund in the possession of Captains Herbert and Nicholas they directed to be paid over to the sick and wounded.

Richmond, January, 1863.

A Grand Meeting in New Orleans on the 25th of April in Behalf of the Southern Historical Society.

[We make up from the New Orleans papers the following full report of the grand meeting which was held in New Orleans on the 25th of April in behalf of the Society, and for the brilliant success of which we owe hearty thanks to all concerned.]

The call made upon the people of New Orleans by the Southern Historical Society was nobly responded to by the large and brilliant audience which assembled at the French Opera House. Every seat in the parquette, every box and seat in the second tier were filled and the secondes and amphithreatre were crowded so that standing room was in anxious demand. The lobby on both sides was filled with gentlemen, peeping over each other's shoulders and listening with avidity and on tiptoe to the speakers.

So prompt were the people to assemble at the appointed hour that when 8 o'clock struck the house was full and ready to greet the distinguished speakers.

Hon. Jefferson Davis, leaning on the arm of Governor Francis T. Nicholls, followed by Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, Rev. Dr. Meyer Gutheim, and General George D. Johnston, and Judge Walters H. Rogers, first marched upon the stage by a side entrance and as soon as the venerable ex-President of the Southern Confederacy made his appearance every one in the audience arose and hat and handkerchiefs were waved with loud cheers, which rose and continued fresher, louder and more exultant in their raptuous greeting, and were not spent until the full lapse of a quarter of an hour

As soon as the applause had ceased, Judge Walter H Rogers, in a

few words, proposed Governor Francis T. Nicholls as presiding officer, and this was received with unanimous and enthusiastic approbation.

Judge Rogers then called the following gentlemen to act as vice-presidents and secretaries:

Vice-Presidents.—Bertrand Beer, Robt. Colt, John B. Lallande, W. T. Vaudry, H. J. Hearsey, B. F. Eschelman, Thos. L. Airey, J. A. Chalaron, A. Baldwin, S. S. Chaille, Carleton Hunt, J. B. Woods, G. A. Breaux, W. A. Bell, Alfred Roman, H. N. Ogden, G. T. Beauregard, Sam'l Logan, A. H. May, J. T. Scott, A. J. Witherspoon, J. B. Richardson, R. M. Walmsley, J. H. O'Connor, Walker Fearn, R. B. Todd, C. H. Parker, Chas. E. Fenner, J. B. Vinet, Page M. Baker, F. N. Ogden, F. S. Richardson, W. G. Vincent, C. H. Luzenberg, W. A. Johnson, W. T. Blakemore, Walter H. Rogers, J. J. Gidiere, George H. Braughn, James Buckner, H. S. Leovy, W. H. Holcombe, W. S. Mitchell, S. Delgado, Joseph Jones, J. G. Clarke, J. D. Bruns, J. Moore Wilson, John B. Lafitte, Fred P. Allen, J. S. Bradford, J. C. Eagan, Louis Bush, E. B. Wheelock, J. Jeffries, Lloyd R. Coleman, L. C. Levy, Adolph Meyer, John T. Hardie, F. P. Poche, T. L. Bayne, J. S. West Jr., John Andrews, R. H. Browne, Geo. W. Terrell, Wm. E. Huger, J. H. Oglesby, Warren Stone, E. M. Hudson, E. K. Converse, A. Goldthwaite, H. L. Lazarus, G. W. Cable, I. L. Leucht, F. R. Southmayd, Columbus H. Allen, H. D. Ogden, J. C. Morris, H. B. Stevens, W. J. Bebon, R. B. Pleasants, Thos. R. Markham, John V. Moore, J. H. Maury, T. S. Kennedy, J. H. Wiendahl, I. L. Lyons, E. A. Burke, S. H. Boyd, J. W. Emmett, Chas. Macready, Thos. C. Herndon, H. A. Martin, J. C. Denis, S. H. Buck, J. Walker Coleman; T. F. Alleyn, Wm. Fagan, F. McGloin, Wm. Pierce, J. T. Harahan, John Fitzpatrick, A. Moulton, John Glynn Jr., M. D. Lagan, Adam Thompson, Archibald Mitchell, John Mc. Enery, A. J. Lewis, John G. Devereux, J. M. Bonner, J. D. Peet, R. W. Adams, Eugene May, A. A. Maginnis, Rev. Mr. Waters, A. W. Hyatt, H. Miller Thompson, J. B. Walton, B. T. Walshe, John Augustin, C. H. Tebault C. J. Leeds, R. H. Marr, P. N. Strong, Gideon Townsend, H. Abraham, J. I. Block, T. G. Richardson, H. M. Martin, Percy Roberts, J. D. Hill, Edw'd Villere, Rt. Rev. J. N. Galleher, W. F. Ogden, I. W. Patton, Frank Monroe, J. P. Davidson, I. H. Stauffer, Jesse K. Bell, E. D. Willett, Geo. Sebastian, G. A. Lanaux, Jules Aldige, L. Folger, Hon. E. J. Ellis, Carl Kohn, H. Dudley Coleman, N. H. Rightor, A. L. Tissot, W. M. Owen, James McConnell, I. N. Marks, Major B. H. H. Green, Henry C. Miller, John Chaffe, S. L. Stockman, Thos. J. Semmes, Howard McCaleb, Rev. F. A. Schoup.

Secretaries.—M. McNamara, C. H. Lavillebeuvre, Thos. H. Clark, Chas. F. Buck, John J. Fitzpatrick, Branch K. Miller, Jos. D. Taylor, R. H. Brunet Jr., John K. Renaud.

GOVERNOR FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS

then stepped forward, and in a few appropriate and pithy remarks explained the objects of the meeting and the purposes of the Southern Historical Society. He spoke of the importance of the work undertaken by this small band of laborers, who, if they receive the proper help, will rescue from oblivion and slander, the record of the heroes who did their best for the right. After an eloquent peroration he introduced to the audience the

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

When the venerable soldier and statesman arose to respond to the introduction, deafening cheers greeted him and, by a common impulse, the whole assembly stood up in exulting reverence and respect. Mr. Davis, as soon as the applause permitted, delivered, first in a low voice, which gradually warmed up to inspiring tones, the following address:

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It would be more than superfluous to address to a New Orleans audience any argument in favor of the preservation of the history of our Confederate struggle. Your course is too well known, marked by too many deeds both in war and in peace, to render it at all doubtful that your hearts beat time to the cause for which so many of your bravest and best have died.

The early colony of Louisiana consisted of men who were refugees from conquest, and who, guided by patriotism and sustained by valor, plunged into the wilderness to make for themselves a new home. Their descendants have shown from that day to this the same characteristics which marked their fathers.

I believe it has been generally conceded, and I think most truly, that never was a people more universally gallant than the Creoles of Louisiana. [Applause.]

At the very first call of the late war your citizens rushed forth to the defense of their country, and you gave of your sons the first who reduced the fort that threatened to blockade a Southern harbor. And he, in the first great battle of Manassas, so distinguished himself as to be

promoted on the field to the highest grade in the Confederate army. Such was your Beauregard. [Applause.]

It would consume the whole evening were I to attempt to enumerate the list. You have seen standing before you here to introduce me one who went forth to the battle in the vigor of manhood, who lost a limb, and waited but for convalescence,* when he again hastened to the field, and sacrificed another limb. [Applause.] What is left of him is more precious to you still, like Sibylline leaves, growing in value as they were reduced in bulk.

But when the war was over, then the fair daughters of Louisiana (it is always the women who are first in good work), originated that plan of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, paying to them annually a tribute of flowers, which, in their beauty and recurring vitality, best express the everlasting love you bear toward the dead.

Then here, in New Orleans, was organized the Historical Society, with a view to preserving the records of the Confederate war. That Society has been removed, but still looks back to this the place of its birth. Here, where more than in any other city, you had been swept by the besom of desolation—where you had been more terribly pillaged than any other town that had been overrun—here have arisen more monuments to the Confederate heroes than in any other city of the South. Glorious New Orleans! You have the right to be proud of the past, and we have the right to be expectant of you in the future, for there is yet a higher and more immediate duty to perform. Monuments may crumble, their inscriptions may be defaced by time, but the records, the little slips of paper which contain the memorial of what is past will live forever. To collect and preserve these records is, therefore, our highest duty. They are said to be in danger. The Southern Historical Society appeals to you now. They appeal to you in the midst of your disaster, when your country has been overwhelmed by a flood, and when there is a want of means to supply the necessities of your people. Still the Historical Society comes to Louisiana as the first place, in which they ask that the Confederate records should be perfected and protected. I do not doubt that you will respond to the extent of your ability; that you will here inaugurate a movement which, growing and extending from city to city and year to year, will render certain the preservation of those archives, the value of which it is impossible to compute. It is a duty we owe to the dead—the dead who died for us, but whose memories can never die. It is a duty we owe to

* Reference here was to General Nicholls, subsequently Governor of Louisiana.

posterity to see that our children shall know the virtues and rise worthy of their sires; to see that the sons grow up worthy of their noble mothers—those mothers who never faltered through all the hours of trial through which we passed. [Applause.]

They who now sleep in the grave cannot be benefitted, it is true, by anything we may do; their cause has gone before a higher tribunal than any earthly judgment-seat, but their children and children's children are to be benefitted by preserving the record of what they did, and, more than all, the moral with which they did it. As for me—I speak only for myself—our cause was so just, so sacred, that had I known all that has come to pass, had I known what was to be inflicted upon me, all that my country was to suffer, all that our posterity was to endure, I would do it all over again. [Great applause.]

It is to me most desirable that the conduct of our men in defense of that cause should be so presented to the world as to leave no stain upon it. They went through trials which might have corrupted weaker men, and yet throughout the war I never went into an army without finding their camp engaged in prayer. After the war was over, see how many of these men who bore muskets in the ranks became ministers of the Gospel. It is your good fortune to have one presiding over your diocese now, and who is the successor of one who drew his last breath on the field of battle, the glorious holy Bishop Polk!

It is not necessary that we should have recorded what is conceded by all the world, that our men were brave, that they had a power of endurance and self-denial which was remarkable, but if you would have your children rise to the high plane you desire them to occupy, you must add the evidence of their father's chivalry and forbearance from that staining crime of the soldier, plunder, under all the circumstances of the war. True that we did not invade to any great extent, though we did to some. It is a fact which I am happy to remember that when our army invaded the enemy's country, their property was safe. I draw no comparisons, as I am speaking now of our people and of our country. If somebody else did not behave as well, let it rest. [Laughter.]

We had no army at the opening of the war; our defenders were not professional soldiers. They were men who left their wives, children and peaceful occupations, and, at the first call of their country, seized such arms as they could gather, and rallied around their flag like a wall of fire to defend the rights their fathers left them. Could there be cause more sacred than this? If there be anything that justifies human war, it is defense of country, of family, of constitutional rights. [Applause.]

If I be asked, as is possible, why do you wish to perpetuate these bitter memories? I say, in no spirit of vengeance, with no desire for vainglory, with no wish for sectional exaltation, but that the posterity of men such as I have described, may rise equal to their parents, higher if possible, and that the South may exhibit for all time to come the noble qualities which her sons have heretofore manifested. [Applause.]

Examples to posterity of the cardinal virtues of mankind they lived for humanity, and it is only by preserving your records, by gathering those incidents which are apt to be forgotten, that you can hope to convey to future generations an exact idea of the men who served through our struggle. It is not enough to say that some General won a battle; that don't teach you his character. It is not enough to say where some army displayed great valor, stormed a work or defended one. Show the character of the men, how they behaved in the field and in the camp. For this you should collect and collate such evidence as our worthy friend, General Nicholls, has said it was the object of this Society to gather.

The highest quality of man is self-sacrifice.

The man who gives his life for another, who surrenders all his earthly prospects that his fellow men may be benefitted, has most followed that grand exemplar who was given as a model for weak humanity. That we had many men in the Confederate service who forgot self in the defence of right, it is the purpose of this Society, by collecting the evidence, to show to the world.

I constantly find myself impelled to drift into comparative narration, which I wish to avoid. Let it suffice to say that I would have our children's children to know not only that our cause was just, (that may be historically established), but to have them know that the men who sustained it were worthy of the cause for which they fought. These are the great objects for which your co-operation is invoked.

The other side has written, and is writing, their statement of the case. We wish to present ours also, that the future historian by considering both may deduce the unbiased statement, which no contemporary could make.

I will frankly acknowledge that I would distrust the man who served the Confederate cause and was capable of giving a disinterested account of it. [Applause.] If he had any heart it must be on his own side. I would not give twopence for a man whose heart was so cold that he could be quite impartial. You remember the fable of the lion who, seeing a statue which represented a lion prostrate, and a man victorious, bending over him, said that if a lion had made the statue,

the figures would have been reversed. We want our side of the war so fully and exactly stated, that the men who come after us may compare and do justice in the case.

You all know how utterly unprepared we were when we engaged in the war, without money, without an army, without credit, without arms or ammunition, or factories to make them. We went into the struggle relying solely on brave hearts, strong arms, and, unfortunately many relying on deciding the issue by argument. When they found they were mistaken—that it was the dread ordeal of battle by which the question was to be settled—they shrank not from it, and I do contend their valor was equaled only by the moral of their conduct throughout the struggle. The unanimity of our people and the heroism of our soldiers has caused us to be the admiration of the world. They know the disadvantages under which we fought; they know the great achievements which we did. But there is much that is not known. You may ask the school-boy in the lowest form, who commanded at the Pass of Thermopylæ. He can tell you. But my friends there are few in this audience who, if I asked them, could tell me who commanded at Sabine Pass. And yet, that battle of Sabine Pass was more remarkable than the battle of Thermopylæ, and when it has orators and poets to celebrate it, will be so esteemed by mankind.

The disparity of numbers was greater, the inequality of arms was greater. When an iron-clad fleet came to pass the Sabine so as to invade the interior of Texas, an Irish Lieutenant, with forty-two men behind a little mud fort, having only field guns for its armament, held them in check. When he asked for instructions he was told he had better retire. But this gallant man said: "We will never retire!"

[The speaker went on to relate how the Irish Lieutenant, Dowling, had captured two of the war vessels on September 9, 1863, and taken a great number of prisoners.]

It is our duty to keep the memory of our heroes green. Yet they belong not to us alone; they belong to the whole country; they belong to America. And we do not seek to deprive "Americans" of the glory of such heroes as we have produced. Nor were their services rendered in our war those only which claim grateful remembrance. There was pious Jackson, the man, who, when he was waiting for the troops to move up would, under a storm of bullets, be lost in ejaculatory prayer: the man who, when he bent over a wounded comrade, would feel a woman's weakness creep into his eyes: the man who came like a thunderbolt when his friends most needed him, and his enemies least expected his coming, was the same who had marched into the valley of Mexico to sustain the flag of the United States. That man

who had been the terror of the enemy in the hour of battle but was as peaceful as a lamb after the conflict, when he found he was on a bed of death, calmly folded his arms, resigning his soul to God and saying: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." We do not claim to appropriate all his glory, but we hold dear every part of him that nobody else wants.

And there was Lee, the calm, faithful, far-seeing, dauntless Lee. As a soldier and engineer he penetrated the Mexican pedrigal and discovered a route by which the army must be led. To him more than to anybody else must be ascribed the capture of the city of Mexico.

¶ We do not wish to wholly appropriate the glory of Lee but will willingly share it with those who have an equal right to it, and we would rather they should claim some share of the grand conduct of Lee at Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, and everywhere that soldiers met soldiers against mighty odds.

There was the great General Sidney Johnston, distinguished in the Black Hawk war and the siege of Monterey, holding a position in the army with a rank beyond his age and prospects the most inviting to a soldier, he surrendered everything in order to vindicate the principles he believed to be true, and came with nothing but his right arm and his good sword to offer his services to the Confederacy.

Never was man more true to his duty, more devoted to his cause, or more sincere in his purposes, as was shown in the hour of his death, when, on the field of Shiloh, having driven the enemy from every position before him save one, which he saw must be carried to make the victory complete, he led a column to storm it, receiving a death wound from which the life-blood was pouring, he recked not of himself, but thinking, feeling only of his country and its cause, rode on until he fell lifeless from his horse.

May not the Genius of Patriotism as she bent over the form of the soldier so pure, so true, so devoted, have dropped a tear on a sacrifice so untimely slain upon her altar? Then I repeat it, such men do not belong to us alone. Shall their memories fade, and rising generations not feel the influence of such grand examples? May it not well come to pass that in some hour of the country's need, future generations, aware of the grandeur and the virtue of those men, will in a moment of disaster cry out like the ancient Scot:

"O for an hour of Wallace wight
Or well-trained Bruce
To lead the fight,
And cry St. Andrew and our right."

In some future struggle when the energy of the country may be taxed to its utmost, will you then find such men as those who have illustrated our recent history? They may arise, and that result will certainly be promoted by the course which has been advocated here to-night. Let the rising generation learn what their fathers did, and let them learn the still better lesson to emulate not only the deeds, but the motives which prompted them. May God grant that sons even greater than their fathers may rise whenever their country needs them to defend her cause. [Applause.]

Though the gallantry and capacity of the Confederate troops was so often and so brilliantly exhibited as to be undeniable and undenied, yet we have been inconsistently charged with cruelty to prisoners. I say inconsistently, because brave men are never cruel to those who are helpless and in their power. The fact is, we used our best efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners held by us. That they languished and died in prison was their misfortune and ours also. There were physical and climatic causes which we could not alter. We were wanting in supplies of the proper medicines and the kind of food to which the prisoners were accustomed. As the number of prisoners accumulated beyond what could have been anticipated, there was not a sufficient shelter for them. Disease was the consequence, and the medicine required could not be obtained because the enemy had made it contraband. It is a burning shame that the slander was ever circulated which imputed to us cruelty to those who were in our power. Enough has been collected and published on this subject to convince any fair, disinterested mind, but let us not stop until the facts have been so established that not even malignity and slanderous falsehood can fail to be silenced and abashed. Let the testimony of reliable persons who were in our prisons be taken, especially the evidence of those who came to me as a delegation from the prisoners at Andersonville, and whom I sent on parole to Washington to plead for the execution of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners. In due time they came back to report that they could not get an audience. Their conduct in observing their parole proved their honorable character, and must entitle them to credence. Let these and all other pertinent facts be added to the testimony already of record, so that the odious accusations about Andersonville shall not be thrown in the faces of our children and our children's children.

Time's mellowing influence has been felt on both sides of the Susquehanna, and our people sincerely appreciate the kindness shown to them in time of pestilence, and more recently in time of flood. It is the

characteristic of the brave and generous always gratefully to acknowledge any kindness they receive.

I trust that these mellowing influences may grow stronger and that at no distant day those offensive epithets which, in view of our history, it was an abuse of the English language to employ, may cease to be part of the Northern vocabulary. Those who must live together should cultivate cointelligence and mutual respect, in order to which not one side only but both must be heard. The Southern people are not revengeful, the fact is they are not capable of lasting hate which is the child of fear, therefore brave men do not hate like cowards. [Applause.]

Here, where the Historical Society began, in an hour of utter desolation, it is here also in another period of disaster that I find you assembled to determine what can be done to preserve this Society and increase its usefulness.

If you succeed in giving impulse to such an organization as will preserve this Society, you will add another feather to the wing which I trust will bear you to prosperity and happiness. You will have another claim to the admiration of those who honor virtue, and who feel gratitude for your generosity, and to us Confederates you will be, if possible, doubly dear. Here in the neighborhood of the Southern cross, that emblem in the skies of our sign upon earth, that likeness of the battle flag which our men so often followed, here where the Society began, it is meet that the Society should be preserved. In any event you are entitled to much credit, and now I bear a free testimony in your favor.

My friends, it is somewhat difficult for a Confederate whose heart-love lies buried in the grave of our cause, to speak to you on a subject which revives the memories of that period, and to speak with that forbearance which the occasion requires.

I have tried to do so, and all I can say is that, if I have exceeded the proper limit, you don't know how hard I have tried to keep within it. [Applause.]

Now, my friends, ladies and gentlemen, let me assure you that the same affectionate regard, the same hope for you, the same belief in your prosperity, the same high expectations of New Orleans, which I have so often declared, will follow me in the few remaining days I may yet live among you. [Great applause.]

Mr. Davis was frequently applauded throughout the delivery of his address, and was cheered to the echo as he took his seat. He was also presented with a magnificent floral tribute, which he gracefully received amid the tumultuous applause of the crowd.

Then followed addresses by Rev. J. K. Gutheim, General George D. Johnston, and Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, which were in the happiest vein of these distinguished orators, and which we had purposed publishing in this number, but that the printer warns us that we will not have room. They will appear next month.

The meeting was, in every way, a magnificent success, and its pecuniary results—a full statement of which we will publish in our next—were in the highest degree gratifying.

Our especial thanks are tendered to the committee of ladies—Mrs. Percy Roberts, Mrs. Alfred Roman, Mrs. F. N. Ogden, Mrs. Francis T. Nicholls, Mrs. W. A. Johnson, Mrs. S. H. Boyd, and Miss Claudine Rhett—whose indifatigable labors were so essential to the success of the meeting—Judge Walter H. Rogers, who, to his reputation as a gallant soldier, now adds that of the able and pure jurist—ex-Governor F. T. Nicholls, the maimed veteran who serves his country and the cause of truth as faithfully now as when he followed the standard of Lee and Jackson—ex-President Davis, the able statesman, pure patriot and finished orator, who has always given to the Society his warm sympathy and ready help—Rev. J. K. Gutheim, who finds in the history of his Ancient People, Israel, an eloquent parallel in the history of the Confederacy—Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, who was the first President of the Society, and whose eloquent tongue has always been ready to plead the cause of historic truth—General F. N. Ogden, who kindly acted as treasurer for the ladies—the press of New Orleans, who have shown a ready zeal in the enterprise, which is highly appreciated, and many others, too numerous to mention, who contributed in various ways to the success of this grand meeting.

We need scarcely add, that our accomplished and efficient General Agent, General George D. Johnston, deserves high praise for the untiring energy and wise tact with which he arranged for the meeting, and is following up the interest awakened in the great city of New Orleans in behalf of this Society, which found there its first home, and receives there a new “send off” on its career of usefulness in vindicating the name and fame of the land and cause we love so well.

Ex-Confederates in New Jersey.

During the Centennial celebration at Yorktown the Aaron Wilkes Post No. 23, G. A. R., of Trenton, N. J., extended their trip to Richmond and were entertained at an impromptu banquet by the veterans

of the Richmond Howitzers, the old First Virginia regiment and the Otey battery.

So pleased were the visitors at their hospitable reception that soon after their return home they sent a committee to Richmond, bearing gifts and a hearty invitation from Wilkes Post to visit them in Trenton.

The kind invitation was accepted and arrangements for the visit entrusted to a committee. Captain David N. Walker was made officer in charge. About seventy-five men, representing the three organizations above named, composed the visiting party.

We left Richmond April 12th, on the 5 A. M. train, all hands having been made "Colonels" by the officer in charge. It was a jolly party "on pleasure bent."

At Baltimore we received several recruits in the persons of old Otey battery men resident there, and at Philadelphia more still. Here also the party was met by a committee of gentlemen from Wilkes Post, who had been sent on to meet and welcome us at, as it were, the outer wall. The enthusiasm there was great and evidenced great heartiness of esteem. Captain Wilkes, the genial commander who came with Wilkes Post to Richmond, was with this committee, and his countenance was radiant with pleasure as he grasped the many hands extended to greet him.

The arrival of the train at Trenton was announced by an artillery salute. The entire military force of the town were in waiting for escort duty, and Wilkes Post and its auxiliary corps were out in full force.

The lines was formed, military and Wilkes Post in front and the ex-Confederates following. The line of march led through the principal streets of the town, which were filled with people, cheering, waving flags, and indulging in every possible form of welcome. The whole town was out. Bells were rung on engine-house, churches, locomotives and fire-engines. Whistles were blown in the workshops and cannon fired from the house-tops. Many residences were handsomely decorated.

After the march the visitors were left at their hotel long enough to brush up and lunch, and were then taken to the Wilkes Post Industrial Exhibition at Taylor's Hall, where they were received with marked courtesy by the ladies and gentlemen in charge.

The visit to the Exposition over, at about 10 P. M., hosts and guests assembled at the hotel, and arm in arm marched into the banquet, spread on three immense tables in the dining-hall. Senator John Taylor, of Trenton, presided. Toasts were read to "The South," "The Old First Virginia," "The Otey Battery," "Our Country," "Rich-

mond," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., and appropriate responses were made.

The speeches on both sides were manly, generous, free from cant, and such as befit soldiers. It was "the next day" when the whole company united in singing the Star Spangled Banner.

On the morning of the 13th, carriages appeared at the hotel as if by magic. The private carriages of many of the best citizens of Trenton were amongst them. Each carriage contained at least one Wilkes Post man as guide. So we went to see the sights.

The first place visited was the State House, a very neat and handsome building, where we were welcomed by his Excellency the Governor, in a very pleasant little address to which Major Chas. S. Stringfellow responded. And this reminds me that the Major had already been called upon to respond to the address of welcome of the Mayor of the town and had done it handsomely.

We were then guided to all the places of interest in and about the town, seeing, in the course of the ride a great Stud Farm, the wonderful Potteries, the great Steel and Iron Works, Rubber Works, &c., &c.

This accomplished the guests returned to the hotel and prepared for the reception tendered by the ladies, at Taylor's Opera House.

The parquette of the fine theatre was planked over for dancing, and the house was tastefully decorated. A fine band was in attendance and discoursed appropriate music.

The Governor and his staff were present in full dress and were very agreeable and earnest in their attentions.

The ladies, maid and matron, were there in full force, and were, of course, the "light" of the occasion. Did we dance? Why certainly!

On the morning of the 14th, after a most delightful visit, the ex-Confeds. left for home, bearing with them a keen sense of the extreme good taste, hospitality and generosity of the entertainment which they had received—for, notwithstanding the number and variety of the means used to make our stay agreeable, and the fact that we numbered nearly one hundred we were not allowed to pay for ANYTHING in Trenton.

I sincerely believe that friendships were formed there which will endure till the parties to them are no more.

C. McC.

Roster of Troops at Battle of Chickamanga.

Compiled by Captain W. N. POLK.

[The following roster has been already printed in our PAPERS, but as it was in different shape, and Captain Polk thinks the present form necessary to prevent confusion and make clear the extract from the forthcoming "Memoir of General Polk," we reprint it as here given:]

CONFEDERATE FORCE SEPTEMBER 19TH, GENERAL BRAGG COMMANDING.

Right Wing—Lieutenant-General Polk.

Walker's corps.....	5,175
Cheatham's division..	7,000
Stewart's "	4,398
Cleburne's "	5,115
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Total, infantry and artillery.....	21,688
Cavalry	2,000
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Total	23,688
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Loss, about.....	4,000

Left Wing—Major-General Hood.

Johnson's division.....	3,683
Laws's " about.....	3,000
Trigg's brigade.....	1,536
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Total, infantry and artillery.....	8,219
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Loss, about.....	2,000
In reserve, not engaged, two brigades, Preston's.....	3,270

FEDERAL FORCE SEPTEMBER 19TH, GENERAL ROSECRANZ COMMANDING.

Left Wing—Major-General Thomas.

Brannan's division.....	5,989
Baird's "	4,655
Johnson's "	4,184
Palmer's "	4,853
Reynolds's "	6,268
Van Cleve, two brigades.....	2,300
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Roster of Troops at Battle of Chickamauga. 237

Total, infantry.....	28,247
Artillery, about.....	2,000
Total, about.....	30,247
Loss	7,701

Right Wing—General Crittenden and McCook.

Wood's division.....	4,125
Barnes's brigade, about.....	1,800
Davis's division.....	2,971
Negley's "	4,349
One brigade, Sheridan's division.....	1,373
Total, infantry.....	14,618
Artillery, about.....	1,000
Wilder's brigade *—mounted infantry.....	—

CONFEDERATE FORCES SEPT. 20TH—GENERAL BRAGG COMMANDING.

Right Wing—Lieutenant-General Polk.

Hill's { Breckinridge	3,769
corps. { Cleburne	4,670
Walker's { Liddell, }	4,355
corps. { Gist, }	
Cheatham's division.....	6,000
Total.....	18,814
Cavalry, (Forrest's).....	3,500
Aggregate.....	22,314
Of the infantry of this wing 4,749 were fresh troops.	

Left Wing—Lieutenant-General Longstreet.

Buckner's { Preston	4,078
corps. { Stewart	3,750
Hindman's division.....	6,100

* Being unable to ascertain General Wilder's force, the total of this wing cannot be given.

Hood's	{ Johnson.....	
corps.	{ Law.....	
	{ Kershaw.....	
Total.....		22,840
Cavalry (Wheeler's).....		4,000
Aggregate.....		26,849
Of the infantry of this wing 10,900 were fresh troops.		
Total Confederate force.....		49,162
The Confederate line had 150 pieces of artillery.		

FEDERAL FORCE SEPTEMBER 20TH—GENERAL ROSECRANZ COMMANDING.

McCook's corps (Twentieth).....	10,640
Thomas's corps (Fourteenth).....	14,524
Crittenden's corps (Twenty-First).....	13,539
Granger's Reserve (Steadman's division).....	5,171
Cavalry (Mitchel's corps).....	9,676
Forming a total of.....	53,550
The Federal line had 170 pieces of artillery.	

Notes and Queries.

As a pleasing episode of the war, we give the following correspondence :

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 24, 1864.

My Dear Madam :

I received this morning, by the hand of Captain Warley, your very kind note of the 20th instant, and beg permission to thank you heartily for the kindness expressed therein on my behalf. Should I have any occasion to require any assistance whatever, I will frankly and unhesitatingly ask it of Mr. Wagner, to whom your husband, Major Warley, has also written in like manner. And I send you herewith a copy of a communication forwarded this day by flag of truce to the commanding officer at Fort McHenry, where the Major is a prisoner, and which is intended to be the best acknowledgment I can now make of his kind remembrance of our previous very slight association. I trust it may be of service to him there.

With the sincere prayer that you may be spared even the least of

the anxieties and sorrows that a wife must feel for a husband actively engaged in this war,

Believe me, my dear madam,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

T. SEYMOUR, *Brigadier-General U. S. Vols.*

MRS. R. L. WARLEY, *Darlington, S. C.*

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 24, 1864.

Sir:

Major Warley, C. S. A., now a prisoner of war, and confined under your charge, has written to his family and friends here in such a manner as to have procured for myself and my fellow-prisoners many of those courtesies and kindnesses that are so eminently grateful to a prisoner of war. I shall, therefore, esteem it a peculiar and personal favor if you will extend to Major Warley any and every practical kindness that may be in your power, whether in the way of pecuniary assistance (for which I will be responsible to you), or of greater personal liberty, by parole or otherwise, that he may desire or you may find admissible. By so doing you will confer a favor upon me that I shall be proud to acknowledge. And should any officers of the Fifth United States Artillery be stationed at Fort McHenry, or any other officers of the old service, I shall be grateful if you will show them this letter, and ask such personal civilities toward Major Warley as the nature of your duties may forbid, but which I can confidently ask from them as a brother officer.

And I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

T. SEYMOUR, *Brigadier-General U. S. Vols.*

Commanding Officer. Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

GEN. GEO. D. JOHNSTON, our indefatigable General Agent, is now following up in New Orleans the interest excited by the great meeting of the 25th of April, and is having marked success in enrolling new names and re-enlisting old friends. From New Orleans he expects to go to Texas, and we trust that he will meet with a cordial welcome and active help in that great State.

AN ENDOWMENT FUND, which can be permanently invested and only the income used for the current wants of the Society, is a long-felt need of our work. In the

meeting at New Orleans General Johnston proposed that at least \$50,000 be raised for this purpose. Dr. Palmer eloquently endorsed the proposition, and it seemed to meet general favor. Let the scheme be pushed to practical results. Where is the friend who will give us at once \$10,000, or \$5,000, or less? Where are those who will contribute smaller sums? Do not wait to be specially called on, but let us hear from you at once.

FULL SETS OF OUR BACK VOLUMES can now be obtained, but we urge those desiring them to send their orders *at once*, or they may be too late.

We were offering a few weeks ago "a limited number of sets, and for a limited time," at a considerable reduction on our regular rates; but that offer is now withdrawn, and we return to our regular prices, which are—

Full set of <i>Papers</i> , nine volumes (from Jan., '76 to Jan., '82), unbound,	\$18 00
" " " bound in cloth, - - -	22 50
" " " " half Morocco, - - -	24 75
" " " " half calf, - - -	27 00
"Treatment of Prisoners," - - - -	1 00
Early's "Memoir of the Last Year of the War," - - -	75

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE having kindly consented to repeat his lecture on "Chancellorsville" at several points in the South, for the benefit of the Society, arrangements are being made for him to lecture in Augusta, Ga., Savannah, Charleston, and other places.

General Lee's lecture admirably combines a most valuable historic discussion of that great battle, with a narrative that sparkles with good hits and well-told anecdotes, and possesses rare interest, not only for the old soldier, but for the general public as well. A rare treat is in store for those who shall hear him.

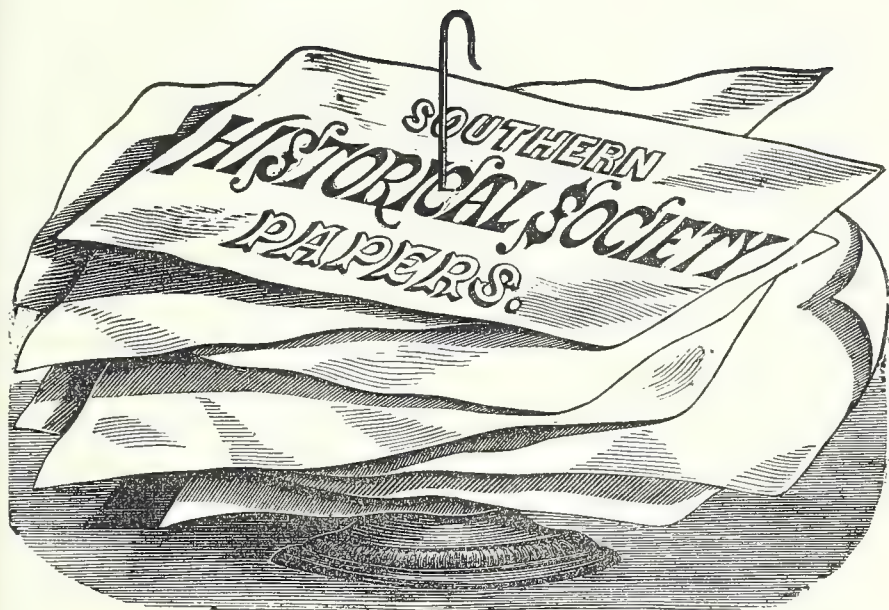
And we anticipate a delightful season in mingling with old comrades and meeting new friends.

F. D. JOHNSON, whose advertisement appears for the first time in this issue, we have known from boyhood, and can cordially commend as a thoroughly reliable business man, and, in our judgment, all the more deserving of patronage because he "wore the gray" and was a gallant Confederate soldier.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WORCESTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY is too well known and appreciated to need any commendation from us. But our friend, J. W. Denmark, (agent for Virginia and North Carolina of the publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co.,) has sent us a copy, which is certainly one of the finest specimens of the book-maker's art we have ever seen. Its patent letters on the outer edges of the leaves is certainly a very ingenious and convenient contrivance.

THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS not only maintain, but constantly increase, their high reputation.



Vol. X.

Richmond, Va., June, 1882.

No. 6.

History of Lane's Brigade.

By General JAMES H. LANE.

(Conclusion.)

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

This Brigade had only two regular commanders, General L. O'B. Branch, of North Carolina, and myself. General Branch commanded it from its organization until he was killed at Sharpsburg. I then took charge of it on the field and continued in command until the close of the war. When I was wounded, in the summer of 1864, it was temporarily commanded by Colonels John D. Barry and W. H. A. Speers, and Brigadier-General Conner.

General Branch entered the service as Quartermaster-General of North Carolina, was appointed Colonel of the Thirty-third North Carolina Troops, and afterwards made Brigadier-General and put in command at Newberne. He was in command at Newberne in 1862, when it was attacked, and had charge of his brigade in all of its battles from its organization to Sharpsburg. He was a very gallant General, stood

high in the estimation of his superior officers, and I often heard would have been promoted but for his untimely death.

General A. P. Hill, in his report of the battle of Sharpsburg, says: "The Confederacy has to mourn the loss of a gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, who fell in this battle, at the head of his brigade, Brigadier-General L. O'B. Branch of North Carolina. He was my senior brigadier, and one to whom I could have entrusted the command of the division with all confidence."

General Lee, in his report of the same battle, says: "In this attack the brave and lamented Brigadier-General L. O'B. Branch was killed, gallantry leading his brigade."

The following is taken from the September No. 1874 of "*Our Living and our Dead*."

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL L. O'B. BRANCH.

Extract from a private letter written four miles from Fairfax Court-house, fifteen miles from Washington, D. C.

"Since I wrote you last, we have been almost constantly in the enemy's rear, and communication with home has been impossible. We have performed the most remarkable marches recorded in history. If we had not the actual experience it would not be credited that human nature could endure what we have endured. Fighting all day and marching all night—not for one day only, but for a whole week. The little sleep we have had has been on the battle field surrounded by the dead and wounded. Some of the soundest sleep I have ever had, has been on the naked ground, without cover, and the rain pouring down in torrents. The only rations we have had for a week are fresh beef—our wagon trains can't keep up with us. My brigade has been in nearly every battle, sometimes in the lead, and always among the foremost. It has suffered severely, but has behaved splendidly. I go with them in every battle, and in all the hail of bullets I have gone though, have not had my skin broken.

At Manassas my brigade had the satisfaction of whipping Burnside, and taking prisoners from him two days in succession.

Twice our corps has passed entirely around the enemy, getting between him and Washington, and destroying countless quantities of his stores. At Manassas we burned one hundred and fifty loaded cars.

No brigade in the service has been in as many battles, and done so much hard service as mine.

Extract from a private letter from Frederick City, Maryland.

Having driven the enemy from Virginia, we are now at the old capital of Maryland. Our corps has thus far continued in advance.

We crossed the Potomac day before yesterday and continued the march until 10 o'clock at night, when we turned in a field for the night.

General Jackson sent me an order to have two days' provisions cooked immediately. I sent him word we had nothing to cook, and would be glad to know where I could get something for my men. He sent word back that I should send the men into a cornfield near by to fill their haversacks with roasting ears. I did so, and told him we would be ready to march in two hours. Before daylight we were off, and reached here by the middle of the day.

Such is the character of the service this corps has been rendering—marching, fighting and starving—almost incessantly, night and day. I would not have believed, without actual experience, that flesh, blood and muscle could stand what we have stood.

I have been for several days in command of the division. I crossed the Potomac at the head of six brigades, composing about half of General Jackson's corps.

*Extract from a private letter written at Frederick, Maryland,
September 8th, 1862.*

We have done so much hard fighting since crossing the Rappahannock that I cannot undertake to give particulars. In the fight of Friday, near Manassas, General Gregg's brigade was on my right. He had repulsed an attack on his line, and was again furiously assailed by a fresh column. Seeing the enemy were concentrating their efforts at that point I extended my line so as to place one of my regiments (the Thirty-seventh) behind him, and informed him I would support him if he should need it. In a few minutes General Gregg's brigade came back retreating and the enemy in close pursuit. General Gregg then asked me for support. I ordered Colonel Barbour to advance with the Thirty-seventh and to assail the enemy on meeting them. Without halting I ran across the road, under a hail-storm of shot, for another regiment. The Seventh was nearest. Calling for Colonel Haywood I learned that he was already wounded, and calling on the Seventh to follow me I led it to the support of the Thirty-seventh. These regiments swept the enemy back in almost the twinkling of an

eye, regaining the ground lost by General Gregg and reestablishing our line at that point. The enemy made six distinct attacks on this point, with as many fresh columns, but did not succeed in breaking it.

In the meantime we had been reinforced, and at this place the fiercest battle of the war took place. During the two last attacks I had not a round of ammunition in my brigade, and all I could do was to stand in line of battle with bayonet fixed, determined to receive them in that way if they should break the line before me. General Gregg and his officers in the strongest terms thanked me, and said I had saved the day and saved them from a rout. When I wanted to throw out pickets I had all the cartridge-boxes examined and could only find twenty-four cartridges in the brigade. I placed a regiment on picket with orders to give the twenty-four cartridges to twelve picked men and the balance of the regiment should stand guard with fixed bayonets. Ask your father if he stood on picket in the war of 1812 with fixed bayonets and no powder, within four hundred yards of the enemy. The expedition of Jackson's corps from the Rappahannock to Manassas and thence to this place is the most daring and extraordinary in the history of wars."

Brigadier-General James H. Lane entered the service as Adjutant of the First North Carolina, camp of instruction at Raleigh; was elected Major of the First North Carolina Volunteers, "Bethel Regiment," May 11, 1861; was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of the same regiment September 1st, 1861; was elected Colonel of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina regiment September 21, 1861; was re-elected Colonel of the same regiment when it reorganized in the spring of 1862, and was appointed Brigadier-General November 1st, 1862, on the recommendation of Generals Lee, Jackson and A. P. Hill.

CAMP FISHER, HIGH POINT, September 21, 1861.

Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Lane:

Dear Sir,—You were *unanimously* elected Colonel of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina Volunteers this evening. This regiment is composed of the following companies, enlisted for *twelve* months:

Co. A, Surry county, Captain Reeves (Major elect).

Co. B, Gaston county, Captain Edwards.

Co. C, Catawba county, Captain Lowe, (Lieutenant-Colonel elect).

Co. D, Stanley county, Captain Montgomery.

Co. E, Montgomery county, Captain Barringer.

Co. F, Yadkin county, Captain Kinyoun.

Co. G, Orange county, Captain Martin.

Co. H, Cleveland county, Captain Wright.

Co. I, Yadkin county, Captain Speer.

Co. K, Stanly county, Captain Moody.

You will see that most of us are "Mountain Boys," and we trust that we do not disgrace the home from which we come. It would afford us great pleasure and satisfaction to have for our leader an officer so well and favorably known for bravery, courtesy and professional attainments as Lieutenant-Colonel Lane, of the gallant "Bethel" regiment. Permit us to express our personal hope that we may receive a favorable reply as soon as possible and to subscribe ourselves,

Your obedient servants,

S. M. STOWE, Major Commanding Post,

WM. J. MONTGOMERY, Captain Co. D.,

G. B. JOHNSTON, First Lieut. Co. G.,

Committee in behalf of the Twenty-eighth Regiment.

RICHMOND, October 14, 1861.

My Dear Colonel:—By General Anderson I send you the best sword I could find in Richmond; also a saddle, bridle, &c., by express.

It is a present from the old First Regiment, as a slight token of their kind feelings and regards for you both personally and officially. Captains Avery and McDowell, Lieutenant Lewis and myself were appointed a committee to procure the articles, and I was deputed to proceed to Richmond and purchase them. I have left with your sister a pair of very neat goblets, thinking that you would prefer having them there to keeping them with you. * * * * *

I am, sincerely your friend,

R. J. ASHE.

Colonel James H. Lane.

CAMP GREGG, VA., March 28, 1863.

Brigadier-General James H. Lane, Commanding Fourth Brigade:

I have the honor to announce to you in behalf of my brother officers of this brigade, that on Monday next, the 30th inst., at 11 o'clock A. M., we will be pleased to present you with a sword, sash, saddle and bridle, as a token of respect for you as our commander, and high appreciation of your many gentlemanly and soldierly qualities.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAM. D. LOWE,

*Colonel Commanding Twenty-eighth N. C. Regiment, and
Chairman of Committee.*

Roster of the Field and Staff from the organization of the Brigade and Regiment to the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse.

Brigadiers: L. O'B. Branch, James H. Lane.

Aids: W. A. Blount, Oscar Lane, J. Rooker Lane (acting), Everard B. Meade.

A. A. Generals: W. E. Cannaday, Francis T. Hawks, George B. Johnston, Edward J. Hale, Jr.

A. I. General: Ed. T. Nicholson.

Ordinance Officer: James A. Bryan.

Quartermasters: Joseph A. Engelhard, George S. Thompson, A. D. Cazaux (acting), E. W. Herndon.

Commissaries: Daniel T. Carraway, Thomas Hall McKoy.

Surgeons: James A. Miller, Robert Gibbon, J. F. McRee, Ed. G. Higginbotham, Wesley M. Campbell, George E. Trescot.

Seventh Regiment.

Colonels: Reuben P. Campbell, Ed. Graham Haywood, William Lee Davidson.

Lieutenant-Colonels: Ed. Graham Haywood, Junius L. Hill, Wm. Lee Davidson, J. McLeod Turner.

Majors: Edward D. Hall, Junius L. Hill, Robert S. Young, Robert B. McRae, Wm. Lee Davidson, J. McLeod Turner, James G. Harris.

Adjutants: J. A. Cunningham, John E. Brown, Frank D. Stockton, Ives Smedes, John M. Pearson.

Quartermasters: William A. Eliason, John Hughes.

Commissaries: William H. Sanford, Thos. Hall McKoy.

Surgeon: Wesley M. Campbell.

Assistant Surgeons: William Ed. White, Alfred W. Wiseman, J. R. Fraley.

Chaplain: M. M. Marshall.

Eighteenth Regiment.

Colonels: James D. Radcliffe, Robert H. Cowan, Thomas J. Purdie, John D. Barry.

Lieutenant-Colonels: O. P. Meares, Thomas J. Purdie, Forney George, John W. McGill.

Majors: George Tait, Forney George, R. M. DeVane, John D. Barry, Thomas J. Wooten.

Adjutants: Charles D. Myers, Samuel B. Walters, William H. McLaurin.

Quartermaster: A. D. Cazaux.

Commissaries: Duncan McNeil, Robert Tait.

Surgeons: James A. Miller, John Tazwell Tyler, Thomas B. Lane.

Assistant-Surgeons: Charles Leceane, William Brower, Alexander Gordon, Simpson Russ.

Chaplain: Colin Shaw.

Twenty-eighth Regiment.

Colonels: James H. Lane, Samuel D. Lowe, William H. A. Speer.

Lieutenant-Colonels: Thomas L. Lowe, Samuel D. Lowe, William D. Barringer, William H. A. Speer.

Majors: Richard E. Reeves, Samuel D. Lowe, William J. Montgomery, William D. Barringer, William H. A. Speer, Samuel N. Stowe.

Adjutants: Duncan A. McRae, Romulus S. Folger.

Quartermasters: George S. Thompson, Durant A. Parker.

Commissary: Nicholas Gibbon.

Surgeons: Robert Gibbon, J. F. McRee, W. W. Gaither.

Assistant Surgeons: F. N. Luckey, R. G. Barham, Thomas B. Lane, N. L. Mayo.

Chaplains: Oscar J. Brent, F. Milton Kennedy, D. S. Henkel.

Thirty-third Regiment.

Colonels: L. O'B. Branch, Clark M. Avery, Robert V. Cowan.

Lieutenant-Colonels: Clark M. Avery, Robert F. Hoke, Robert V. Cowan, Joseph H. Saunders.

Majors: Robert F. Hoke, W. Gaston Lewis, Robert V. Cowan, Thomas W. Mayhew, Joseph H. Saunders, James A. Weston.

Adjutants: John M. Poteat, Spier Whitaker, Jr.

Quartermasters: Joseph A. Engelhard, John M. Poteat, John R. Sudderth.

Commissaries: J. A. Gibson, Robert A. Hauser.

Surgeons: R. B. Baker, J. H. Shaffner, Ed. G. Higginbotham.

Assistant Surgeons: J. H. Shaffner, John A. Vigal, J. L. McLean.

Chaplain: T. J. Eatmon.

Thirty-seventh Regiment.

Colonels: Charles C. Lee, William M. Barbour.

Lieutenant-Colonels: William M. Barbour, John B. Ashcraft, William G. Morris.

Majors: John G. Bryan, Charles N. Hickerson, William R. Rankin, John B. Ashcraft, William G. Morris, O. N. Brown, Jackson L. Bost.

Adjutants: William T. Nicholson, David W. Oates.

Quartermasters: Robert M. Oates, Miles P. Pegram.

Commissaries: Herbert DeLambert Stowe, Miles P. Pegram.

Surgeons: James Hickerson, George E. Trescott.

Assistant Surgeons: J. W. Tracy, J. B. Alexander, G. B. Moffitt, Daniel McL. Graham.

Chaplain: A. L. Stough.

Addresses of Rev. J. K. Gutheim and Rev. Dr. Palmer, at the Great Meeting in New Orleans.

We are sure that our readers will be glad to have the other addresses delivered at the great meeting at New Orleans, on the 25th of April in behalf of our Society. We have not been able to secure a copy of that of General George D. Johnston, of which the papers spoke in high terms, but have great pleasure in presenting those of Rabbi Gutheim, and Dr. Palmer, in addition to the superb address of President Davis which we printed in our last number.

ADDRESS OF RABBI J. K. GUTHEIM

Ladies and Gentleman,—"The history of the world is the tribunal of judgment of the world." This pithy sentence of the great German poet may in its spirit be applied to the special history of every single nation. Whatever the deeds and experiences of peoples and States—whatever the destinies and events occurring in the bosom of the human family, history transmits them in its records to posterity to render an impartial verdict. Happily, in the progress of human knowledge, history need no longer be construed from mute monuments which have been preserved from the ravages of time, but the modern historian is enabled to render a truthful account of any important event or period by examining and collating the written documents which throw light on the course of events he desires to illustrate.

True history is the result of patient research, unbiased judgment, a comprehensive, intelligent review of cause and effect, of all attainable facts and data that mark the course of events. It must be free from hasty conclusions of the moment, contracted judgments of selfishness

and preconceived opinions. Moreover, the historian must not sink into the annalist, who, instead of solving a problem, merely paints a picture. It is in accordance with this standard that the merits of any important cause will become manifest, and prove a stimulus to human progress.

The mighty conflict which for four long and bitter years convulsed our country, devastated our blooming fields and flourishing cities, and desolated our homes, was ended at Appomattox Courthouse. The cause for which it was waged and which had enlisted the warm sympathies and active participation of our noblest, purest and ablest minds—was lost. Seventeen years have passed since the sword was sheathed and the opposings chieftains shook hands. Peace and reconciliation, it was hoped, would follow war and resentment. But the cessation of actual hostilities did not at once re-establish general concord, mutual confidence and fraternal relations between the opposing sections. As the billows of the sea rise mountain high when lashed by the tempest, and after the war of elements has ceased, slowly, gradually, recede, until the mighty deep reassumes its wonted placid calm, thus it is with the passions of man. And our civil war forms no exception. These passions once so deep and intense, have gradually been softened by the mellowing influences of time, a better feeling and a better mutual understanding is daily spreading, and North and South can this day join hands and hearts as citizens of a united republic, who glory in the preservation of the Union.

But the question is asked, what is the aim of this Southern Historical Society? Is it not a sectional institution? Why foster creations that have a tendency to perpetuate a sectional spirit?

Permit me to answer this question by citing an incident from the history of ancient Israel.

It will be remembered that the tribes of Reuben, Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, had received their inheritance beyond the Jordan on the express condition of sending their warriors to assist their brethren in the conquest of the promised land. They faithfully and honorably redeemed their promise, and after a seven years' campaign were finally dismissed to their homes.

But no sooner had they reached the borders of the Jordan than they erected a great altar, visible from afar. When intelligence of this understanding reached the council of the people at Shiloh they were struck with amazement. They suspected that the two tribes and a half meant treason, intending to set up an independent establishment for worship, and to destroy the connection by which the tribes were linked

together. But in order not to act hastily, or without proper inquiry in a matter of such deep importance, they sent a delegation to investigate the subject.

The delegates proceeded on their mission, and stated the grounds of complaint. But the two-and-a-half tribes protested in the most solemn terms that their object was, in all respects, the very reverse of that imputed to them. Instead of meaning a separation, they had set up their altar as a monument to future ages of the connection between tribes separated by the river, so that if, at any time to come, their descendants should attempt to cast off the connection and assert their independence, or if the Israelites should hereafter attempt to disown their union, and declare that the people beyond the river had "no part in the Lord," this monument might be pointed to in evidence of the fact. Hearing this explanation, the delegates expressed their approval and returned.

The application of this episode is easily made. The Southern Historical Society is anxious to set up a monument in the collection and preservation of all authentic documents, both official and unofficial, that bear on the fortunes and issues of that tremendous struggle by which "a house was divided against itself," in order to furnish valuable materials to the impartial historian who may address himself to the task of writing a history "in which nothing is extenuated and naught set down in malice." It is a monument which bears evidence to the strength of the Union. As a great result, the war has obliterated Mason's and Dixon's line from the map of the Republic. Let us hope and trust that henceforward no imaginary geographical line again be drawn to indicate a division of political sentiment; let us hope and trust that henceforward the only contention between the States be which shall excel the other in loyalty to the Constitution, attachment to the Union, and the zeal for establishing the fundamental rights of liberty.

The eloquent Rabbi was loudly applauded.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. B. M. PALMER.

Ladies and Gentlemen.:—You have just heard from the lips of General Johnston the objects of this Society, and you have heard of the necessity of an endowment of only \$50,000. I consider this a very moderate sum when we consider the territory over which the appeal is to be made.

The practical question arises, and a question always asked when

money is required of a people, is there any need of this organization, and is its work a work that must be done?

I answer both questions in the affirmative for reasons that I will briefly submit. The first is that the history of every historic people should be fully written, and nothing must be withheld which contributes to that end. The scholarly youth, when he encounters in his academic course the study of history, is appalled by its magnitude. With the map of the world spread before him, he asks, in dismay, is a lifetime sufficient to compass the history of all these lands and of the peoples who have lived and wrought upon them for 6,000 years? He is soon reassured, however, when he learns that but a very small portion of the earth's surface and few of its nations are historic. You may, for example, throw all Africa overboard, except its Mediterranean coast and a small portion that lies upon the delta of the Nile. In like manner, nearly the whole of the massive and monotonous continent of Asia may be discounted.

Even Europe, a larger portion of its territory is just emerging into history, in the only representative of the Slavonic race which has never yet fulfilled its part in history. We who have dwelt on this continent for the last 300 or 400 years are the descendants of nations that are historic, and the United States has a history which must be written.

But if it is to be written as a whole it must be written in all its parts, and the first draught must come from the actors by whom the history has been made. They can but set forth the motives of their conduct, and the principles by which they were actuated. These earlier chronicles are the original sources from which a more elaborate and philosophic record may be constructed.

For example, I was interested the other day in the argument used by La Salle with the Governor of Canada, when he suggested to him the plan of connecting the St. Lawrence with the Mississippi by a chain of forts. "I think," said he, "that the Mississippi draws its source somewhere in the vicinity of the Celestial Empire, and that France will be not only the mistress of all the territory between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, but will command the trade of China flowing down through the new and mighty channel which I shall open to the Gulf of Mexico."

We smile at the geographical mistake of the explorer—only to wonder how near he comes to the truth after the lapse of two hundred years—in that stream of Asiatic commerce, which we expect to flow from our California coast and empty itself by rail into our city upon the Gulf. That we may contribute our part to the history of the

country at large, I would have the Southern Historical Society gather and preserve all that properly belongs to us, and transmit a true account to the generations that are to come. In the second place there are great principles underlying the struggle through which we have recently passed, which need to be expounded as held by both the combatants. It is a mistake to suppose that war is always the mere outburst of human passion. On the contrary the great wars of earth—those which have been projected upon the largest scale and protracted through the longest period, and especially occurring between members of the same race, have been the result of an antecedent conflict of opinions which seeking reconciliation in vain, appealed finally to the sword to settle the question of ascendancy. Why! The thirty years' war between Sparta and Attica was but the culmination of the struggle between the Doric and Ionic elements of the Grecian stock which emerged at the earliest dawn of authentic history; two nations struggled together like Jacob and Esau, even in the womb. So ancient was the feud that even the armed invasion of Persia scarcely composed it for a time, only to break forth in the war of the Peloponnesus, so fatal in its issue to the independence of both. From the outset these two were the exponents of two opposing systems of government and social discipline, Lacedaimon espousing a policy which may be defined as continental and oligarchic, while Athens represented the idea of commerce and democracy—Sparta seeking to consolidate the continental States under the supremacy of the few—Athens to weld the maritime States into a confederacy of which she should be the centre and the head. Or, take as a more modern example, the long struggle of 1648 to 1688 in English history, which was simply a contest between prerogative on the part of the Crown and privilege on the part of the people, the final issue of which was the establishment of the present English government, the freest and happiest empire on the globe. And can it be denied that great and fundamental principles lay at the heart of the civil war in which the two sections of this country were lately engaged? I am not here to discuss these principles upon the one side or the other, but it is due to historic truth that both should be set forth by the advocates who were willing to submit them to the gauge of battle. I would have the Southern expounder and the Northern expounder stand face to face, as did Lee and Grant at Appomattox, and argue the case before the nations of the earth. For this cause let the documents be preserved upon which the argument is to be founded, and the verdict is to be rendered. I assign as a third reason for the perpetuation of this Society, my conviction that the result of

the conflict between the North and the South will be the preservation of the principles and institutions of our fathers, in all the grand future which I hope is before us.

Mr. President, we hear on every hand about the Lost Cause. Was there ever a cause lost which was supported by truth? And can a cause be lost which has passed through such a baptism as ours? Principles never die, and if they seem to perish it is only to experience a resurrection in the future. I have lived long enough, though my observation lies chiefly in the ecclesiastical sphere, to see small minorities leaven with their principles the very majorities by which they were overwhelmed. And you have read in history that nations have morally subdued the very powers by whom they have been crushed. Rome conquered Greece, but Greece in her fall infused her philosophy and her culture into the very foe by whom she was destroyed. Rome, in her turn, civilized the very savages by whom she was overrun, so that out of the very chaos of the obliterated Roman empire emerged the present congress of European States.

Sir, there is a tribunal before which even nations must appear—a tribunal before which old causes shall be retired and the final verdict be rendered which can never again be reversed. There must come a time when the passions which have shaken the earth to its centre must subside; when the mists of error and mistake roll up and drift away after hanging their curtains long around the truth. God in his adorable Providence raises up the advocates who speak, men of a judicial build, who force these solemn historic retractions in which eternal justice throws down its shadow upon the earth. Look, for example, at Motley drawing from the archives of the Escorial itself the damning evidence that had slept for three hundred years, upon which the second Philip is convicted as the blackest felon that ever disgraced the people. Look, again, at Carlyle planting his burly form against the billows and rolling back the tide of prejudice which had swelled against Cromwell for two hundred years.

We, like all the nations, must stand before that bar and be judged. Our history is not yet finished. God grant that it may not be for centuries to come. It is a little over one hundred years since our independence of the British throne, and less than one hundred since the adoption of the Constitution under which we live. I speak, no doubt, the sentiment of every person in this large audience when I express the wish, I may even add the faith, that these United States may remain united when its government shall cover the continent from ocean to ocean. But we cannot be blind to the peril arising from this extension

of territory. The great kingdoms of the past have perished under this danger, being broken by their own weight. To us of this generation belongs a task as mighty as that achieved by our fathers. If they had the wisdom to devise a government admirable in its adjustments, ours is to be the statesmanship which shall apply the same in its indefinite expansion. If we shall succeed in this we shall have the glory not inferior to those who first framed the republic.

Dr. Palmer never fails to capture the crowd, and the thunders of applause with which he was greeted on this occasion showed that his address was a fitting finale of the grand meeting.

The following statement will show the financial results of this effort:

REPORT OF COMMITTEE AND TREASURER.

The undersigned beg leave to submit to the patrons of the meeting, held at the Opera-House Tuesday, April 25, in behalf of the Southern Historical Society, the following statement of receipts and expenditures:

Receipts from sale of tickets and donations.....	\$1,605 40
Receipts from sale of refreshments.....	67 00
	<hr/>
	1,672 40

EXPENDITURES.

Rent of Opera-House.....	\$50 00
Gas Bill.....	15 00
Advertisements.....	29 75
Music.....	35 00
Telegrams.....	4 50
Service at the Opera-House.....	25 00
	<hr/>
	159 25
Net proceeds of the meeting.....	\$1,513 15

Committee—Mrs. Percy Roberts, Mrs. Alfred Roman, Mrs. F. N. Ogden, Mrs. Francis T. Nicholls, Mrs. W. A. Johnson, Mrs. S. H. Boyd.
FRED. N. OGDEN, Treasurer.

Received from General F. N. Ogden, treasurer, the sum of \$1,513.15, being the net proceeds of the meeting held in this city Tuesday evening, April 25, 1882, for the benefit of the Southern Historical Society.

GEO. D. JOHNSTON,
General Agent of the Southern Historical Society.

After the above report was made, General Johnston received \$29.55

additional, so that the total net receipts amounted to the very handsome sum of *fifteen hundred and forty-two dollars and seventy cents* (\$1,542.70).

Again we tender our hearty thanks to all concerned, and assure them that this grand meeting will prove to the Society a new "send off" on a career of prosperity and success in its noble work.

Notes on Ewell's Division in the Campaign of 1862.

By Col. CAMPBELL BROWN, of Ewell's Staff.

[Written at the time.]

MEMORANDUM.

SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1862.

While on the Rappahannock, in March and April, 1862, our division consisted of Taylor's (eighth brigade), Trimble's (seventh brigade), Elzey's (fourth brigade). These officers ranked—Elzey, Trimble, Taylor. The numbers of the brigades were those they had in the army of the Potomac while at Centreville. Our division was there known as the Third, or Reserve division, and commanded until the middle of February, 1862, by Kirby Smith. The brigades were composed as follows:

Fourth Brigade.—Tenth Virginia regiment, Colonel Gibbons; Thirteenth Virginia regiment, Colonel James A. Walker; First Maryland regiment, Colonel Bradley T. Johnson.

Seventh Brigade.—Fifteenth Alabama regiment, Colonel Jas. Cantey; Sixteenth Mississippi regiment, Colonel Carnot Posey; Twenty-first Georgia regiment, Colonel J. F. Mercer; Twenty-first North Carolina regiment, Colonel W. W. Kirkland.

Eighth Brigade.—Sixth Louisiana regiment, Colonel J. G. Seymour; Seventh Louisiana regiment, Colonel H. T. Hays; Eighth Louisiana regiment, Colonel H. B. Kelly; Ninth Louisiana regiment, Colonel Randolph.

Baltimore Light Artillery, Captain Brockenbrough; Courtney Artillery, Captain A. R. Courtney; * Wheat's special Louisiana battalion, Major C. R. Wheat.

The Second and Sixth Virginia cavalry were left with General Ewell by General J. E. B. Stuart, when he went to the Peninsula, a few days after our first skirmish, and the burning of the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock. Colonel R. C. W. Radford commanded the Second

* Johnson's Virginia battery (the Bedford battery), I am persuaded, was also with us at this time. I know we had three batteries.

cavalry; Colonel Field the Sixth. The reorganization occurred while at the Rappahannock, and Colonel Munford, former Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, succeeded Colonel Radford, while Colonel Harrison, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth, was elected Colonel, Colonel Field having been appointed Brigadier-General and sent to Fredericksburg.

While at Conrad's store on the Shenandoah, in the Valley, Brigadier-General George H. Steuart (formerly Colonel of the Maryland regiment) was ordered to report to Major-General Jackson for duty, and to take command of the "Maryland line," to which the Maryland regiment was assigned, and which he was to organize. Just after we left Conrad's store for Front Royal he reported to General Jackson, and the day after we entered Front Royal he was given a brigade, composed of the First Maryland regiment, and the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Virginia and Twelfth Georgia regiments, of General Edward Johnson's command, which General Jackson had brought with him from the Alleghanies. The same day the Forty-fourth, Fifty-second, and Fifty-eighth Virginia regiments were assigned to General Elzey's brigade at Winchester. Colonel Kirkland, Twenty-first North Carolina, was seriously, and Lieutenant-Colonel Pepper mortally wounded, and Major Fulton took command of the regiment at Middleburg the day previous, or here (I am not sure which) Major Arthur McArthur, of the Sixth Louisiana, was killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols, of the Eighth Louisiana, wounded. He was left behind when we fell back up the Valley.

At Conrad's store the Sixth and Ninth Louisiana regiments had been reorganized, Colonel Seymour reelected, Henry Strong chosen Lieutenant-Colonel, and Nat. Offutt Major in the Sixth. In the Ninth the field officers declined a reelection, and Captain L. A. Stafford was elected Colonel, Captain H. R. Peck Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain ——— Major. Major Christy of the Sixth, who failed of a reelection, was appointed Chief of Ordnance to the division with the rank of Captain of Engineers. He joined us from Richmond at Front Royal or Winchester and entered on the duties of his office at once. Major Hugh M. Nelson, of Clarke county, had been appointed Aid-de-Camp by General Ewell, I being appointed Captain and A. A. General at the same time. Major Nelson joined us at Winchester, on our retreat, having narrowly escaped capture by the Yankees the day previous. At Winchester, Trimble's and Taylor's brigades of our division were engaged, Taylor charging a Yankee battery and Trimble opening the fight and keeping it up for a full half-hour alone, when a thick fog came on, which lasted another half-hour and stopped all firing. When

it cleared away we heard Jackson's column, which had come down the Valley pike, attacking and we at once reopened. In half an hour the fight was over and the enemy had retreated through the town. At Bolivar heights, between Charlestown and Harper's Ferry, the First Maryland regiment had a brilliant affair—drove three Yankee regiments off the heights, took and held them.

Near Strasburg, on the retreat, the division was partially engaged in a skirmish, that proved to be of very little consequence. That night the cavalry rear guard, being suddenly attacked by the enemy, got stampeded, and it and the artillery (Baltimore battery) came near running over the Louisiana brigade—so the brigade said. Fifteen or twenty cavalymen were reported captured.

Near Harrisonburg the Fifty-eighth Virginia (then very small—not two hundred men) got engaged with the Pennsylvania "Buck-Tail Rifles," and had their hands full till the First Maryland came to their help. The fight lasted only half an hour. Our loss was seventy-five, that of the enemy nearer one hundred and fifty. Ashby was killed ten steps in front of the line of the Fifty-eighth Virginia trying to induce them to charge. His horse was killed under him, and he had scarcely disengaged himself and started forward when he, too, was killed, shot directly through the body—some insisted *from behind*, but I think not, from what I could learn.

At Cross Keys, on Sunday, June 8th, 1862, only Elzey's, Trimble's, and Stuart's brigades were engaged. General Jackson, before leaving for Port Republic in the morning, had ordered General Ewell to send "his best brigade" to report at the bridge there to him. The Louisiana brigade was the largest, and accordingly it was the one sent. It was sent back by General Jackson after reaching the bridge and got upon the field in time to be under an artillery fire, but not to aid in the result of the day. Here General Elzey and General Steuart were both wounded—Elzey slightly. He came on duty again in a week. Steuart is still disabled—he was struck by a grape-shot or cannister in the muscles of the neck and back. The ball was cut out two months after he was wounded. Colonel Posey (Sixteenth Mississippi) was wounded—not dangerously. At Port Republic, next day, Elzey's brigade, under Colonel Walker, and Trimble's brigade were not engaged. Steuart's brigade, under Colonel W. C. Scott, was in the fight, and the Forty-fourth and Fifty-eighth Virginia especially contributed to the success of the day, the fortunes of which, however, were turned by the Louisiana brigade in a charge, by which the enemy were driven back and six guns captured. At this time the two brigades of General

Edward Johnson's army, now permanently attached to this division, were officered as follows:

Twenty-fifth Virginia regiment, Colonel George Smith; Thirty-first Virginia regiment, Colonel ———; Forty-fourth Virginia regiment, Colonel ———; Fifty-second Virginia regiment, Colonel ———; Fifty-eighth Virginia regiment, Colonel S. H. Letcher; Twelfth Georgia, Colonel Z. T. Conner.

Colonel Smith had been taken and paroled at Rich Mountain—re-joined his Regiment a day or two before the fight at Port Republic and was wounded there. Just recovered from that wound, he was again wounded in the first day's (Thursday's) fighting at Manassas.

Colonel Conner had behaved extremely well at McDowell, but General Jackson having left his regiment at Front Royal, he stampeded from there in great haste on Shield's approach, and was placed under arrest for "misbehavior in the face of the enemy" charges for cowardice being at the same time preferred against Major Hawkins of his regiment for ordering his men to lay down their arms and surrender to a very inferior force of Yankee cavalry, an order they refused to obey, and under command of their company officers (who prompted and supported their refusal) easily drove back the Yankees. Colonel Harry T. Hays and Lieutenant-Colonel De Choiseul of the Seventh Louisiana were both wounded here, the latter mortally. Major D. B. Penn now took command of the regiment.

While at Somerset (Liberty Mills) near Gordonsville, on our way to the valley, Dr. F. W. Hancock, Division Medical Director, was seized with rheumatism, and having partially recovered from it, and attempted to join us near Front Royal, his horse was shot under him by a bushwhacker or straggling Yankee, and fell, severely injuring his leg, so that although he made out to reach us at Winchester, he was obliged to leave us again, and has been ever since suffering greatly from it, though persisting frequently in going on duty—when we last heard from him fears were entertained of his losing the limb.

On the way to Richmond, all the regiments of General Ed. Johnson were assigned to Elzey's brigade, and the "Maryland Line" now composed of the First Maryland Regiment, the Baltimore Light Artillery, and Captain Brown's (formerly Captain Gaither's Company, and in the First Virginia Cavalry) Company of Maryland Cavalry was left under command of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson. While in the valley all the cavalry had been placed under command of General Ashby—after his death Beverly W. Robertson was appointed Brigadier-General and assigned to the command. He arrived just as we left the valley.

I forgot to mention that Captain Hammond's Company of the Cavalry had been acting as couriers for General Ewell till just before we left the Rappahannock; but Captain Elijah V. White's (Loudoun Rangers) was then substituted and has been acting ever since, besides doing a great deal of scouting duty.

At the battle of Gaines's Mill or Cold Harbor, on Friday, June 27th, Colonel Isaac G. Seymour Sixth Louisiana (then in command of the brigade, General Taylor having been sick since Port Republic) was killed, so was Major C. R. Wheat First Special (Tiger) battalion. Lieutenant-Colonel D. B. Penn, Seventh Louisiana slightly wounded. General Elzey was at first thought to be mortally wounded; but is recovering. Major Hooper, Twenty-first Georgia, was severely wounded. Major Nelson was here slightly wounded. The day before the fight at Malvern Hill General Early, just recovering from his wound received at Williamsburg, was assigned to the command of Elzey's brigade which he still retains. At Malvern Hill we were under a very heavy artillery fire for several hours, but no field officers killed or wounded. The Louisiana brigade was pretty hotly engaged for a while, being ordered to charge by some mounted officer, nobody knew whom, and being unsupported by any of the troops on its left (Whiting's), it was necessarily used pretty roughly, until General Winder and his brigade came to its help.

At Westover, near Harrison's Landing, while our division held the advance, our skirmishers and the Yankees did some firing, and General Ewell, who was sitting at a house three hundred yards behind the skirmishers, had a hole put through his cap in some mysterious way without hurting him. At Gaines's Mill his favorite mare was killed under him, and a ball passed through his boot leg and slightly bruised his ankle.

Reports of the brigades while at Westover showed barely 3,000 men for duty in the division. But our loss in killed and wounded while on the Peninsula was nearly 1,000—namely, 987.

While encamped at Strawberry Hill, near Richmond, the Sixteenth Mississippi, one of the very best regiments in the division, was detached from it, and just before we started for Gordonsville the Maryland line was ordered to Staunton to recruit. The Virginia battery which had joined us at Winchester, but on account of want of drill had been only brought into action at Port Republic (accidentally and for a few rounds only) and at Malvern Hill, was left behind at Richmond "for purposes of instruction." It was afterwards called Carrington's Charlottesville Artillery.

At Cedar Run fight (Cedar Run Mountain or Slaughter's Mountain) we had Latimer's (Courtney) artillery; the Bedford battery, Captain Johnson (formerly Captain Bowyer); the Louisiana Guard artillery, Captain D'Aquin: the First Maryland artillery, Captain Dement; the Chesapeake (Second Maryland) artillery, Captain Brown, and the Manchester artillery, Lieutenant Pleasants (I think) was in command. All these batteries were engaged, and all did good service. Captain Brown was especially commended.

While at Liberty Mills the Ninth Louisiana was transferred to General Starke's brigade, and the Fifth Louisiana (Colonel Forno) and the Fourteenth Louisiana (Colonel York) were added to the eighth brigade. Colonel Hays was made a Brigadier-General and assigned the brigade thus formed, and Taylor was made Major-General and sent to Louisiana. Lieutenant-Colonel Penn thus became Colonel of the Seventh Louisiana. Hays still suffering from the effects of his wound, Forno took command of the brigade. An order came about this time that brigades and divisions were hereafter to be known by the names of their commanders, so we now speak of Ewell's division, of Early's, Trimble's and Hays's brigades. At Cedar Run Early was very hotly engaged, being the advance of the whole centre and left of the army. Trimble and Forno on the front of Slaughter's Mountain, were under a heavy fire of artillery but no musketry. The day after the fight Lawton's brigade of the Thirteenth, Twenty-sixth, Thirty-first, Sixtieth and Sixty-first Georgia regiments and the Staunton artillery were added to the division, by order of General Jackson. Up to this time I have not had enough intercourse with them to remember all the Colonels or commanding officers of these regiments. Colonel Douglas of the Thirteenth, and Colonel Stiles of the Sixtieth, I know. At Bristoe Station on Tuesday, the enemy admit a loss of fifty killed and two hundred wounded. Our loss was not nearly half of these numbers. Lieutenant Turner, General Ewell's aid, had a horse killed under him. At Manassas on Thursday evening, General Ewell was shot when the fight was nearly over. Next day his leg was amputated by Dr. McGuire. Next day General Trimble was wounded in the leg by an explosive ball, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fulton, Twenty-first North Carolina, the only field officer present, having been wounded the day before, *the command of the brigade fell to Captain Feagan, of the Fifteenth Alabama.* Colonel Forno, Fifth and Colonel York, Fourteenth Louisiana, having been wounded on Friday, Colonel Henry Strong, Sixth Louisiana, was left in command of the brigade. In Lawton's brigade Majors Berry and Griffin were wounded, the former

in four places. Colonel George Smith of Early's brigade, was again wounded. This list is only partial, as I left the division with General Ewell on Thursday, and have not since been with it.

After Major Wheat's death his battalion became totally disorganized and was ordered by the Secretary of War to be disbanded, the men being drafted into the other regiments of the brigade. This was done while on the Rapidan, near Raccoon Ford, after the battle of Cedar Run, but before those of Manassas. At Sharpsburg Colonel Strong, Sixth Louisiana, was killed; General Lawton was wounded. Other officers I don't recollect, except Lieutenant H. B. Richardson, Engineer of General Ewell's staff (promoted to Captain for conduct here), wounded. Just after Fredericksburg General J. B. Gordon was promoted to command of Lawton's brigade, and Early made Major-General.

NOTE, May 4th, 1874.—This is a copy of a memorandum made by me during the fall of 1862 and spring of 1863. The date shows when it was begun—the mention of Fredericksburg that it was finished some time afterwards. I don't know whether these notes are fit to publish, and only contribute it as a small addition to the history of Ewell's division, to be used as the discretion of the Society may dictate.

Raid of Forrest's Cavalry on the Tennessee River in 1864.

By Captain JOHN W. MORTON, Chief of Artillery in Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

[Read before the Louisville Branch of the Southern Historical Society.]

Two batteries of the battalion of artillery, Forrest's Cavalry Corps, which I had the honor to command, namely, Walton's and Morton's, the former composed of two ten-pounder and two twenty-pounder Parrott guns which had been captured from the enemy by Forrest's cavalry, and the latter composed of four three-inch steel-rifled Rodman guns, which had also been captured by our command, reached the mouth of the Sandy on the evening of October 28, 1864, accompanied by Buford's division of cavalry. This "raid" was evidently intended to delay the concentration of troops and stores by the Federals at Nashville, and to assist General Hood in his advance into Middle Tennessee.

After a careful reconnoissance by General Buford of the river front for several miles above and also below the mouth of Sandy, we selected the old Confederate Fort Heiman and Paris Landing and the mouth of

Sandy, the former place some five miles distant by river from the latter, as the most available from which to obstruct the navigation of the Tennessee river and cut off communication with Johnsonville.

These points were admirably suited to entrap any passing boat from above or below. Lieutenant W. O. Hunter's section—Walton's battery—of twenty-pounder "Parrotts" under the personal command of Captain E. S. Walton, was placed in the upper fort at Fort Heiman. Lieutenant T. S. Sale's section (Sale had been left sick in Mississippi)—Morton's battery—in charge of Lieutenant J. W. Brown, was placed on the river bank some 800 yards below Hunter's position, both sections being supported by General H. B. Lyon's brigade of cavalry. Lieutenant Joe M. Mason's section (Mason had been left sick at Jackson, Tenn.)—Morton's battery—Sergeant Lemuel Zarring in charge, was placed in position at Paris Landing, and Lieutenant Trantham's section—Walton's battery—Sergeant Crozier commanding, was ordered into position about 1,000 yards above Paris Landing, near the mouth of Sandy. The guns at these positions were supported by General Tyree H. Bell's brigade of cavalry, dismounted and deployed as skirmishers.

The entire command received strict orders not to disturb any transport, gunboat, or passing troops on the opposite bank of the river. The batteries being well masked and men concealed, at daylight of the 29th we awaited the coming of a gunboat or steamer with nervous delight. Our patience was not long taxed, for about 9 A. M. the transport Mazeppa, with a barge in tow, both heavily laden, unaware of the lurking danger, was allowed to pass Brown's three-inch "Rodmans," and when well above us I ordered Brown to run his guns from under cover up close to the water's edge and open upon her. This was promptly followed by Walton's heavy "Parrotts," and with such effect that her machinery was speedily disabled, and she drifted helplessly to the opposite bank, and was deserted by her crew. General Buford's trouble and anxiety to secure this valuable prize was soon relieved by Captain Frank P. Gracey, a gallant artillery officer, temporarily attached to Lyon's brigade, who offered to swim the river and bring the boat over, and soon the Captain, with the aid of a log, was breasting the current amid the shouts and plaudits of his comrades. Not to be outdone, private Dick Clinton, of Walton's battery, and private T. H. "Sack" Moore, of Morton's battery, dropping the equipments of the cannoneer, followed the noble example of Captain Gracey, threw themselves into the water and swam the swollen stream, reaching the Mazeppa just after Captain Gracey had taken possession of her. A yawl was lowered,

into which was placed a coil of rope, one end being attached to the Mazeppa. This was quickly carried to the opposite shore, where many willing hands were ready to draw the steamer across the river. General Buford, myself, and several others, taking possession of the yawl, pulled for the boat, and on boarding her, Walton's Confederate battery flag was nailed to the flag-staff, and under command of "Commodore" Buford, who strode the upper deck with the pride and grandeur of an old salt, we glided smoothly into port amid the cheers and rejoicings of the "Ragged Rebs," who had an eye more to the shoes, blankets, clothing, hard-tack, and other good things with which she was heavily freighted, than to the glory of the capture. Approaching the landing, an amusing incident occurred, illustrative of the former characteristics of the gallant General (we believe he has since become a consistent member of the Christian church). Having discovered a two-gallon jug of choice old Kentucky Bourbon, he claimed this as his *treasure trove*, and was striding the deck, holding the jug to his mouth with a devotion peculiar to his impulsive nature, when some of the men cried out: "Hold on, General, save some of the whiskey for us." He replied with a full *ore rotundo*: "Plenty of shoes and blankets for the boys, but just whiskey enough for the General."

The greater part of the stores were safely discharged upon the bank by 5 P. M. About this time three Federal gunboats approached from below, and at long range shelled with their heavy guns our provisions with such vigor and precision that General Buford deemed it expedient to at once remove the much-needed stores to a place of safety and fire the steamer and barge, which being accomplished about sundown, the gunboats withdrew down the river. The importance of this capture may be seen when it is known that the stores removed from the Mazeppa and barge were almost sufficient to supply Hood's army, requiring the entire transportation force of Buford's division, added to that of all the wagons that could be impressed in the neighborhood, to remove them within two days' and one night's constant work.

Early on the morning of the 30th the Anna, a transport, came down the river. She was allowed to pass the Paris Landing batteries and fall into the snare. As she approached Fort Heiman a few well-directed shots from Brown's "Rodmans" and from Walton's 6-inch "Parrotts" caused her to raise the white flag. General Buford, anxious to capture her uninjured if possible, galloping to the river bank, ordered her to "come to." Observing the white flag flying, and hearing the pilot ringing his signal-bell to land I ordered the firing to cease. The pilot, as he approached the bank, cried out, "I will round

to at the lower landing." This was just under Brown's section. General Buford and myself repaired to that landing. When approaching she hugged the bank as if to stop, but instead of landing she raised steam and hastened by us. I ordered the batteries to reopen. She, however, was so close to us and under cover of the bank that our guns could not be sufficiently depressed to effect serious damage until almost out of range. However, her chimneys, mast-head and pilot-house were riddled and knocked down, and she floated helplessly with the stream until under protection of the Federal gunboats. We subsequently learned from our cavalry, which followed her, that the pilot was killed and several parties on board seriously hurt, and that she was towed by a gunboat to Paducah.

The transportation on the Tennessee seemed immense, and every moment was full of excitement. About 10 A. M. the Undine, or No. 55, belonging to what was commonly known as the "Mosquito Fleet," escorting the transport Venus, with two barges attached, came in sight from above. They were permitted to pass Crozier at the mouth of Sandy, when both Crozier and Zarring opened a vigorous fire, which was responded to with spirit by the gunboat. Zarring advanced his guns "by hand to the front," firing as the gunboat receded with the current. The Undine would occasionally halt, and, throwing her broadside to the Confederates, send her deadly shells crashing through the trees and tearing up the earth. Zarring, quickly taking advantage of this broadside position of the gunboat, hurried rapidly his three-inch shot, which drove through her with telling effect, for soon a white flag in the hands of a lady was seen waving through a port-hole. Our firing ceased for an instant, when the flag was snatched down. The firing was immediately resumed, and Bell's sharp-shooters, at once brought into requisition, fired incessantly, with vigorous effect. The Confederates proving too formidable, the Undine dropped down behind the bend in the river, out of range, but presently coming under cover of the batteries at Fort Heiman, she hesitated to pass, and withdrew with the Venus above and behind the bend of the river, from which position she began a noisy shelling of the Paris Landing battery, while repairing damages in the hull and machinery, which could be distinctly heard by Bell's sharp-shooters.

It was subsequently ascertained that the white flag was raised by the wife of the Captain of the gunboat, who had been killed, and was snatched down by the second officer in command.

The men at Zarring's guns, having a commanding position, fought continuously for over an hour, and advanced their pieces by hand for

nearly a mile; although on a chilly October day, with the sun obscured by hanging clouds, the men becoming exhausted from hard physical effort, would for a moment drop from their posts and crawl to the river's edge to bathe their burning brows and quench their thirst with the muddy water of the turbid stream. This was certainly a remarkable contest, when we consider the consternation and panic usually produced amongst troops upon the appearance of Federal gunboats, and especially to those unaccustomed to gunboat warfare. Lieutenant S. K. Watkins, the Artillery Battalion Quartermaster, who was an efficient artillery officer, volunteered his services with Zarring's section, and rendered conspicuous and effective service in this novel charge with artillery. Orderly Sergeant Frank T. Reid, of Morton's battery, whose place was with the caissons in a protected situation, was, as usual, at the front, and ever ready to assume any position around the guns in which he could be most serviceable.

Meanwhile, I received an order from General Buford to move one section of artillery from Paris Landing down to the bend of the river opposite to where the gunboat Undine and transport Venus were anchored, and dislodge them, or force a surrender. Orderly Sergeant Reid was directed to hastily proceed down the river and carefully reconnoiter the position where the Undine and Venus were lying. At this time, on looking up the river, I discovered "more game" in sight. A steamboat was seen approaching very slowly and cautiously, some two miles way. I directed the guns to be withdrawn from the immediate river front, and the men to lie down. The steamer, which proved to be the J. W. Cheesman, approached slowly, in fact, at one time checking up as if to return. She evidently apprehended danger. No troops being observed on the shore, and possibly seeing the Undine and Venus below, she was emboldened to proceed on her way. As she passed Crozier, a volley from his ten-pounder Parrotts crashed through her cabins, causing the greatest confusion and bustle on board. She hastened up her speed, but instantly Zarring run his three-inch "Rodmans" in position and drove two shots through her from stem to stern. Other unerring shots followed in quick succession from both sections, and precipitated a most exciting race. Zarring was ordered to follow with his section the receding boat. The guns were moved "by hand to front," and fired at rapid intervals.

A most remarkable feature to be noted was that, although the boat was constantly in motion and the guns changing position at every discharge, hardly a shot failed to strike its mark. She was irreparably

injured and drifted ashore. General Chalmers arriving about this time, with Rucker's brigade and a section of Rice's battery, Lieutenant W. H. Briggs commanding, the General took charge of the Chessman, and in company with him and staff and a few other officers we boarded her, and found that dinner had just been served. Without special invitations, and regardless of Chesterfieldian ceremony, we seated ourselves and partook of the first "square meal" for many a day. On inspection it was found that the Chessman, so far as her machinery and availability for service was concerned, was a hopeless wreck. She had, however, a small freight of commissary stores, including sugar, coffee, tea, candies and furniture. The former articles were readily appropriated by the troops and greatly enjoyed. The furniture was for the most part second-hand, but very fine, and was said to have been confiscated from the rebels at Nashville. The furniture was distributed among the citizens of the neighborhood. It is strange to note that with such complete destruction of the boat, riddled from end and top to bottom, that only two or three persons on board were wounded, and they but slightly. The boat was burned by order of the Commanding General. Meanwhile, Orderly Sergeant Reid reported that a practicable road for artillery could be had to the bend of the river, where the Undine and Venus were sheltered. Colonel Rucker, a gallant and dashing officer, had also made a personal reconnoissance, verifying Sergeant Reid's report. In obedience to orders, I then directed Crozier's section to accompany Colonel Rucker, supported by Colonel D. C. Kelley's and Colonel T. H. Logwood's Tennessee cavalry regiments, and make a speedy attack. Briggs's section of James's Rifles (which had been captured at Eastport from the enemy by Colonel D. C. Kelley, attended by Captain Walton) and Rice's battery were placed at the mouth of the Sandy, Zarring holding his old position at Paris Landing. Colonel Kelley, our "fighting preacher," hastily dismounting his men, took position under cover of the bushes below the gunboat, and opening a rapid fire upon the Venus and at the port-holes of the Undine, attracted the attention of the enemy, while Crozier moved his guns by hand into a favorable position, from which a vigorous fire was promptly opened, and kept up with such effect that the enemy was unable to use his heavy guns—eight twenty-four pound howitzers—and was driven to the opposite bank.

The Venus, meantime, had surrendered to Colonel Kelley, who boarded her with two companies, and, raising steam, moved upon the Undine, when he found officers and men, not killed or wounded, had

deserted her and escaped to the woods. He carried safely both gunboat and steamer to Paris Landing, where they were greeted with rounds of applause by Forrest's troopers.

During this time another gunboat, coming down stream at the sound of the conflict, cast anchor one mile and a half above Briggs's section and opened a brisk shelling. Briggs's pieces being too far from the gunboat for execution were moved, by order of General Chalmers, to shorter range, supported by Chalmers's escort and a company of Alabama cadets as sharp-shooters. Selecting a suitable position, Briggs and the supports, after a spirited engagement, forced the gunboat to weigh anchor and withdraw up the river.

The Undine, one of the largest of its class of gunboats, was a good deal shattered, a shot having passed through from stem to stern, but was not seriously injured in hull, machinery or armament. One gun had been spiked and another had a shell lodged in its bore from one of our guns, which broke a trunion plate, partially dismounting her. There were fifteen of her crew killed and wounded, the Captain among the killed. The Venus was intact as to machinery and hull, although, out of a detachment of infantry she had on board, ten had been killed and wounded and ten were made prisoners. The barges were emptied of their stores and destroyed.

General Forrest arriving upon the ground on the morning of the 31st, energetically pushed the preparations for the contemplated attack on the depot at Johnsonville. General Forrest, sending for me, ordered that I should have the gunboat overhauled, armament repaired, and take charge of the fleet. I readily assented to putting the armament in condition, but begged to be excused from commanding the fleet. I told the General that I could trust to the handling of my guns on land, but was not familiar with *naval* affairs. After some consultation, remembering having seen Captain F. P. Gracey's daring aquatic feat at old Fort Heiman a few days before, and knowing the Captain to be a gallant and skilled artillery officer and experienced steamboat man, I suggested that he be placed in command of the fleet. General Lyon, who was present, indorsed my statements, Captain Gracey was immediately sent for and appointed naval commander and placed in personal charge of the gunboat Undine. Colonel W. A. Dawson, an old steamboat captain and gallant cavalry leader, was placed in charge of the transport Venus, upon which the two twenty-pounder "Parrott" guns—Walton's battery—had been placed as armament.

I accompanied General Forrest, with other members of his staff, on board the Undine when we made a trial trip to Fort Heiman, the Venus.

following. As we moved out into the stream the troops that had collected on the shore made the air ring with cheers for "Commodore" Forrest, and for Forrest's cavalry afloat.

Stopping at Fort Heiman long enough to take on board some blankets and hard bread which had been secured from the Mazeppa, we returned to Paris Landing, all fully satisfied that both boats were seaworthy and in first-class condition for service. We now felt prepared to move upon Johnsonville both by land and water.

Happily, no one in the artillery up to this time, had been seriously hurt.

Sketch of John C. Mitchel, of Ireland, killed whilst in Command of Fort Sumter.

By Miss CLAUDINE RHETT.

No one can read that simple sounding name, who knows anything of the modern history of Ireland and South Carolina, without feeling their hearts stir with thoughts and memories of patriotism, devotion and valor. We look back upon the past, and pause to remember the unostentatious, earnest, self-immolation of father and son. But it is chiefly of the son that we would write, the Confederate soldier who died upon the parapet of Fort Sumter, July 20th, 1864.

When he was eighteen years old his father was tried for "high treason against the Crown" of England, and he asked and obtained permission to stand by his side in the dock, to show what he too felt and thought about Ireland's wrongs and woes.

His father owned a beautiful estate, which was confiscated when he was condemned (along with Smith O'Bryan and General Meagher) for their brave words to their countrymen. His household goods were put up and sold at auction, the gates thrown open to the public, and the vulgar gaze and careless touch of strangers desecrated the most personal possessions of the family. Portraits of those who were gone, love-tokens, souvenirs of childhood, favorite horses, beloved pets, all went under the hammer. Their home treasures were dispersed to the four winds of heaven, and their fireside was given to the alien.

After his conviction, John Mitchel was placed aboard of a transport and sent across seas to Australia, and his son again asked, and was granted, leave to accompany his father, that he might feel that a faithful heart was ready to share good or evil fortune with him.

There they remained for some time, and the young man's only pastime was kangaroo hunting. These poor animals afford very good

sport, but are occasionally dangerous. They can spring wonderfully far, and their fore-paws are armed with long curved claws, that tear terribly. On one of these hunting expeditions, when an unfortunate turned to bay against his pursuers, and stood upon his long hind-legs, with his absurd looking little fore paws hanging down in apparent helplessness, whilst the great tears rolled from his piteous brown eyes in his despairing wrath, Mitchel ventured too near, was sprung upon, and would soon have been killed had not one of the English officers dispatched the maddened creature promptly with a bullet.

His father left Australia under peculiar circumstances. He was allowed to go at large on "parole," and thinking his conviction a most tyrannical and iniquitous proceeding on the part of the English Government, he determined to meet *force* by "*ruse*." One day, when he had obtained a swift horse, he walked into the magistrate's office and said to him, "Mr. * * * * I have come to tell you that I will no longer be a prisoner on parole, I take back my word," and before the surprised magistrate had time to arrest him he went out, mounted his horse and dashed off. He rode to the sea coast, took shipping in an American vessel and came over to the United States with his son. Of course everything had been prearranged by his friends, but he ventured the risk of being captured before he could get away and having a still harder sentence passed upon him. Would any of us be surprised if Mr. Parnell (who is at present an English prisoner, as Mr. Mitchel was then) did the same, under similar circumstances? Smith O'Bryan, a man of unquestioned honor, refused to receive the Queen's pardon some years later because John Mitchel's name was omitted from the list of "Irish agitators" who were graciously allowed by the English Government to return to Ireland.

Mr. Mitchel's family rejoined him in America, and they resided chiefly in Tennessee. He edited several newspapers with distinguished ability, and when the war between the States occurred he warmly advocated the cause of the South. Not long after the war in America ended he returned to Ireland, and, though ineligible, was elected to Parliament by an overwhelming majority of votes. And the people in their enthusiasm took the horses from his carriage and dragged it themselves through the streets. But the time for his last journey had drawn near, and a few days later, in the midst of his triumph, in the first flush of joy at his return after many long years of exile, comforted by the sympathy of those for whom he had suffered so much, he died, in the land of his nativity, that he had loved with such devoted fervor.

The subject of our sketch became a civil engineer, and after he came

to the United States was employed in several parts of the country laying out some of the railroads that bind our widely extended States together with their iron bands. As soon as war was declared, and the Confederate government took its seat at Montgomery, he and his two younger brothers offered their services, and all joined the Southern army. The youngest was subsequently killed at Gettysburg. James Mitchel served gallantly as the Adjutant of General Gordon's brigade of Georgia troops, and lost his right arm in one of the battles around Richmond. John Mitchel (our hero) received an appointment as Lieutenant from the Secretary of War at Montgomery, and was ordered to join the battalion of South Carolina Regular Artillery, stationed at Fort Moultrie. He took part in the famous attack on Fort Sumter, 12th and 13th April, 1861, and was assigned to the service of the hot-shot-guns of the Sumter battery at Fort Moultrie, which set fire to Fort Sumter, occasioning the burning of the officers' quarters, and this was the immediate cause of Major Anderson's surrender. After the evacuation he was sent with his company, under Captain Hollinquist's, command, and the "Palmetto Guard," commanded by Captain George Cuthbert, to take possession of that important fortress (the key of the harbor of Charleston) and become its garrison.

From that time until the 7th of April, 1863, all was quiet in South Carolina, whilst the war raged in Virginia. Mitchel disliked garrison duty, and had too active and restless a spirit to brook with much patience the wearisome routine and confinement of a fort that was sea-girt on all sides. It reminded him too forcibly of a prison, and he made a vigorous effort to assist in raising a company, getting guns and forming a light battery that might be sent to join the army of the Potomac; but those in authority over him objected to the plan, and he was forced to remain on the coast of South Carolina.

He was considered one of the most vigilant, conscientious and active officers of his splendid regiment, which was the pride of the State. No company surpassed his in good discipline and soldierly spirit, or his men in skill as artillerists. He was beloved by his comrades, and made many warm friends in Charleston. Had his life been spared he would now have held a high position in the State of his adoption, for he was entitled to her love by his services in her dark days of trial, and he inherited his father's high abilities and noble character. It is indeed most probable that he would have been sent to Congress, as the Irish element exercises great weight in Charleston, and our late representative, Mr. M. P. O'Connor, was elected by Irish influence.

When the war-cloud at length burst over that devoted city, he took

his full share in all the dangers and fatigues of the siege, and after Colonel Stephen Elliott's promotion, he was placed in command of Fort Sumter, which had been reduced to a silent mass of ruins, that only showed the redoubtable spirit of its defenders by the little flag that defied the utmost hatred of its foes, and fluttered day after day in the soft salt breeze before their eyes, despite their fierce attacks by land and by sea. It was sometimes shot down as often as six times during the course of a single day, but was always instantly replaced *under fire* of the heaviest guns that up to that time had ever been used. And it flew proudly there, until that sad night in January, 1865, when Charleston was evacuated, the Confederate authorities having determined to withdraw the troops from her defences, and send them to reinforce General Joseph E. Johnston's little army.

The last sun-set gun boomed across the water from Fort Moultrie the evening of the evacuation, and Major Huguenin, who succeeded Mitchel in the command of Fort Sumter, with his own hands drew down the faithful flag that was never more to wave from its oft-broken staff, cut the halliards, and with a heavy heart placed it in his valise. As soon as darkness closed in sufficiently to cover his movements, he crossed the harbor with his little band of veterans and rejoined his regiment, that was marching away in the brigade of regular artillery from Sullivan's island, leaving behind them all the guns that they had served so long with such skill on many brilliant and successful occasions.

When the sun rose next morning, illuminating the old city, shining gayly on the white seas and the glittering waves, the siege had ended, for the forts were all empty and silent, and the way was left open to the enemy, who sailed cautiously in and took possession of the batteries and cannon that they had never been able to capture.

The holy quiet of that sweet Sunday morning was harshly broken, and made hideous to the ears of the heart-sick inhabitants who remained, by the jubilant cries of drunken negroes, the armed tread of the foe, and their insolent bands of music, as they rejoiced in the bitter sorrow and humiliation of those who were now, alas, deprived of their beloved defenders.

But to return to Captain Mitchel. On the 20th of July, 1864, the sentinel on the parapet of Fort Sumter sent to ask the commander to be allowed to leave his post because the shelling of the enemy's batteries on Morris Island was too severe for him to remain without the "bomb-proof." Captain Mitchel refused to give him permission to do so, thinking it a bad precedent to establish, but when he received another

urgent request of a like nature from the same soldier a few moments later, he went upon the ramparts to see for himself if it was indeed necessary to withdraw the man from his post. He had only been there a short time, when he saw one of the enormous 300-pound shells coming directly towards himself; but he would not seek shelter in the adjacent "bomb-proof." Having obliged the sentinel to stand his ground, he deemed it his duty to run the same risk, and to give the men under his command an example of courage and coolness. None, save those who have seen these immense projectiles coming, and have heard the awful sound that they make, can thoroughly appreciate the nerve and resolution that this decision required. The shell fell near him, burst, and shattered his frame, and after three hours of mortal agony, he closed his eyes forever, in that hard-fought and historic fort.

"I die willingly for South Carolina, but oh! that it had been for Ireland!" were the last words of this gallant young officer, the eldest son of the "Irish Patriot."

It is nineteen years since his brave heart grew still, and his comrades laid him in the beautiful magnolia cemetery near Charleston, where the old moss draped oaks guard his resting place. The stranger may stand and look across the broad waters of the harbor to the grim and silent fortress where he breathed his last, and listen to the tall pines as they whisper a requiem over its commander, who lies in his low and blood-stained grave.

Every year, on the 10th of May, which is the anniversary of (Stonewall) Jackson's death, the old and the young of Charleston go with tender and solemn love to lay floral memorials upon the mounds that cover those who died for them; and of all the hallowed spots at Magnolia, none is so well known, or is ever heaped so high with roses, as the Irish officer's grave, which, for fourteen years, was utterly unmarked, save by this touching tribute of honor to his memory.

Correspondence and Orders Concerning the Army of Northern Virginia.

HEAD-QUARTERS, RICHMOND, VA., May 30, 1862.

General Joseph E. Johnston, Commanding, &c. :

General,—I went as far to-day as your pickets at the bridges on the Chickahominy, where the telegraph road and the old stage road cross that river. Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, commanding at those points, informed me that he had a skirmish last evening at the latter point,

called Halfsink, with the enemy's cavalry. This morning he ascertained by his skirmishers that the enemy had disappeared and that nothing had been seen of them to-day. Captain Fox, who represented himself as a scout, and who I found had come into the cavalry pickets on the telegraph road beyond the Chickahominy, stated that the enemy had retired from Atlee's and was nowhere west of the railroad in that vicinity. Dr. Fontaine, of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, stated to me that he was last night as high up as Hanover Courthouse and that he saw and heard nothing of them in the region west of the road from Ashland to that point. He also reported that there was no enemy on the stage road from Fredericksburg this side of Gouldin's, eighteen miles south of Fredericksburg. It was reported by citizens that there was a force of the enemy marching by the Amelia road, but of that he knows nothing. I think it probable, from what I learned to-day, that the enemy, being satisfied with temporarily breaking up our railroad communication north, have withdrawn east of these roads, with a view, probably, of concentrating his force nearer Richmond.

I omitted to mention in the statement of Captain Fox that he met a citizen of his acquaintance who had been seeking the restoration of some property, and was referred by the parties to whom he applied to General McClellan, who was stated to be at a point four miles from Atlee's, on the road leading from Richmond to Pamunkey. He inferred that the main body of his forces was in that vicinity. You may probably have received more accurate accounts of the position of the enemy from your scouts.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General*.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
May 30, 1862—8.40 P. M.

Major-General Huger :

General,—The reports of Major-General D. H. Hill give me the impression that the enemy is in considerable strength in his front. It seems to me necessary that we should increase our force also. For that object I wish to concentrate the troops of your division on the Charles City road, and concentrate the troops of Major-General Hill on that to Williamsburg. To do this it will be necessary for you to move as early in the morning as possible to relieve the brigade of General Hill's division now on the Charles City road. I have desired General Hill to send you a guide. The road is the second large one diverging to the

right from the Williamsburg road ; the first turns off near the toll-gate. On reaching your position on the Charles City road, learn at once the routes to the main roads to Richmond on your right and left, especially those to the left, and try to find guides. Be ready, if an action should be begun on your left, to fall upon the enemy's left flank.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON, *General*.

P. S.—It is important to move very early.

J. E. J.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

May 31, 1862.

Major-General Huger :

General,—I fear that in my note of last evening, of which there is no copy, I was too positive on the subject of your attacking the enemy's left flank. It will, of course, be necessary for you to know what force is before you first. I hope to be able to have that ascertained for you by cavalry. As our main force will be on your left, it will be necessary for your progress to the front to conform at first to that of General Hill. If you find no strong body in your front, it will be well to aid General Hill ; but then a strong reserve should be retained to cover our right.

Yours, truly,

J. E. JOHNSTON, *General*.

HEADQUARTERS RIGHT WING,

Fairfield Course, Virginia, May 30, 1862.

Major T. G. Rhett, Assistant Adjutant-General :

Sir,—I have the honor to draw the attention of the Commanding-General to the great extent of my line, reaching from New bridge on my right, to one mile to the left of the Meadow bridges. The protection of this line was necessarily incumbent upon my troops, even so far as beyond Brook Run, until General A. P. Hill took possession on my left. I have a regiment stationed beyond Brook Run, with which the rest of my command find some difficulty in communicating. I therefore desire to have that regiment replaced by one from General Hill's division, which is nearer, and can communicate with it much more readily than I can. I deem it necessary to mention that even after this

change, in consequence of the extent of my line, it may be broken by a vigorous assault from the enemy.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. MAGRUDER, *Major-General Commanding.*

P. S.—I do not anticipate this at present, but only wish the Commanding-General to have it in mind.

J. B. M.

HEADQUARTERS, Richmond, Virginia, June 1, 1862.

Special Orders, }
No. 22. }

I. In pursuance of the orders of the President, General R. E. Lee assumes command of the armies of Eastern Virginia and North Carolina.

The unfortunate casualty that has deprived the army in front of Richmond of the valuable services of its able General, is not more deeply deplored by any member of his command than by its present commander. He hopes his absence will be but temporary, and while he will endeavor, to the best of his ability, to perform his duties, he feels he will be totally inadequate to the task unless he shall receive the cordial support of every officer and man.

The presence of the enemy in front of the capital, the great interests involved, and the existence of all that is dear to us, appeal in terms too strong to be unheard; and he feels assured that every man has resolved to maintain the ancient fame of the Army of Northern Virginia and the reputation of its General, and to conquer or die in the approaching contest.

II. Commanders of divisions and brigades will take every precaution and use every means in their power to have their commands in readiness at all times for immediate action; they will be careful to preserve their men as much as possible, that they may be fresh when called upon for active service. All surplus baggage, broken-down wagons, horses and mules, and everything that may embarrass the prompt and speedy movement of the army, will be turned into depot. Only sufficient transportation will be retained for carrying the necessary cooking utensils, and such tents and tent-flies as are indispensable to the comfort and protection of the troops.

By order of General Lee.

W. H. TAYLOR, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, June 1, 1862.

Hon. G. W. Randolph, Secretary of War :

Sir,—I informed General Lee yesterday that Captain Lee, in command of naval forces at Drewry's Bluff, reported to me that the supporting force to his battery had been withdrawn, with the exception of about three hundred troops, and that a land force was necessary to protect his handfull of seamen who man the batteries.

Inclosed herewith I hand you Captain Lee's dispatch of this evening, announcing the ascent of the river by iron vessels of the enemy, and the landing of troops from his transports, seven miles below the battery. Unless troops are immediately sent down the batteries may be carried by a small land force, and I suggest that a sufficient force be sent at once. The steamers at Rockets will transport them.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. R. MALLORY, *Secretary of the Navy.*

HEADQUARTERS, Richmond, Virginia, June 1, 1862.

*Colonel E. F. Keen,**Commanding Fifth Regiment Virginia Volunteers, Drewry's Bluff :*

Colonel,—Your telegram of yesterday has been received. General Lee directs me to say to you that the command of the troops at Drewry's Bluff having devolved upon you, you will take all the necessary steps for protecting the defenses on the river. You will guard carefully all the approaches towards the batteries from the direction of City Point, sending forward your pickets on all the roads leading in that direction, with instructions to watch carefully the movements of the enemy, and report any appearance of an advance. You will oppose to the last extremity any attempt upon your position. You will report promptly any movement of the enemy. There is a brigade of General Holmes's command at Petersburg. You will endeavor to keep a system of communication with this force, as there is a material dependence upon yours and this force.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. L. LONG, *Colonel and Military Secretary.*

HEADQUARTERS, Richmond, Virginia, June 1, 1862.

*Major-General W. W. Loring, Commanding Department, &c.,**Salt Sulphur Springs, near Union, Va. :*

General,—In reply to your letter of the 28th ultimo, I am directed

by General Lee to say that under all the circumstances it would appear that the dispositions which you have ordered are the best that could be made to meet the present emergency. He hopes that you will be enabled by energy and perseverance to make up for the small means at your command, and in a short while to gather a considerable force from the country in which you are operating.

As regards the infantry force from General Ed. Johnson's army to which you allude, the General suggests that you correspond with the officer in command in reference to any movement or coöperation which you think advisable, and which would not jeopardize the safety of that line.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. H. TAYLOR, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, June 1, 1862.

Brigadier-General Walker, Petersburg, Virginia:

If you have not left Petersburg, proceed at once with your entire force to Drewry's Bluff. Reply immediately, and state the number of your troops.

G. W. RANDOLPH, *Secretary of War.*

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, June 1, 1862.

Hon. G. W. Randolph, Secretary of War:

Your dispatch to General Walker is received. He went to Richmond this morning with his brigade. I have left me here not more than four hundred well men, and they are very indifferently armed. I arrived here but a few hours ago.

R. RANSOM, *Brigadier-General,*
Commanding Department of Appomattox.

DREWRY'S BLUFF, VIRGINIA, June 1, 1862.

S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, Richmond, Virginia:

Reported four transports landing troops at Howlett's Landing, seven miles below, and two gunboats coming up, firing occasionally to clear the banks. We have only a small force to prevent them from out-flanking us. I do not know who commands the forces outside.

S. S. LEE, *Captain, Commanding.*

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, June 1, 1862.

Hon. G. W. Randolph, Secretary of War :

Two gunboats and one transport passed our pickets at Giles's Landing, on James River, at 12 M. on their way up the river. No particulars.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES F. MILLIGAN, *Captain and Signal Officer.*

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, June 1, 1862.

Hon. G. W. Randolph :

The Thirtieth Virginia left here at 10 P. M., and the Forty-eighth Georgia at 11. A train has also [been] ordered, as I understand, to take up the Arkansas regiment of Colonel Manning at Port Walthall Junction. These troops could be stopped in Richmond and ordered back to Half-Way Station, thence take the line of march for Drewry's Bluff.

R. RANSOM.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, June 2, 1862.

Senior Officer at Drewry's Bluff, Va. :

We have just heard from Petersburg that seven or nine gunboats and six transports, with barges in tow, passed up James' river since sunrise. Reinforcements are on their way to join you.

G. W. RANDOLPH,
Secretary of War.

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Richmond, Virginia, June 2, 1862.

Special Orders, }
No. 126.

* * * * *

II. By direction of the President General Robert E. Lee, C. S. Army, will assume the immediate command of the armies in eastern Virginia and North Carolina.

* * * * *

By command of the Secretary of War.

JOHN WITHERS,
Assistant Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS, DABB'S HOUSE VIRGINIA, June 3, 1862.

Major W. H. Stevens,

Chief Engineer Army Northern Virginia :

Major,—I desire you to make an examination of the country in the

vicinity of the line which our army now occupies, with a view of ascertaining the best position in which we may fight a battle or resist the advance of the enemy. The commanding points on this line I desire to be prepared for occupation by our field guns, and the whole line strengthened by such artificial defenses as time and opportunity may permit. My object is to make use of every means in our power to strengthen ourselves and to enable us to fight the enemy to the best advantage. It is not intended to construct a continuous line of defense or to erect extensive works. Having selected the line and put the works in progress of construction, I desire you to resume the examination and see what other positions can be taken nearer Richmond in case of necessity. You will please make requisitions upon the commanders of divisions in the vicinity of the works to be constructed for such working parties as may be necessary. You must also make arrangements to collect such tools as may be with the army, and I have to request that you will push forward the work with the utmost diligence.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

The Men who Wore the Gray.

A NEW POEM BY FATHER RYAN.

[The following exquisite poem was prepared to be read at the meeting in behalf of the Southern Historical Society, in New Orleans, April 25th. From some cause it failed to reach the committee in time, and was not read. But we are sure that our readers will thank us for giving it here, and will join us in tendering Father Ryan the warm gratitude of true Confederates everywhere for adding this gem to the many others with which he has enriched our Southern literature, and embalmed the precious memories of the land and cause we love so well.]

Tell it as you may,
It never can be told;
Sing it as you will,
It never can be sung:—

The story of the glory
Of the men who wore the gray
In their graves, so still;
The story of the living,
Unforgiven yet forgiving,

The victims still of hate,
 Who have forever clung,
 With a love that will not die,
 To the memories of our Past,
 Who are patient and who wait,
 True and faithful to the last,—
 For the Easter morning sky,
 When Wrong's rock shall roll away
 From the sepulchre of Right,
 And the Right shall rise again
 In the brightness of a light,
 That shall never fade away,
 Triumphant and glorious
 To teach once more to men,
 The Conquered are victorious.
 The Conquered in the strife,
 Thro' their children yet shall reign
 By their patience and their peace;
 They shall fill the People's life,
 From Right's ever-virgin vein,
 With the purest blood that flows,
 Made the purer by our woes,
 Without stain and without cease,
 Till the children of our foes
 Shall be proud and glad to claim
 And to write upon one scroll
 Every dear and deathless name
 On our Southern muster-roll.

Ah! we rebels met defeat
 On the gory battle-field,
 And we flung our muskets down,
 When our Bonnie Flag was furled;
 But our right did but retreat
 With pure honor for her shield,
 And with justice for her crown,
 From the forces of the world;—
 (For against us thousands came,
 Money-bought from every clime,
 But we stood against them all,
 For the honor of our name,
 Till the fated day of time
 Came but to crown our Fall
 With a fadeless wreath of Fame.)

Retreat into that shrine,
 Back of every Southern breast,
 Your hearts, my friends, and mine,

Where Right finds a holy Rest
On the altar-stairs that slope
Toward the throne where reigns the Just,
Where we still live on and hope,
And in Him we place our trust.

Is it treason thus to sing?
Why, then treason let it be,
Must we stoop to fawn on wrong?
To the Idol must we bring
Our heart's idolatry
And the fealty of song?
No, no ;—the past is past—
May it never come again ;
May no drum, or bugle's blast
Summon warriors to the plain !
The battle's play is o'er,
We staked our all and lost—
The red wild waves that tossed
The Southland's sacred bark
Are sleeping on the shore.
She went down in the dark.
Is it wrong for us to listen
To the waves that still will glisten
Where the wreck we loved went down ?
Is it wrong to watch the willows
That are drooping o'er the grave ?
Is it wrong to love our brave ?

Are our memories a treason
To the Powers we must obey ?
Can the victors give a reason
Why the men who wore the gray
From our hearts should march away,
And should pass from us forever
Like the dreamings of the night ?
Do they want the South to sever
The blood-consecrated ties,
The sacred bonds of sorrow
That will link our last To-morrow
To our glory hallowed Past ?
Ah ! our hearts cry : Never ! Never !
For each soldier heart that dies
In our memories still is beating ;
Tho' the years are fast retreating,
We remember to the last.

Nay ; tell it as you may
 It never can be told,
 And sing it as you will,
 It never can be sung—

The story of the glory of our Bonnie, Bonnie Flag,
 When its battle-wings were waving in the valley—on the crag,—
 On the billows of the ocean,—by the river's winding shore.

The years have passed away,
 But, ah ! 'tis flinging still
 Around our hearts to-day
 The self-same spell it flung
 O'er our soldiers in their gray.

Back of lines that never quailed—
 Far from battle-banners' flash—
 There were lips that moaned and wailed,
 And how many eyes that wept ;
 Tho' they heard no cannon crash
 Nor the terror-storms of lead,
 And they sighed the while they slept
 When they dreamed their own were dead.
 Mothers, wives and children fair,
 Back of all the ranks that fought,
 Knelt adown in holy prayer,
 And in heaven only sought,
 In their infinite despair,
 Gleams of hope to light the Night
 Darkly gathering o'er the Right.

Can a singer gather up,
 In the chalices of song,
 Half the tears that filled the cup
 Of the griefs of such a throng ?

Crimson drops on battle-plain,
 Thro' four sorrow-laden years,—
 Were they richer than the rain,
 That baptized our homes with tears ?

Nay ; no singer yet has sung
 Song to tell how hearts had bled,
 Where, our soldiers' homes among,
 Wept eyes waiting for the dead.

And one—statuesque and still—

(Is he in the hall to-night,
Who yet suffers for the Right?)
Faithful chieftain of our Cause—
Like an ocean rock his will
Let the wild waves rise and fall;
What cares it, and what cares he?
Tho' still banned by Freedom's laws!
In his home beside the sea
Lives he freest of the free.
Ah! they chained his feeble frame,
But they could not chain his thought,
Nor the Right for which he fought,
And they could not chain his fame,
But they riveted his name
To the hearts of you and me;—
Aged chieftain! Southern truth!
In you keeps immortal youth!
You, our truest and our best,
What care you for any ban?
Are you not the noblest guest
In the hearts of each and all?
For us all you wore wrong's chain,
And each heart is now the hall
Where you have the right to reign.

Leader of the men in gray!
Chieftain—truest of the true—
Write our story as you may,
And *you* did; but even you,
With your pen, could never write
Half the story of our land.
Your's the heart and your's the hand—
Sentinels of Southern right;
Your's the brave, strong eloquence—
Your true words our last defense;
Warrior words—but even they
Failed as failed our men in gray;
Fail to tell the story grand
Of our cause and of our land.

Notes and Queries.

Did General L. A. Armistead Fight on the Federal Side at First Manassas?

General Abner Doubleday, in his "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg" (page 195), says: "Armistead was shot down by the side of the gun he had taken. It is said he had fought on our side in the first battle of Bull Run, but had been seduced by Southern affiliations to join in the rebellion, and now dying in the effort to extend the area of slavery over the free States, he saw with a clearer vision that he had been engaged in an unholy cause, and said to one of our officers, who leaned over him: 'Tell General Hancock I have wronged him, and have wronged my country.'"

Now, we have only quoted this statement in order to pronounce it without the shadow of foundation, and to express our surprise that a soldier of General Doubleday's position should thus recklessly reflect on the honor of a brave foeman upon the flimsy "it is said," and the camp rumor of "one of our officers." But the man who could gravely assert that the Confederates were fighting "to extend the area of slavery over the free States," is probably sufficiently blinded by his prejudices to believe *anything* to the detriment of "Rebels."

Is it still the "Confederate Congress?"

The *Army and Navy Journal* published recently the following:

"There is little said about the 'Rebel Brigadiers' in the present Congress, but there is a pretty good number of them on hand—eight in the Senate and thirteen in the House. The Senate has also four Confederate Colonels, one Captain and two privates; and the House has nineteen Colonels, two Majors, seven Captains, one Lieutenant, and fourteen who were privates, or whose rank is not given. Among the Congressmen prominent in the Confederate Government who did not serve in the army are Senator Garland of Arkansas, and Ben Hill of Georgia, who were in the Confederate Senate, Alexander H. Stephens, the Confederacy's Vice-President, Joseph E. Brown, who was the 'War-Governor' of Georgia, Singleton of Mississippi, and Vest of Missouri, who were in the Rebel Congress, and Reagan of Texas, who was Postmaster-General of the Confederacy during its whole existence."

We have no doubt that *the soldiers* on the other side of the Potomac really rejoice that the South has so frequently put into places of honor

the men who fought for her, as much as they detest the general custom of the North to pass by her soldiers and honor instead "those who were invisible in war and are now invincible in peace."

The Man who saw the Beginning and the End.

Major Wilmer McLean, who died in Alexandria recently, was the man who literally saw the beginning and end of the late war. It was on his farm that the battle of Bull Run was fought, and General Lee surrendered in his house at Appomattox, to which he had moved with his family, in order to be free from the annoyances of the war.

Did the Confederate Authorities ever Refuse any Proposition to Mitigate the Sufferings of Prisoners?

The *Michigan Post and Tribune* makes the recent speech of President Davis in New Orleans the occasion of a vile attack upon him, and among other slanders prints the following, which we only reproduce in order to brand it as false in every particular, and to ask our readers to turn again to the abundant proofs we have given that the Confederate authorities *never refused a proposition looking to the amelioration of the condition of prisoners*. The extract is as follows:

"A citizen of Andersonville who was in and around the murder ground there during the awful days of 1864, related to the writer hereof, who visited the place a year and a half ago, that the horrors of the stockade had incited the people of Americus, twenty miles south of Andersonville, to pity; that they bought and contributed a few car-loads of provisions and sent them to the dying men; that the rebel scoundrels refused these generous people the pleasure of relieving the suffering soldiers, and forced them to take their laden cars back to Americus unopened. Jeff Davis's rebel Surgeon-General reported to Jeff Davis's rabble in session at Richmond that the unutterable woe he found at Andersonville should be ameliorated, and that the fields of corn and potatoes which stretched abroad in that vicinity not only would be the means of giving life and health to the starving thousands, but could and should be devoted to that purpose, and yet, not an ear of succulent corn, nor a healthful vegetable of any sort, passed into those gates of death. The Hon. Jefferson Davis himself was enthroned in Richmond during his brief disgraceful reign, and he must have forgotten that in November, 1863, the United States Government sent Captain Irving up the James with the steamer *Convoy* laden with clothing and

provisions for the Union soldiers at Libby and Bell Isle, and that the steamer *Convoy* returned still laden as she went, the rebel scoundrels at Richmond refusing to allow the goods to be delivered to the sufferers there. History will be obliged to step carefully when she goes over this ground, or she will step on Jeff Davis and the inhuman workers of iniquity who brought the cruel rebellion upon us."

We respectfully ask citizens of Americus to tell if they ever carried provisions to prisoners at Andersonville which they were not allowed to distribute?

And we ask Judge Ould to tell us what he knows about the effort of "the steamer *Convoy*?"

Sparks from the Camp Fires.

"WHAT DID THEM GUNS COST."—Among the Confederate war reminiscences, none are more pleasant than the story of Jim. Jim was attached to Rosser's cavalry, in Stuart's command. He was noted for his strong antipathy for shot and shell, and a peculiar way he had for avoiding too close a communion with the same, but at last all his pains failed to keep him out of the "row," and he, with his comrades under a lieutenant, was detailed to support a battery that composed a portion of the rear guard. The enemy kept pressing so close in fact as to endanger the retreating forces, and the troops covering the retreat had orders to keep the enemy in check, for a given period at all hazards, and the order was obeyed to the letter, though under a galling fire. Our friend Jim grew desperate. He stuck behind trees that appeared to his excited vision no larger than ramrods. He tried lying down. In fact, he placed himself in every position his genius could invent, but the "hiss" of bullets haunted him still. At last, in despair, he called to his commanding officer, "Lieutenant, let's fall back." "I cannot do it, Jim," the officer replied: "Well, I'll be drat if we don't get cleaned out if we stay here!" "My orders, Jim, are to hold this place and support that battery of guns," pointing to the artillery close by. "If we fall back the enemy will rush in and capture the guns." Just at that time a well-directed bullet impressed Jim with the fact that a change of base became necessary. Jim found another apparently protected spot, and as soon as he recovered his mind he sang out: "Oh! Lieutenant! what do you think them 'ere cannons cost?" "I don't know, Jim; I suppose a thousand dollars." "Well," said Jim, "let's take up a collection and pay for the guns, and let the Yankees have 'em."

WHY "STONEWALL" JACKSON DID NOT DRINK.—Colonel A. R. Boteler, in the *Philadelphia Weekly Times*, tells the following story concerning General Jackson: "Having lingered to the last allowable moment with the members of my family, 'hereinbefore mentioned'—as the legal documents would term them—it was after 10 o'clock at night when I returned to headquarters for final instruction, and before going to the General's room I ordered two whiskey toddies to be brought up after me. When they appeared I offered one of the glasses to Jackson, but he drew back, saying: 'No, Colonel, you must excuse me; I never drink intoxicating liquors.' 'I know that, General,' said I, 'but though you habitually abstain, as I do myself, from everything of the sort, there are occasions, and this is one of them, when a stimulant will do us both good; otherwise, I would neither take it myself nor offer it to you. So you must make an exception to your general rule, and join me in a toddy to-night.' He again shook his head, but, nevertheless, took the tumbler and began to sip its contents. Presently putting it on the table, after having but partially emptied it, he said: 'Colonel, do you know why I habitually abstain from intoxicating drinks?' And on my replying in the negative, he continued: 'Why, sir, because I like the taste of them, and when I discovered that to be the case I made up my mind at once to do without them altogether.'"

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

GENERAL FITZ LEE'S VISIT TO THE SOUTH has been postponed until the early autumn by the severe illness of his wife's mother. Our kind friends at Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah, Charleston, &c., were preparing to give our gallant friend an ovation, and to make his tour a great success for the Society. But we are sure that they will appreciate the necessity for the delay, and will be equally ready to greet "General Fitz" in the autumn.

"MEMORIAL DAY" seems to have been observed this year all through the South with even more than usual enthusiasm. Large crowds, brilliant speeches and sweet music have added to the interest of the occasion, while fair hands have strewn with choicest flowers the graves of our heroic dead.

We regret that our space forbids us even the briefest notice of the many reports of these services which we have received (and we are always glad to receive and preserve them), but we may say that we are gratified to find that the general tone and spirit of the speeches are admirable—avoiding on the one hand a revival of the bitter memories and stormy passions of the war, and on the other a cringing, suppliant tone which would dishonor the heroic dead who died for the Right.

We propose hereafter to cull for our pages some of the gems produced—notably

a poem by Miss Marr, of Warrenton, Va., sister of the lamented Captain Marr who fell in the first skirmish at Fairfax Courthouse--and some extracts from General Fitz Lee's oration at Hollywood.

RENEWALS are always in order, and especially so on the part of those to whom we have been sending the PAPERS all of the year (this making six numbers) without payment. We need not remind any such that we *need* their renewals, and that the indulgence we have granted them only strengthens our claim.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS were never more desired than *now*, and our friends who have been talking of becoming Life Members will greatly oblige us by sending the fee (\$50.00) at this time.

GENERAL GEORGE D. JOHNSTON, who has been making for us so successful a canvass in New Orleans, proposes to go soon to Texas, where we doubt not he will have a cordial greeting from old comrades and meet hearty sympathy and active help in his great work for the Society.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND. By Henry M. Cist, Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.; A. A. G. on the staff of Major-General Rosecrans and the staff of Major-General Thomas; Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland.

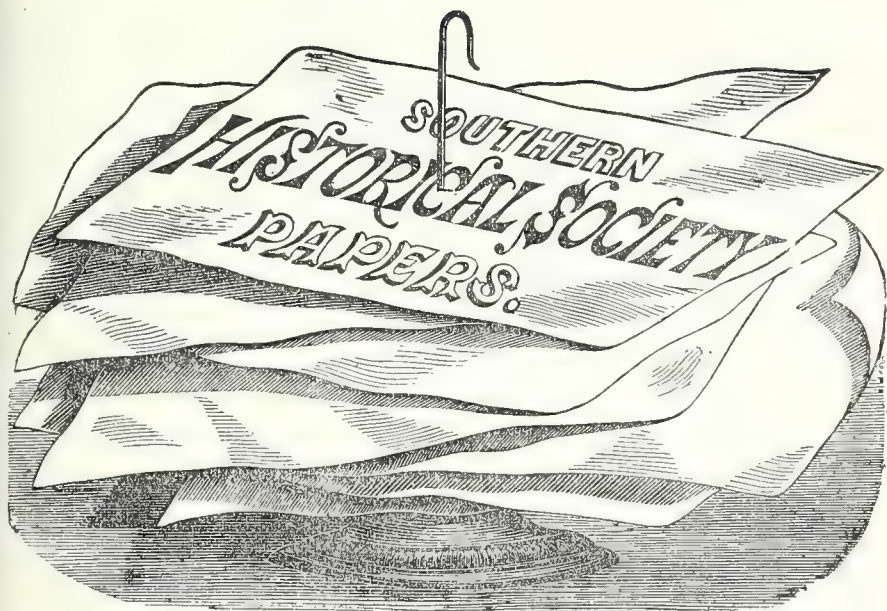
ATLANTA. By the Hon. Jacob D. Cox, Ex-Governor of Ohio; late Secretary of the Interior of the United States; Major-General U. S. V., etc.

We have received from the publishers (Charles Scribner's Sons), through West & Johnston, Richmond, these two volumes, which constitute 8 and 9 of the uniform series they are bringing out. Reserving them for future review by some competent hand, we can only say now that these volumes should have a place in our libraries as giving the Federal side of the story, told by active participants. But each successive volume only gives renewed emphasis to our previously expressed opinion that if the Messrs. Scribner really desire to publish valuable "material for the future historian," then they must bring out twelve companion volumes written by some of our ablest Confederate soldiers.

THE OFFICIAL LETTERS OF ALEXANDER SPOTSWOOD, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA, 1710-1722. Now first printed from the manuscript in the collections of the Virginia Historical Society. With an introduction and notes by R. A. Brock, Corresponding Secretary and Librarian of the Society. Vol. 1. [Seal of the Society.] Richmond, Va. Published by the Society. MDCCCLXXXII.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, WITH THE ADDRESS OF WM. WIRT HENRY ON THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA. February 24, 1882.

We have just received the above from the Secretary, R. A. Brock, Esq., and have only space now to congratulate the Society on preserving this valuable material, on the skilful editing which Mr. Brock has done, and on the tasteful and beautiful manner in which the printer (W. Ellis Jones, Richmond), has done his work. We will hereafter show the historic value of the Spottswood Letters, and give some specimens of the able and conclusive manner in which Mr. Henry has vindicated the truth of early Virginia history.



Vol. X.

Richmond, Va., July, 1882.

No. 7.

General Ewell's Report of the Pennsylvania Campaign.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS, 1863.

Major :—The Second Corps at the time of leaving Hamilton's Crossing, June 4th, 1863, was organized as follows:

Early's Division—Major-General Jubal A. Early. Hays's Louisiana Brigade, Brigadier-General H. T. Hays; Gordon's Georgia Brigade, Brigadier-General John B. Gordon; Smith's Virginia Brigade, Brigadier-General William Smith; Hoke's North Carolina Brigade, Colonel Avery, Sixth North Carolina Regiment, commanding (General Hoke absent, wounded).

Rodes's Division—Major-General R. E. Rodes. Daniel's North Carolina Brigade, Brigadier-General Junius Daniel; Doles's Georgia Brigade, Brigadier-General George Doles; Iverson's North Carolina Brigade, Brigadier-General A. Iverson; Ramseur's North Carolina Brigade, Brigadier-General S. D. Ramseur; Rodes's (old) Alabama Brigade, Colonel E. A. O'Neil, commanding.

Johnson's Division—Major-General Ed. Johnson. Steuart's Virginia and North Carolina Brigade, Brigadier-General Geo. H. Steuart; "Stonewall" Virginia Brigade, Brigadier-General Jas. A. Walker;

John M. Jones's Virginia Brigade, Brigadier-General John M. Jones; Nicholls's Louisiana Brigade, Colonel J. M. Williams, commanding General Nicholls absent, wounded).

Lieutenant-Colonel Hilary P. Jones's battalion of artillery was attached to General Early's division. Lieutenant-Colonel Thos. H. Carter's battalion of artillery was attached to General Rodes's division. Lieutenant-Colonel R. Snowden Andrews's battalion of artillery was attached to General Johnson's division. Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson's battalion of artillery and four batteries of the First Virginia artillery, all under Colonel Thompson Brown, formed the artillery reserve of the corps.

TO CULPEPER AND WINCHESTER.

Marching *via* Verdierville and Somerville Ford, the corps reached Culpeper on the 7th.

On the 9th, the enemy being reported to have crossed the Rappahannock in force, I moved my corps, by direction of the General commanding, to General Stuart's support, but on reaching Brandy Station with General Rodes's division, found the enemy already retiring.

Resuming the march on the 10th, we passed by Gaines's Cross Roads, Flint Hill and Front Royal, arriving at Cedarville on the 12th. At that point I detached General Rodes's division, together with General Jenkins's cavalry brigade, which had reported to me, to capture if possible a force of eighteen hundred men under Colonel McReynolds reported at Berryville, and thence to press on to Martinsburg. With the remaining two divisions and the 16th Virginia cavalry battalion, Major Newman, of Jenkins's brigade, I proceeded to attack Winchester.

From all the information I could gather, the fortifications of Winchester were only assailable on the west and north-west, from a range of hills which commanded the ridge occupied by their main fortification. The force there was represented at from 6,000 to 8,000 under General Milroy. On the 13th I sent Early's division and Colonel Brown's artillery battalion (under Captain Dance) to Newtown on the Valley pike, where they were joined by the Maryland battalion of infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert, and the Baltimore Light Artillery, Captain Griffin. General Early was directed to advance towards the town by the Valley pike. The same day Johnson's division, preceded by Newman's cavalry, drove in the enemy's pickets on the Front Royal and Winchester road, and formed line of battle two miles from town preparatory to an attack. After some skirmishing, the enemy opened from a battery near the Milwood road, and Carpenter's battery (Lieut-

tenant Lamber commanding) was placed by Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews to the left of the Front Royal road and opened vigorously, soon driving off the opposing battery and blowing up a caisson. This drew upon our battery a heavy fire from twelve to fifteen pieces in and near the town, but beyond the range of our guns.

About 5 P. M. General Early had a pretty sharp skirmish with the enemy's infantry and artillery near Kearnstown—Gordon's brigade, supported by Hays, driving them at a run as far as Milltown Mills. Here Early, coming within reach of the enemy's fortifications, halted for the night.

Before morning the enemy withdrew all their artillery into their fortifications from Bower's Hill and the south and east sides of the town.

On examining the enemy's fortifications from General Johnston's position, I found they had put up works on the hills I had intended gaining possession of, and were busy strengthening them. Having reconnoitered with General Early from Bower's Hill, I coincided with his views as to the best point of attack, and directed him to move his main force to the left and carry by assault a small open work on a commanding hill near the Pughtown road, which overlooked the main fort. About 11 A. M., finding there was no danger of a sortie, and seeing the enemy fortifying a hill north of the main fort, I directed General Johnson to move to the east of the town and interfere with their work as much as possible, so as to divert attention from General Early. He accordingly took up position between the Milwood and Berryville pikes, and threw forward the Fifth Virginia infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Williams, as skirmishers, who annoyed the enemy so as to force them to leave off work and effectually engross their attention.

General Gordon's brigade and Lieutenant-Colonel Herbet's Maryland battalion, with two batteries, were left by General Early at Bower's Hill, and pushed their skirmishers into Winchester—who were recalled for fear of drawing the enemy's fire on the town.

By 4 P. M. General Early had attained, undiscovered, a wooded hill, one of the range known as Little North Mountain, near the Pughtown road, on the north side of which a corn-field, and on the south side an orchard, afforded excellent positions for artillery, in easy range of the work to be attacked—which was a bastion front open towards the town. Hays's brigade was designated for the attack, and Smith's for its support; and about 6 o'clock Colonel Jones ran his pieces and those of the 1st Virginia artillery (under Captain Dance) forward by hand into position, and opened simultaneously from twenty guns, completely

surprising the enemy, whose entire attention at this point was engrossed by Gordon. In half an hour their battery was silenced, our artillery firing excellently; and General Hays moved quietly to within two hundred yards of their works, when our guns ceased firing, and he charged through an abattis of brushwood and captured the works, taking six rifled pieces, two of which were at once turned upon and dispersed the column that the enemy were endeavoring to press forward. The works to the left of the one taken were immediately abandoned, their defenders retreating to the main fort. It was now too late to do more than prepare to improve this important advantage promptly in the morning.

This result established the correctness of General Early's views as to the point of attack, and rendered the main fort untenable; and accordingly, anticipating the possibility of the enemy's attempting to retreat during the night, I ordered General Johnson with the "Stonewall," Nicholls', and three regiments of Steuart's brigade and Dement's battery, with sections of Rains's and Carpenter's (the whole under Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews) to proceed to a point on the Martinsburg road, about two and one-half miles east of Winchester, so as to intercept any attempt to escape, or to be ready to attack at daylight if the enemy held their ground. Finding the road to this point very rough, General Johnson concluded to march *via* Jordan's Springs to Stephenson's Depot, where the nature of the ground would give him a strong position. Just as the head of his column reached the railroad, two hundred yards from the Martinsburg pike, the enemy was heard retreating down the pike towards Martinsburg. Forming line parallel with the pike, behind a stone wall, Steuart on the right and the Louisiana brigade on the left, twelve hundred men in all, and posting the artillery favorably, he was immediately attacked by Milroy with all his force of infantry and cavalry, his artillery having been abandoned at the town. The enemy made repeated and desperate attempts to cut their way through. Here was the hardest fighting that took place during the attack—the odds being greatly in favor of the enemy, who were successfully repulsed and scattered by the gallantry of General Johnson and his brave command. After several front attacks had been steadily met and repulsed, they attempted to turn both flanks simultaneously, but were met on the right by General Walker and his brigade, which had just arrived on the field (having been left behind by mistake), and on the left by two regiments of Nicholls's brigade, which had been held in reserve. In a few minutes the greater part of them surrendered—2,300 to 2,500 in number. The rest scattered through the

woods and fields, but most of them were subsequently captured by our cavalry. General Milroy with 250 or 300 cavalry made his way to Harper's Ferry.

The fruits of this victory were twenty-three pieces of artillery, nearly all rifled, 4,000 prisoners, 300 loaded wagons, more than 300 horses, and quite a large amount of commissary and quartermaster stores.

My loss was forty-seven killed, 219 wounded, and three missing. Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, who had handled his artillery with great skill and effect in the engagement of the 15th, was wounded just at the close of the action.

BERRYVILLE AND MARTINSBURG.

General Rodes encamped on the night of the 12th June near Stone Bridge on the road to Milwood, and moving on next morning towards Berryville, his infantry were met by a detachment of Yankee cavalry before reaching Milwood. Finding himself discovered, he pushed on rapidly; but before reaching Berryville the enemy's infantry had retreated on the Charlestown road, holding Jenkins at bay for a while with their artillery, which was withdrawn as soon as ours came up. Turning off by the road to Summit Point, the enemy retreated to Winchester. After securing the small amount of supplies at Berryville, General Rodes, sending Jenkins in pursuit, followed with his infantry to Summit Point, where he encamped. Jenkins failed, from some cause, to overtake the enemy. Late on the 14th General Rodes came to Martinsburg, before reaching which place Jenkins drove the enemy from some barricaded houses at Bunker Hill, capturing seventy-five or 100 prisoners. At Martinsburg General Rodes found the enemy's infantry and artillery in position before the town. He immediately sent Jenkins's command to the left and rear of the place, and putting some of Carter's artillery in position, drove off the opposing battery, which retreated towards Williamsport, so closely pursued by Jenkins's dismounted cavalry and two squadrons mounted, that they were forced to abandon five out of their six guns, and many prisoners were taken. The infantry fled by way of Shepherdstown, a fact not known for some hours, and which, together with the darkness, will account for their escape. The enemy destroyed many of the stores at Martinsburg, but about 6,000 bushels of grain and a few quartermaster and commissary stores fell into our hands.

The results of this expedition were 5 pieces of artillery, 200 prisoners,

and quartermaster and subsistence stores in some quantity. General Rodes mentions with commendation the conduct of Major Sweeny, of Jenkins's brigade, wounded in charging the enemy's rear near the Opequon as they retreated from Berryville to Winchester.

CROSSING THE POTOMAC AND MARCH TO CARLISLE.

I sent notice to General Rodes of Milroy's escape, but he was not in a position to intercept him, Jenkins's cavalry being already (10 A. M., 15th June) on the Potomac near Williamsport. General Rodes crossed at Williamsport with three brigades, sending Jenkins forward to Chambersburg, and on the 19th his division moved by my orders to Hagerstown, where he encamped on the road to Boonsboro', while Johnson crossed to Sharpsburg, and Early moved to Shepherdstown to threaten Harper's Ferry.

In these positions we waited for the other two corps to close up until the 21st of June, on the afternoon of which day I received orders from the General commanding to take Harrisburg, and next morning Rodes and Johnson moved towards Greencastle, Pa.; Jenkins reoccupied Chambersburg, from which he had fallen back some days before, and Early marched by Boonsboro' to Cavetown, where the Seventeenth Virginia cavalry (Colonel French) reported to him and remained with him till the battle of Gettysburg.

Continuing our march, we reached Carlisle on the 27th, halting one day at Chambersburg to secure supplies.

The marching was as rapid as the weather and the detours made by Major-General Early and Brigadier-General George H. Steuart would admit. Early, having marched parallel with us as far as Greenwood, there turned off towards Gettysburg and York. At Carlisle General George H. Steuart, who had been detached to McConnellsburg from Greencastle, rejoined the corps, bringing some cattle and horses. At Carlisle, Chambersburg, and Shippensburg requisitions were made for supplies and the shops were searched, many valuable stores being secured. At Chambersburg a train was loaded with ordnance and medical stores and sent back. Near 3,000 head of cattle were collected and sent back by my corps; and my chief commissary, Major Hawks, notified Colonel Cole of the location of 5,000 barrels of flour along the route travelled by my command.

From Carlisle I sent forward my engineer, Captain Richardson, with General Jenkins's cavalry to reconnoitre the defences of Harrisburg, and was starting on the 29th for that place when ordered by the Gen-

eral commanding to join the main army at Cashtown, near Gettysburg.

Agreeably to the views of the General commanding, I did not burn Carlisle barracks.

EXPEDITION TO YORK AND WRIGHTSVILLE.

Colonel E. V. White's cavalry battalion reported to me at Chambersburg, and was sent to General Early, then at Greenwood. Arriving at Cashtown, General Early sent Gordon's brigade with White's cavalry direct to Gettysburg, taking the rest of the division by the Mummasburg road.

In front of Gettysburg White charged and routed the Twenty-Sixth regiment Pennsylvania militia, of whom 175 were taken and paroled. From Gettysburg, Gordon, with Tanner's battery and White's cavalry, was sent on the direct road to York. General Gordon met the Mayor and a deputation of citizens, who made a formal surrender of the place. Pushing on by order of General Early to Wrightsville on the Susquehanna, he found 1,200 militia strongly entrenched but without artillery. A few shots drove them across the magnificent railroad bridge, a mile and a quarter long, which they burned as they retreated over it. The little town of Wrightsville caught fire from the bridge, and General Gordon setting his brigade to work, succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Yet he is accused by the Federal press of having set fire to the town.

General Early levied a contribution on the citizens of York, obtaining among other things \$28,600 in United States currency (the greater part of which was turned over to Colonel Corley, Chief Q. M. Army Northern Virginia), 1,000 hats, 1,200 shoes, etc.

GETTYSBURG.

On the night of June 30th, Rodes's division, which I accompanied, was at Heidlersburg, Early three miles off on the road to Berlin, and Johnson's division with Colonel Brown's reserve artillery between Green Village and Scotland. At Heidlersburg I received orders from the General commanding to proceed to Cashtown or Gettysburg, as circumstances might dictate, and a note from General A. P. Hill, saying he was at Cashtown. Next morning I moved with Rodes's division towards Cashtown, ordering Early to follow by Hunterstown. Before reaching Middletown I received notice from General Hill that he was advancing upon Gettysburg, and turned the head of Rodes's column towards that place by the Middletown road, sending word to Early to

advance directly on the Heidlersburg road. I notified the General commanding of my movement, and was informed that in case we found the enemy's force very large, he did not want a general engagement brought on till the rest of the army came up. By the time that this message reached me, General A. P. Hill had already been warmly engaged, and had been repulsed, and Carter's artillery battalion of Rodes's division had opened on the flank of the enemy with fine effect. The enemy were rapidly preparing to attack me, while fresh masses were moving into position in my front. It was too late to avoid an engagement without abandoning the position already taken up. I determined to push the attack vigorously.

General Rodes had drawn up his division with Iverson's brigade on the right, Rodes's old brigade (Colonel O'Neil) in the centre (these two on the ridge leading to the west of Gettysburg), and Doles on the left in the plain. The Fifth Alabama regiment was kept by General Rodes to guard the wide gap left between O'Neil and Doles. Daniel and Ramseur were in reserve.

He at once moved forward, and after advancing for some distance in line, he came in sight of the enemy, and O'Neil and Iverson were ordered to attack, Daniel advancing in line 200 yards in rear of Iverson to protect that flank. At this time only desultory artillery firing was going on in Hill's front; Carter was warmly engaged. O'Neil's brigade, advancing in some disorder in a different direction from that indicated by Major-General Rodes in person to Colonel O'Neil, and with only three regiments (the Third Alabama by some mistake being left with Daniel's brigade), was soon forced to fall back, although the Fifth Alabama was sent to its support. Iverson's brigade was thus exposed, but the gallant troops obstinately stood their ground till the greater part of three regiments had fallen where they stood in line of battle. A few of them being entirely surrounded, were taken prisoners; a few escaped. The unfortunate mistake of General Iverson at this critical juncture in sending word to Major-General Rodes that one of his regiments had raised the white flag and gone over to the enemy, might have produced the most disastrous results. The Twelfth North Carolina, being on the right of his brigade, suffered least.

A slight change of Iverson's advance had uncovered the whole of Daniel's front, and he found himself opposed to heavy bodies of infantry, whom he attacked and drove before him till he reached a railroad cut extending diagonally across his front and past his right flank, which checked his advance. A battery of the enemy beyond this cut, near a barn, enfiladed his line, and fresh bodies of infantry poured

across the cut a destructive fire, enfilade and reverse. Seeing some troops of the Third Corps lying down beyond the railroad in front of the enemy, who were on his right flank, General Daniel sent an officer to get them to advance. As they would not, he was obliged (leaving the Forty-Fifth North Carolina and Second North Carolina battalion to hold his line) to change the front of the rest of his brigade to the rear and throw them across the railroad beyond the cut, where having formed line directly in front of the troops of Hill's corps already mentioned, he ordered an advance of his whole brigade, and gallantly swept the field, capturing several hundred prisoners in the cut. About the time of his final charge, Ramseur, with his own and Rodes's brigades and remnants of Iverson's, under Captain D. P. Halsey, A. A. G. of the brigade (who had rallied the brigade and assumed command), had restored the line in the centre. Meantime, an attempt by the enemy to push a column into the interval between Doles and O'Neil had been handsomely repulsed by Doles, who changed front with his two right regiments and took them in flank, driving them in disorder towards the town.

All the troops of General Rodes were now engaged, the enemy were moving large bodies of troops from the town against his left, and affairs were in a very critical condition, when Major-General Early, coming up on the Heidlersburg road, opened a brisk artillery fire upon large columns moving against Doles's left, and ordered forward Gordon's brigade to the left of Doles, which, after an obstinate contest, broke Barlow's division, captured General Barlow and drove the whole back on a second line, when it was halted, and General Early ordered up Hays's and Hoke's brigades on Gordon's left, and then drove the enemy precipitately towards and through the town, just as Ramseur broke those in his front.

General Gordon mentions that 300 of the enemy's dead were left on the ground passed over by his brigade. The enemy had entirely abandoned the north end of the town, and Early entering by the York railroad at the same time that Rodes came in on the Cashtown road, they together captured over 4,000 prisoners and three pieces of artillery, two of which fell into the hands of Early's division. As far as I can learn, no other troops than those of this corps entered the town at all.

The enemy had fallen back to a commanding position known as "Cemetery Hill," south of Gettysburg, and quickly showed a formidable front there. On entering the town I received a message from the commanding General to attack the hill, if I could do so to advantage. I

could not bring artillery to bear on it: all the troops with me were-jaded by twelve hours' marching and fighting, and I was notified that General Johnson was close to the town with his division, the only one of my corps that had not been engaged, Anderson's division of the Third Corps having been halted to let them pass. Cemetery Hill was not assailable from the town, and I determined with Johnson's division to take possession of a wooded hill to my left, on a line with and commanding Cemetery Hill. Before Johnson got up, the enemy was reported moving to our left flank—our extreme left—and I could see what seemed to be his skirmishers in that direction. Before this report could be investigated by Lieutenant T. T. Turner, of my staff, and Lieutenant Robert Early, sent to investigate it, and Johnson placed in position, the night was far advanced.

I received orders soon after dark to draw my corps to the right in case it could not be used to advantage where it was, that the commanding General thought from the nature of the ground that the position for attack was a good one on that side. I represented to the commanding General that the hill above referred to was unoccupied by the enemy at dark, as reported by Lieutenants Turner and Early, who had gone upon it, and that it commanded their position and made it untenable, so far as I could judge. He decided to let me remain, and on my return to my headquarters, after 12 o'clock at night, I sent orders to Johnson by Lieutenant and T. T. Turner, A. D. C., to take possession of this hill, if he had not already done so. General Johnson stated in reply to this order that after forming his line of battle this side of the wooded hill in question, he had sent a reconnoitering party to the hill, with orders to report as to the position of the enemy in reference to it. This party, on nearing the summit, was met by a superior force of the enemy, which succeeded in capturing a portion of the reconnoitering party, the rest of it making its escape. During this conversation with General Johnson a man arrived, bringing a despatch dated at 12 midnight, and taken from a Federal courier making his way from General Sykes to General Slocum, in which the former stated that his corps was then halted four miles from Gettysburg, and would resume its march at 4 A. M. Lieutenant Turner brought this despatch to my headquarters, and at the same time stated that General Johnson would refrain from attacking the position until I had received notice of the fact that the enemy were in possession of the hill, and had sent him further orders. Day was now breaking, and it was too late for any change of place. Meantime orders had come from the General commanding for me to delay my attack until I heard General Longstreet's guns open on the

right. Lieutenant Turner at once returned to General Johnson and delivered these instructions, directing him to be ready to attack ; Early being already in line on the left, and Rhodes on the right of the main street of the town, Rhodes' right extending out on the Fairfield road.

Early in the morning I received a communication from the General commanding, the tenor of which was that he intended the main attack to be made by the First Corps, on our right, and wished me, as soon as their guns opened, to make a diversion in their favor, to be converted into a real attack if an opportunity offered. I made the necessary arrangements preparatory, and about 5 P. M., when General Longstreet's guns opened, General Johnson commenced a heavy cannonade from Andrews' battalion and Graham's battery, the whole under Major Latimer, against the "Cemetery Hill," and got his infantry into position to assault the wooded hill. After an hour's firing, finding that his guns were overpowered by the greater number and superior position of the enemy's batteries, Major Latimer withdrew all but one battery, which he kept to repel any infantry advance. While with this battery, this gallant young officer received, from almost the last shell fired, the wound which has since resulted in his death. Colonel Brown says justly of that calamity : " No greater loss could have befallen the artillery of this corps." Major Latimer served with me from March, 1862, to the second battle of Manassas (August 28th, 30th, 1862). I was particularly struck at Winchester (25th May, 1862), his first warm engagement, by his coolness, self-possession and bravery under a very heavy artillery fire, showing, when most needed, the full possession of all his faculties. Though not twenty-one when he fell, his soldierly qualities had impressed me as deeply as those of any officer in my command.

Immediately after the artillery firing ceased, which was just before sundown, General Johnson ordered forward his division to attack the wooded hill in his front, and about dusk the attack was made. The enemy were found strongly entrenched on the side of a very steep mountain, beyond a creek with steep banks, only passable here and there. Brigadier-General J. M. Jones was wounded soon after the attack began, and his brigade, which was on the right, with Nichols' Louisiana brigade (under Colonel Williams), was forced back, but Stuart on the left took part of the enemy's breastworks, and held them until ordered out at noon next day.

As soon as information reached them that Johnson's attack had commenced, General Early, who held the centre of my corps, moved Hays's and Hoke's brigades forward against "Cemetery Hill." Charging over

a hill into a ravine, where they broke a line of the enemy's infantry posted behind a stone wall, up the steep face of another hill and over two lines of breastworks, these brigades captured several batteries of artillery, and held them until finding that no attack was made on the right, and that heavy masses of the enemy were advancing against their front and flank, they reluctantly fell back, bringing away seventy-five to one hundred prisoners, and four stands of captured colors.

Major-General Rodes did not advance for reasons given in his report. Before beginning my advance I had sent a staff-officer to the division of the Third corps on my right, which proved to be General Pender's, to find out what they were to do. He reported the division under command of General Lane (who succeeded Pender, wounded), and who sent word back that the only order he had received from General Pender was to attack if a favorable opportunity presented. I then wrote to him that I was about attacking with my corps, and requesting that he would co operate. To this I received no answer, nor do I believe that any advance was made. The want of co-operation on the right made it more difficult for Rodes's division to attack, though had it been otherwise I have every reason to believe from the eminent success attending the assault of Hays and Avery* that the enemy's lines would have been carried.

I was ordered to renew my attack at daylight Friday morning, and as Johnson's position was the only one affording hopes of doing this to advantage, he was reinforced by Smith's brigade of Early's division, and Daniel's and Rodes's (old) brigades of Rodes's division.

Half an hour after Johnson attacked (on Friday morning), and when too late to recall him, I received notice that General Longstreet would not attack until ten o'clock; but as it turned out, his attack was delayed till after two o'clock. Just before the time fixed for General Johnson's advance, the enemy attacked him to regain the works captured by Steuart the evening before. They were repulsed with very heavy loss, and he attacked in turn, pushing the enemy almost to the top of the mountain, where the precipitous nature of the hill and an abattis of logs and stones, with a very heavy work on the crest of the hill, stopped his further advance. In Johnson's attack the enemy abandoned a portion of their works in disorder, and as they ran across an open space to another work, were exposed to the fire of Daniel's brigade, at sixty or seventy yards. Our men were at this time under fire of no consequence,

*Avery commanded Hoke's brigade.

their aim was accurate, and General Daniel thinks that he killed here, in half an hour, more than in all the rest of the fighting.

Repeated reports from the cavalry on our left that the enemy was moving heavy columns of infantry to turn General Johnson's left, at last caused him, about 1 P. M., to evacuate the works already gained. These reports reached me also, and I sent Captain Brown, of my staff, with a party of cavalry to the left, to investigate them, who found them to be without foundation, and General Johnson finally took up a position about three hundred yards in rear of the works he had abandoned, which he held under a sharp fire of artillery and exposed to the enemy's sharpshooters until dark.

At midnight my corps fell back, as ordered, to the range of hills west of the town taken by us on Wednesday, where we remained until and during the fourth, unmolested.

The behavior of my troops throughout this campaign was beyond praise, whether the point considered be their alacrity and willing endurance of the long marches, their orderly and exemplary conduct in the enemy's country, their bearing in action, or their patient endurance of hunger, fatigue and exposure during our retreat. The lists of killed and wounded, as well as the results gained, will show the desperate character of the fighting.

In the infantry, Daniel's brigade of Rodes's division, and in the artillery, Andrews's battalion of Johnson's division, suffered most loss. The Second North Carolina battalion of Daniel's brigade lost two hundred out of two hundred and forty men, killed and wounded, without yielding an inch of ground at any time.

BACK TO DARKSVILLE.

By order of the commanding General, the Third Corps was to move at dark on July 4th, and the First Corps to follow with the prisoners—mine being the rear-guard. Next day, the 3d, was to take the rear, etc. At 10 A. M. on the 5th, the other corps were not all in the road, and consequently mine did not take up the march till near noon, and only reach Fairfield at 4 P. M. Here the enemy, who had been threatening our rear, and occasionally opening a fire of artillery on the rear-guard (Gordon's brigade of Early's division), showed more boldness in attacking, throwing out a line of skirmishers over a mile in length. They were repulsed, and a battery which was shelling our column driven off. We encamped for the night on a hill one and a half miles west of Fairfield; and next day, July 6th, the Third Corps moving by

another road, we were still in the rear; Rodes's division acting as rear-guard and repelling another attack of the enemy. The Forty-Fifth North Carolina of Daniel's brigade being summoned to surrender, attacked the troops making the summons, and drove them out of a wood in which they were posted. The enemy did not follow much beyond Fairfield. The road was again blocked till noon. That night we encamped near Waynesboro', and reached Hagerstown about noon of the 7th of July.

On the 11th we were moved into line between Hagerstown and Williamsport, our right joining the left of the Third Corps, and began fortifying; and in a short time my men were well protected. Their spirits were never better than at this time, and the wish was universal that the enemy would attack. On the night of the 14th I was ordered with my infantry and artillery to ford at Williamsport, the ammunition chests going in the ferry-boat. I could find no ferry-boat nor any one in charge—it was dark and raining—the entrance to the river would have been impracticable for artillery in daylight; and as well as I could ascertain, the exit was worse. Everything was in confusion. Colonel Corley, Chief Quartermaster Army Northern Virginia, who had charge of the arrangements, recommended Colonel Brown, my chief of artillery, to cross by the pontoons, and sent to the same point my reserve train of ambulances with wounded, originally intended to cross by the ferry-boats. Just before midnight my advance (Rodes's division) commenced crossing. The men had directions to sling their cartridge-boxes over their shoulders, but many rounds of ammunition were necessarily lost, as the water was up to their armpits the whole way cross, sometimes deeper. By 8 o'clock my whole corps was over, all fording except Hays's brigade, which was sent with the artillery to the pontoons.

While in camp near Darksville, the enemy under Kelly were reported between Martinsburg and Hedgesville, protecting the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and occasionally skirmishing with Johnston's division, which was destroying the track. General Lee directed on the 21st an effort to be made to capture this force, said to be 6,000 strong. Sending Early's division to get in the rear through Mill's Gap and down North Creek, I joined Rodes to Johnson and marched against their front. Though these movements were made in the night of the 21st, the enemy heard of them through spies, and early on the 22d had retreated out of reach.

The other corps had already marched towards the Blue Ridge, and accordingly we followed and bivouacked near Winchester, and next

day, on reaching Manassas Gap, found Wright's brigade of Anderson's division deployed to repel a large force of the enemy, who were advancing upon it through the Gap. The insignia of two corps could be seen in the Gap and a third was marching up. Over ten thousand men were in sight.

The enemy were so close to Wright's brigade that the line of battle had to be chosen some distance in the rear, and accordingly some two hundred and fifty sharpshooters of Rodes's division, under Major Blackford, were added to Wright's brigade to hold the enemy in check while the line was formed. Rodes's brigade (Colonel O'Neil), deployed as skirmishers, formed the first line, and the remainder of Rodes's division with Carter's battalion of artillery, the second line. These dispositions were made by General Rodes, with his usual promptness, skill and judgment. The enemy were held in check for some time by the line of Wright's brigade and the skirmishers under Major Blackford, which they at last drove back, with considerable loss to themselves, by flanking it.

These troops, in our full view, showed great gallantry, and though in very weak line and intended merely to make a show, held the enemy back so long and inflicted such loss that they were satisfied not to come within reach of O'Neil, but remained at a safe distance, where they were leisurely shelled by Carter's artillery. Johnson's division was ordered to take position near the river, to prevent the enemy's cutting us off from the ford at Front Royal, and though not required in action, was promptly in place. Early's division, much jaded, was fifteen miles off near Winchester, and could not possibly reach me before the afternoon of the next day.

I had reason to believe that Meade's whole army was in our front, and having but two divisions to oppose him I decided to send Early up the Valley to Strasburg and New Market, while I marched the other two divisions up the Page valley to Luray, the route pursued by Jackson in 1862 in his campaign against Banks. Johnson's and Rodes's divisions moved back two to four miles and encamped near Front Royal—the rear-guard, under Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, of Johnson's division, leaving Front Royal after 10 o'clock next day—the enemy making only a slight advance, which was driven back by a few rounds of artillery.

Rodes's division, the only troops of my corps that I saw during this affair, showed great eagerness and alacrity to meet the enemy, and had he advanced, would have given him a severe lesson. I was indebted for correct and valuable information regarding the strength and move-

ments of the enemy at this point, to Captain W. Randolph, commanding cavalry escort attached to my headquarters, and to Captain Wilbourn, of the Signal Corps.

SUMMARY.

In this campaign the loss of my corps was as follows: At Winchester and in the Valley, 47 killed, 219 wounded, and 3 missing—269 aggregate.

At Gettysburg and in Pennsylvania, 883 killed, 3,857 wounded, and 1,347 missing—6,094 aggregate. Aggregate for the entire campaign, 930 killed, 4,076 wounded, and 1,350 missing—making in all 6,356.

Before crossing the Potomac it captured 28 pieces of artillery, and about 4,500 prisoners. About 200 prisoners were taken before reaching Gettysburg.

At that place over 4,000 prisoners, 3 pieces of artillery, and 4 stands of colors—memorable as having been brought off Cemetery Hill—were the spoils gained, making altogether nearly 9,000 prisoners and 31 pieces of artillery. A large number of small arms, a large amount of quartermaster, ordnance and subsistence stores were taken in Pennsylvania and sent to the rear.

The Fifty-fourth North Carolina regiment, of Hoke's brigade, and the Fifty-eighth Virginia, of Smith's brigade, Early's division, sent to Winchester from Staunton with prisoners, returned in time to aid General Imboden in repelling the enemy's attack on the wagon-train at Williamsport.

Iverson's brigade, sent back to guard my wagon-train from Fairfield, had a handsome affair with the enemy's cavalry at Hagerstown, in which they are reported by General Iverson as "killing, wounding and capturing a number equal to their whole force."

The conduct of Hays's Louisiana brigade and Hoke's North Carolina brigade, the latter under Colonel Avery, at "Cemetery Hill," Gettysburg, was worthy of the highest praise. Here and at Winchester the Louisiana brigade and their gallant commander gave new honor to the name already acquired on the old fields of Winchester and Port Republic, and wherever engaged.

Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, of the artillery, not fully recovered from his serious wound at Cedar Run, was again wounded at Winchester, and while suffering from his wounds appeared on the field at Hagerstown and reported for duty.

The rapid and skilful advance of Gordon's brigade on the 13th of June near Winchester, with great spirit driving the enemy in confusion

towards the town, was one of the finest movements I have witnessed during the war, and won for the troops and their gallant commander the highest commendation.

At Winchester the Maryland battalion was attached to General Steuart's brigade; and the Baltimore Light Artillery to Colonel Brown's battalion, with which they served with their usual gallantry throughout the campaign.

At Gettysburg, July 1st, I was much pleased with the conduct of Captain Carter's battery, which came under my immediate observation.

I beg leave to call attention to the gallantry of the following men and officers:—

AT WINCHESTER.

Lieutenant John Orr, Adjutant Sixth Louisiana, was the first man to mount the enemy's breastworks on the 14th, receiving in the act a bayonet wound in the side. General Early recommends him for captain of cavalry, "he being desirous of entering that branch of the service, for which he is so eminently qualified."

Lieutenant C. S. Contee's section of Dement's battery was placed in short musket-range of the enemy on the 15th June, and maintained its position till thirteen of the sixteen men in the two detachments were killed or wounded, when Lieutenant John A. Morgan, of the First North Carolina regiment, and Lieutenant R. H. McKim, A. D. C. to Brigadier-General George H. Steuart, volunteered and helped to work the guns till the surrender of the enemy. The following are the names of the gallant men belonging to the section: Lieutenant C. S. Contee, A. J. Albert, Jr., John Kester, William Hill, B. W. Owens, John Glascock, John Harris, William Wooden, C. C. Pease, Frederick Frayer, ——— Duvall, William Compton, John Yates, William Brown, Wm. H. Gorman, Thomas Moor, Robert B. Chew. Colonel Brown, Chief of Artillery, recommends Lieutenant Contee for promotion to the captaincy of the Chesapeake artillery, *vice* Captain W. D. Brown, a most gallant and valuable officer, killed at Gettysburg.

AT GETTYSBURG.

Captain D. P. Halsey, A. A. G. of Iverson's brigade, displayed conspicuous gallantry and rendered important service in rallying the brigade, which he led in its final attack.

General Rodes speaks of the services rendered by Colonel D. H. Christie (mortally wounded July 1st) as having been especially valuable.

First Lieutenant T. M. Harney, Fourteenth North Carolina, while in command of sharpshooters, defeated the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania regiment, and took their colors with his own hands, falling mortally wounded soon after.

Captain A. H. Galloway, Forty-Fifth North Carolina, recaptured the flag of the Twentieth North Carolina of Iverson's brigade. Lieutenant James W. Benton, Forty-Fifth North Carolina (killed), showed as much or more gallantry than any man in the regiment, though but seventeen years of age.

Sergeant Thomas J. Betterton, Company A Thirty-Seventh Virginia, took a stand of colors and was dangerously wounded. Private W. H. Webb, orderly to General Johnson, remained on the field after being severely wounded. General Johnson says "his conduct entitles him to a commission."

The following non-commissioned officers and privates are mentioned for gallantry: Sergeant Grier, Company B, Sergeant Wills, Company D Forty-Third North Carolina, Sergeant Neill and Private McAdoo, Company A Fifty-Third North Carolina, Sergeant Christ. Clark, Twelfth Alabama, Private A. F. Senter, Company H Twenty-Fifth Virginia (detailed in ambulance corps).

Many officers, besides those named above, are distinguished by their commanders for gallant conduct. I have only space for the names of a few, whose acts of gallantry are specified.

I was fortunate in this campaign in the assistance of three division-commanders, Major-Generals J. A. Early, Ed. Johnson and R. E. Rhodes, whose wise counsels, skilful handling of their men, and prompt obedience to orders are beyond praise—Generals whose scars bear testimony to the manner in which were won their laurels and rank. Colonel J. Thompson Brown, commanding artillery of this corps, showed himself competent to his position, and gave me perfect satisfaction.

I have to express my thanks to the officers of my staff for their valuable services during the campaign: Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Pendleton), chief of staff, Major Campbell Brown, A. A. G., Lieutenant T. T. Turner, A. D. C., Lieutenant James P. Smith, A. D. C., Colonel A. Smead and Major B. H. Greene, Assistant Inspectors General; Surgeon Hunter McGuire, Medical Director; Major J. A. Harman, Chief Quartermaster; Major W. J. Hawks, Chief Commissary of Subsistence; Major William Allan, Chief of Ordnance; Captain R. E. Wilbourn, Chief of Signals; Captain H. B. Richardson, Chief Engineer; Captain Jed. Hotchkiss, Topographical Engineer.

Colonel J. E. Johnson, formerly of the Ninth Virginia cavalry, Lieu-

tenant Elliott Johnston, of General Garnett's staff, and Lieutenant R. W. B. Elliott, of General Lawton's staff, were with me as volunteer aides-de-camp.

Colonel Pendleton's knowledge of his duties, experience and activity relieved me of much hard work. I felt sure that the medical department under Surgeon McGuire, the Quartermaster's under Major Harman, and the Subsistence under Major Hawks, would be as well conducted as experience, energy and zeal could ensure. The labor and responsibility of providing the subsistence of the whole army during its advance rested in a great measure on Major Hawks, and could not have been more successfully accomplished. Colonel J. E. Johnson was placed in charge of the pickets on the Shenandoah, covering my flank and rear during the attack on Winchester, and I rested secure in that respect, trusting to his experience, judgment and coolness. Captain H. D. Richardson, Chief Engineer, was severely wounded at Gettysburg, and left, I regret to say, in the enemy's hands—a loss I have very severely felt ever since that engagement. The efficiency and value of Major Allan and Captain Wilbourn in their respective departments are well known.

The reports of the division commanders accompany this report; also those of the brigade commanders and the chief of artillery. To these I beg leave to refer for greater detail in their respective operations than is practicable in the report of the corps commander.

I have the pleasure to send you the accompanying maps of the campaign by Captain Jed. Hotchkiss, Topographical Engineer, being the map of routes to and from Gettysburg, map of the battlefield of Winchester, and map of the battlefield of Gettysburg.

Respectfully, &c.,

(Signed)

R. S. EWELL,

Lieu't-Gen'l C. S. A. Comd'g Second Corps A. N. Va.

Frank H. Harleston—A Hero of Fort Sumter.

By MISS CLAUDINE RHETT.

Those who read history with thoughtful eyes derive as much pleasure from the study of character as from that of events. I think that no where in the power of a noble character more strikingly illustrated than in the case of Lord Howe, the young English officer who was killed in one of the early skirmishes of the war waged for the possession of Canada, some years before the American Revolution. Lord

Howe achieved nothing remarkable, and yet he was deeply regretted, and all who read of him even now, are filled with a tender pity for his sad fate, so much so, that within the last few years the people of New York have given expression to their sympathy by erecting a monument to his memory on the spot where he fell, near Lake George, more than a hundred years after his death.

Our hero, Captain Harleston, was destined to serve his country in a far greater war, with conspicuous efficiency, and to lose his life whilst participating in the most glorious defense that has ever been made by any city on this Continent. The analogy between himself and Lord Howe lies simply in the beauty of his character. Those who knew him are more apt to think of what he *was* than of what he *did*; and like Lord Howe his personal qualities have caused the many friends who loved him to regard his memory with an almost romantic sentiment of tenderness.

Many earnest souls went up to the feet of God from the battle-fields of the South during our late war, but none ascended on less dust-soiled wings, than the one that put on immortality amongst the ruins of Fort Sumter, the morning of November 24th 1863. "Happy are they who die in their youth when their renown is around them," says Ossian. Aye! happy truly is that young soldier whose record is fair, purpose pure, and heart single, for then he earns "the quick promotion of a glorious death," and casts the honor of his devotion and his martyrdom into the balance, in favor of the cause that he loved, and has hallowed by the sacrifice of his life. From thenceforth he belongs to his country, and is crowned forever in the hearts of all men with the laurel and the amaranth. It is a high destiny; but the crown is won by pain and anguish. Let us remember this, and be proportionately grateful.

Francis Huger Harleston was a son of South Carolina in every sense of the term. A representative of the type of people of the old State. Born of two families connected with her Revolutionary history, and indoctrinated to the hearts core with the love of "States Rights" and constitutional liberty; holding in respect the "traditions of the Elders" and proud of the distinctions of the past, as well as regardful of the honor of the present.

Isaac Harleston, an ancestor, was a soldier of the Revolution, and one of the officers who fought in Fort Moultrie against the British. The many centennials that have been celebrated during the course of the last few years seem to have brought those far off days nearer, and I think that it is very easy for us to picture to ourselves that most brilliantly successful fight of the Revolutionary war.

When the first of June 1776, dawned, the British fleet appeared off Charleston, (numbering forty or fifty sail), and many faint hearts said loudly "It is folly and madness to attempt to oppose it. The English navy is the dread of the world. What can a little fort made of palmetto logs and bags of sand, do against 'men of war'?" But Governor John Rutledge, Colonel Moultrie, his stout-hearted regiment, and other patriots replied, "We can try to turn the enemy back, and by God's help will drive them out of the harbor and save the State, for a while at any rate, from the horrors of war."

General Charles Lee who commanded the Continental troops, called Fort Moultrie, "a slaughter pen," and spoke of evacuating Sullivan's Island. Therefore Governor Rutledge wrote the following laconic order to General Moultrie, the commander of the State troops:

"You will not evacuate Fort Moultrie without my order. I will cut off my hand rather than sign such an order.

JOHN RUTLEDGE."

During the 4th of June, thirty-six of the transports crossed the bar of the harbor, in front of Rebellion road, and anchored about three miles from Sullivan's Island.

On the morning of the 28th of June 1776, the fleet weighed anchor and came sailing in beautifully, in line of battle, Admiral Sir Peter Parker's fifty gun three-decker the Bristol, leading the van as flag-ship, followed by the Experiment a fifty gun ship, four frigates, the Active, Acteon, Solbay, Syren, each of twenty-eight guns. The Sphynx, of twenty guns, the Friendship, an armed vessel of twenty-two guns; Ranger sloop, and Thunder-Bomb, each of eight guns. Between ten and eleven o'clock the Thunder-Bomb began the attack, and a most tremendous canonade ensued. The armed vessels sailed past Fort Moultrie, and each gave her a broad-side from their right hand batteries; then they rounded to, turned back, and raked her with those on their left.

The people of Charleston assembled on the wharfs and looked on, in almost breathless suspense. Thus, the engagement went on all day; the ships forming a figure of 8 as they wheeled up and down in front of the fort, whilst the Carolinians replied slowly to their fire, for ammunition was short. At one time when the Bristol fired her broad-side of twenty-five guns, the fort was struck in so many places simultaneously that it trembled to its base, and Colonel Moultrie thought for a moment the whole structure was going to give way and fall to pieces under their feet; but the tough palmetto logs did their

part well, and never splintered. Therefore has the palmetto ever since been taken as the emblem of the State, and is dear to the hearts of her people, for it is also the symbol of courage and resolution.

Night closed in, but the battle still continued. The whole population of Charleston, including old men and women, spent the entire night on the wharfs and at White Point garden, trying to guess by the flashes of the artillery which side was gaining the victory. The firing gradually slackened, and at eleven o'clock ceased; but it was not until morning, that they knew that the "bonnie blue flag," still floated from Fort Moultrie. Some hours later they saw the English ships sail off on the ebb tide, looking far more handsome in the eyes of the weary watchers than they had ever done before.

The proud fleet was defeated and driven off. The Bristol had forty men killed, and seventy-one wounded. Every man who was stationed in the beginning of the action on her quarter deck, was either killed or wounded. The Experiment had twenty-three killed, and seventy-six wounded. The Acteon had nine killed, and six wounded. The Solbay had eight wounded. Sir Peter Parker was wounded; and Lord William Campbell the late Governor of the Province, who had volunteered his services in the expedition, received a wound which eventually occasioned his death.

The loss of the garrison was comparatively trifling; they had ten killed, and twenty-two wounded, and after this successful defense, South Carolina had a respite of three years from the calamities of war.

Sergeant Jasper won much renown in this affair by replacing the State flag, that was shot down by the English, *under fire*. Governor Rutledge the day after the battle presented his own silver mounted sword to him, and complimented him before the entire regiment. A monument commemorative of his gallant action has also been erected by the "Palmetto Guard," in Charleston, which was unveiled on the centennial anniversary of the battle, June 28th, 1876.

Colonel Frank Huger, Captain Harleston's grandfather, was also a soldier, but he was chiefly noted for the daring attempt he made along with a young German, to deliver General LaFayette from the Austrian prison of Olmetz. I have seen letters from General LaFayette to Colonel Huger, in which he styles himself "your devoted, affectionate and grateful friend,"

LAFAYETTE."

At the age of sixteen Captain Harleston began his training as a soldier, at the South Carolina Military Academy, where he remained four years, graduating at twenty with the first honor of the Institute,

and having throughout his collegiate course always maintained the highest position in his class. He was also Captain of the Cadets. It is not often that a young man wins both of these distinctions; as the first is the reward for intellectual proficiency, and the latter is gained by military aptitude and attention to the strict rules of discipline.

About six months after he left the "Citadel" the agitation preceeding the war began. As soon as South Carolina "seceded" from the Union, he volunteered his services with his old corps, the Cadets, then stationed on Morris Island, and was made Adjutant of the battalion, commanded by Major P. F. Stevens. He was present on the memorable occasion when the "Star of the West" was fired upon and driven back. When the Cadets were relieved from duty on Morris Island, he returned to the city and was soon afterwards appointed First Lieutenant in the First Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery, then a battalion, and assigned to duty at Fort Moultrie, where he remained during the months of preparation which preceeded the reduction of Fort Sumter. Just before the attack he was transferred to the Iron battery at Cumming's Point, where his efficiency and skill were conspicuous during the bombardment. On the occupation of Fort Sumter April 13th, 1861, by our forces, he returned to Fort Moultrie and was soon afterwards made Adjutant of the Battalion of Regular Artillery. In January, 1862, he was promoted to a Captaincy in his regiment, and assigned to the command of Company D, then stationed in Fort Sumter.

He assisted General Ripley very materially in the organization of that splendid corps of artillerists who served their guns so faithfully and defended Charleston with such skill and bravery, throughout all the long years of the war.

To take raw recruits, discipline and make regulars of them was hard enough, but to form them into artillerists was a still more difficult task. Captain Harleston once said to a friend laughingly "If any one wants to sound the depth of human stupidity he has only to take newly enlisted men and drill them for a couple of hours at the guns. I show my squads fifty times in succession how to load and fire, and when I order them on the fifty-first occasion to do it without directions, I find that they know absolutely nothing. I actually have to clench my teeth to keep from swearing at them, their awkwardness and dullness of comprehension is so wonderful."

Yet by dint of patience and practice these very men became surprisingly expert in their handling of heavy ordnance, and could calculate with wonderful accuracy the length of fuse that would be required, and the proper elevation to give to their mortars, according to the distance that they wished to throw their shells, and their weight.

The battalion of regulars was increased until it formed two regiments and a battalion. The First artillery, stationed at Fort Sumter, the other regiment at Fort Moultrie, and the battalion on James's Island. Captain Harleston belonged to the First artillery, and took great pride in his company.

Iron plated ships of war are now in use all over the world, but the idea was originated at Charleston, by Captain Hamilton's floating iron-clad battery, and the first gun-boats of a similar construction were those that came from the North and attacked Fort Sumter April 7th, 1863. This iron-clad fleet had been expected by us for some time, as they had been loudly vaunted by the Northern press for months before they arrived off Charleston, and we received the New York papers constantly from the "blockade runners," and knew therefore, that they were supposed to be invulnerable, and that they believed they could "take Charleston," without the least difficulty.

The Ironsides, a large iron-plated war ship, and seven turreted iron-clad gun-boats steamed into the harbor at about 3 o'clock, on the afternoon of the 7th, of April 1863, and began their attack upon Fort Sumter; but in a short time they were so roughly handled by the artillerists of Fort Sumter, and the other forts and batteries around the bay, that they were forced to withdraw from the contest, badly crippled and with their "prestige" entirely gone, like the English fleet that had come on a similar mission eighty-six years before.

The artillery practice was so good that the Brooke gun at Fort Sumter fired three shells that struck the Keokuk *successively* almost in the same place, jarring the plates and tearing her so badly that she could hardly get out of range, and sunk during the night with her guns and everything on board (which all fell into the hands of the Confederates.) This is only one instance illustrative of their skill; many more might be added.

The channel batteries and the sea-face batteries were the only ones that were employed by Fort Sumter in this important engagement. Captain Harleston commanded the guns "in barbette" of the channel battery, and exhibited great coolness, while his precision of aim was admirable. His calm, cheerful composure of manner always produced a striking effect upon his men in times of danger, steadying their excitement and arousing their emulation.

An amusing incident occurred during this fight, which may help to illustrate the spirit of the garrison. In the midst of the fray, when they did not know if the fort would be knocked to pieces or not, a Sergeant double-shotted a gun, which fortunately did not explode when it was fired, but the recoil was so violent that it leaped completely off

its carriage down into the parade ground. He turned to Captain Harleston immediately, saluted, and said coolly, "Missing your honor." "Who is missing?" asked Captain Harleston, inspecting his company closely. "A ten-inch Columbiad, if you please, sir."

This joke excited much merriment among the men, for a ten-inch Columbiad is of such a size and of so great weight, that it would be almost as easy to lose a church steeple as a gun of this caliber.

The famous old Brooke cannon was the only piece of ordnance left by the United States authorities at the Charleston Arsenal, when they turned it over to Mr. Porter, about two years ago, for his fine school. There it lies rusting away in the grass. The boys play "tag" against the wheels, and climb upon the old war-dog to con over their lessons, quite unconscious that the hoarse voice that bayed from that iron muzzle reverberated far and near over the land, and helped to accomplish a feat of world-wide fame.

The fighting for Charleston, which was to continue almost to the close of the war, began again on the 10th of July, 1863, at Battery Mitchel, on Morris Island, (manned by the Regulars of the First Regiment.) Battery Wagner was heavily assaulted again and again that same night by the Union forces, who were driven back with great slaughter; a detachment from the First Regiment doing good service there, too; and, during the continuous struggle that ensued for the possession of Morris Island, companies from the First Regiment were constantly on duty at Batteries Wagner and Gregg, handling the guns with marked zeal and great accuracy of aim.

When an artillery officer was asked for to remount the cannon that had been dismounted by the firing of the enemy, Captain Harleston was selected for the dangerous and difficult task, as especially fitted for the duty; and he accomplished it successfully in spite of the incessant shelling under which the work had to be executed.

After the Federals became masters of Morris Island, Fort Sumter was once more attacked, by the fleet, and also by the enormous guns that they mounted on the batteries of Morris Island, and it was soon battered to a mass of ruins under their cross fire; for it was not built to withstand the ordnance used in modern days. Each of the huge shells thrown at her, crashed though the walls as though they were made of paste-board.

The regulars got no rest night or day, and every moment their lives were in jeopardy; for besides the danger from the enemy, they were in imminent peril from the great store of powder (131,000. pounds,) and the loaded shells, in their magazine. Had a single spark entered

there, and ignited the powder, no one in the fort would have lived to tell the tale, for each brick would have been blown to atoms in a minute. Every man in the garrison knew this.

On one occasion a shell struck the ventilator and exploded so near the magazine that the blast of the powder burst open the door, and filled it with smoke. Lieutenant William Grimball and several other men were in the magazine at the time. Another day a shell from the fleet fell in the casement adjoining the shell-room, setting it on fire. The explosion broke a hole in the partition wall between the rooms, and filled the shell room with so dense a smoke that it also was supposed to be on fire, and the piles of loaded shells were momentarily expected to prove the terrible fact by exploding singly or in concert. At this critical moment when the nerves of the coolest men in the garrison were strung up to the highest pitch of excitement, and the hearts of the bravest beat quickly, Lieutenant Eldred Fickling (then in command of company F.), was ordered to "take his company into the shell-room, and remove the shells and cartridges." This command was instantly obeyed, and the order executed without a second of hesitation. Could a greater proof of courage or good discipline be imagined?

Living on the crater of a volcano that is rumbling and threatening to make an eruption at any instant is the only situation that can be compared to the position of the Regulars of the First Regiment, until the powder was shipped by night to Charleston. They could have rendered it perfectly harmless in a half hour's time, by flooding the magazine, and saturating the powder in the shells with water, but powder was too valuable in the Confederate States to be thrown away, even when the lives of an entire regiment were at stake.

Night after night they were kept busy removing the cannon and ammunition from the fort, although they were quite aware of the fact that at any second the powder and the shells that they were handling might be exploded by the constant firing of the enemy, under which they worked.

All day working parties were steadily engaged in repairing the huge breaches made in the walls of the fort, by digging sand from the parade ground, and filling bags with it, that were used to stop the numerous gaps. Moreover, the heat was intense; the walls having become a compact mass of mortar and bricks, there was no ventilation, whilst an August sun beamed down upon their heads. The thermometer stood at 120 degrees during the day, in the broken casemates. After the harassment and fatigue of night duty, the officers who were "relieved" would lie down to rest in these "quarters," and when they arose from their

unrefreshing sleep, they could actually wring the moisture from their garments. Yet in spite of the weariness and the danger, the buoyant spirit and courage of the regiment was magnificent, endless instances of presence of mind and cool resolution might be enumerated to prove this, but I will only mention one or two that recur to my memory just now.

Lieutenant George Dargan was standing on the "terre-plain" of Battery Gregg, supervising the firing of the guns under his command, and wore a cap with a double facing, a shell burst near him and a fragment of it cut the front facing clear off. Without moving, except to raise his hand and reverse the cap so that his eyes might be protected by the other facing from the fierce glare of the sun, he coolly nodded his head towards the Federals and remarked, "I bet you could not do that again."

Five men were sitting in the hollow space besides a large cannon at Battery Wagner, and were about to eat their breakfast, when a gently smoking shell dropped right in between them; had it exploded, they would all have probably been killed in that narrow enclosure, but; before the tardily burning fuse could reach the powder, that it was intended to ignite, Sergeant —— with astonishing promptitude and courageous self-possession picked up the adjacent coffee pot and poured the contents into the vent of the shell, thus instantly extinguishing the fire by this simple expedient, without rising from his seat. Had he belonged to the English army he would certainly have received the Victoria cross, as a reward for his cool bravery, and for having in all human likelihood saved the lives of his comrades.

Lieutenant James S. Heyward was writing a letter to his mother, at Fort Sumter; he left his seat, crossed over to the mantle-piece to get his tobacco and refill his pipe, but before he could do so, down came a shell which smashed both chair and table to pieces. He picked up his letter from among the "debris," and added this postscript. "A 300 pound shell has torn off the last page of my letter, so you will have to imagine what I wrote, as I have not time to re-write it."

Lieutenant John Middleton, had been on fatigue duty all night. When "relieved" in the morning, he threw himself upon his bed, and was soon sound asleep. He had placed his watch and several other things upon a chair besides him; suddenly an immense shell came crashing in, shattering the chair, bed, and every thing, and dashing him violently across the room. As soon as he awoke to consciousness and discovered the state of affairs in his apartment he picked up his watch, put it to his ear to ascertain if the jar had stopped the works,

and observed in a tone of great dissatisfaction to the friends who had hurried in, supposing that he had been killed, "Plague that shell! it has split my hair brush." Of course this was an affectation of indifference, for no man can knowingly escape, almost by a miracle, from a terrible death, and really remain unmoved; but even affectation may be admired where it evinces pluck. They all laughed at their perils, and took a sort of pride in making light of them. Yet I think that none of those soldiers who have now sobered down into middle aged men, and have lost their youthful exuberance of spirit, would care to go back and repeat their experiences at Morris Island and Fort Sumter. Many of those who survive still dream of the old times occasionally; in slumber they fancy that they are lying on the well known parapet, by the cannon, waiting and watching for the foe; or imagine that they again hear the shells bursting around them.

Colonel Alfred Rhett and the gentlemen who messed with him, had just sat down to dinner one day when a shell interrupted their frugal feast by dropping into the middle of the table, wounding several officers, and filling the casemate with a blinding blast of powder, and a shower of bricks and mortar. Several individuals rushed in at once, to see if the commander, or any of the others had been killed; amongst these was Colonel Rhett's faithful old negro servant, Dick; as soon as he perceived that his master had not been destroyed he proceeded to take a very practical view of the situation, looking with profound disgust and melancholy at the chaotic pile of rubbish composed of about a cart load of bricks, and the fragrants of the table, crockery, etc., he said slowly, shaking his head despondently. "All the dinner is gone, and God only knows where we are to find any more."

The regulars were very particular as to the good appearance of their guns, their dress, and everything appertaining to them; those who were disposed to be critical, even called them dandies. In summer the officers often wore as an undress uniform, white linen suits, set off and rendered military by their brass buttons and handsome scarlet "képis." This costume was far more suited to a Southern garrison than the heavy padded broad-cloth regulation uniforms which they always were obliged to wear on parade.

Soon after sun-rise one morning during the bombardment, Colonel Rhett went upon the parapet to examine through his field-glass the progress of the Federal works on Morris Island. He was dressed all in white, and standing just at the head of the steps that led up to the parapet, with the rays of the eastern sun striking full on his tall figure, and the dark piles of sand bags on either hand, he presented a fine

target to the Union artillerists who at once took advantage of the opportunity, and sent a shell at him, he saw it coming and knew that *he* was the mark aimed at, but he would not go below to avoid the danger. The Federal gunners proved themselves to be expert, for the shell whizzed by so near, that he had to throw himself on his elbow upon the sand bags to escape from its direct course; seeing him bent somewhat to the left they supposed that he was cut in two, and were quite astonished when a moment later he drew himself erect, and calmly continued his inspection, with that characteristic composure under difficult circumstances, which helped to give tone to his regiment. The shell after roaring by him, fell into the parade ground where it burst with a tremendous report.

Captain Harleston ceaselessly and cheerfully performed his trying duty through these long weeks of wearying fatigue and danger, and fully merited his share of the "Thanks of South Carolina, to the First regiment of South Carolina Regular Artillery;" and also of General G. T. Beauregard's official thanks to the same regiment.

Bomb-proofs were constructed and *then* the fort was turned over to an infantry guard. From the 10th, July, until September 5th, Colonel Rhett, and the First Regiment had been fighting night and day against the fleet, and the land batteries of the Federals; besides the immense fatigue duty that they had done. Troops ammunition and provisions had often been carried in small boats the livelong night from Sumter to Morris Island, by the First Artillery, and they had taken an active part in all of the fighting at Battery Mitchel, Battery Wagner, and Battery Gregg, whilst the guns of Sumter kept up a steady unremitting fire upon the enemy's camps, assaulting columns, and working parties, and the fleet, until at last she stood a silent dismantled heap of ruins.

Invaluable pieces of huge ordnance, shells, shot, powder, and large supplies of pork, flour, sugar, etc., in danger of destruction had been preserved by the hard work of the garrison; but a general mention like this can convey no adequate idea of either the severity or value of these extraordinary exertions of officers and men.

The cannon having been removed Fort Sumter was no longer an artillery post, yet nevertheless, after the First Regiment had rested a few weeks, the companies were again sent down in detachments, to act as infantry, and assist in garrisoning it. This regiment did hard service, and lost many men at Batteries Mitchel, Wagner, Gregg, Fort Sumter, Battery Pringle, and at Averasboro, and Bentonville in North Carolina, where they acted as infantry, after the evacuation of Charleston.

At Bentonville ———'s brigade, which preceeded the brigade of regulars, "broke," and ———'s regiment came rushing back right through their ranks, but the "colors" were ordered to the front, and the officers called on the men to "stand firm," and so great was their courage and discipline that not one of the regulars disobeyed the command and joined in the flight. All day they held their slight breast-works there, although they were heavily assaulted repeatedly, by thrice their numbers. They bivouaced on the battle field that night, and the next day the brigade received official thanks from Lieutenant-General Hardee, who published a complimentary order that was read out to the whole corps, which spoke of their "*iron firmness and measureless gallantry.*" Thus did the First Regiment for *the third time* receive public thanks for its admirable conduct and devotion to duty.

Some years after the war had ended General Hardee met one of the officers in New York, he shook him cordially by the hand, and then said to him, "You were one of the South Carolina Regulars who fought at Bentonville, were you not?" "Yes, sir." "Then you can look any man in the face as long as you live, for no troops ever fought better than you did that day."

It is impossible to write of Captain Harleston without dwelling somewhat at length upon the merits of his regiment, for *he* had helped very materially to make it what it was, by his zeal, active energy and example.

On the 21st November Captain Harleston's last term of duty at Fort Sumter expired, and his company was "relieved" by another. Having obtained a much desired furlough, he intended as soon as he was released, to go up to Columbia and visit his family, who were joyfully awaiting his arrival, after the great dangers and hardships of the past months. He had written to his mother, "I will be with you to-night," but Colonel Elliott, who at the time was the commander of the fort, asked him to remain a few days longer, "until the dark nights were past," he "depended so much upon Captain Harleston's vigilance and ability." Of course he readily and cheerfully acceded to this complimentary request, as he always did to the call of every duty. It was destined to be the last, for to Colonel Elliott's great regret it was the occasion of his death.

My pen falters and my heart grows heavy as I record the sad fate of this much loved young soldier. At 4 o'clock, on the morning of November 24th, 1863, a sentinel reported to him that the tide had washed aside some of the "*chevaux-de-frise*" that protected the outside of the fort from an assault, and he at once proceeded to examine the condition of

those defences; whilst inspecting them, on the outside of Sumter, a shell burst near him, and he was terribly mangled. He lay there alone for fifteen minutes, on the wet rocks, then finding that he did not return, they sought for him and found him in his agony. He was borne into the fort that he had fought for so gallantly, and his heart's blood flowed upon her stones, consecrating them by that crimson baptism. His sufferings were intense, but were endured with a fortitude and manfulness that astonished those who beheld him; until at last the end came, and he was laid to rest in his uniform, his frame having been too much shattered for his friends to attempt to touch him even after his death.

From thence, he was taken to the little country churchyard at the Strawberry plantation on Cooper river, and interred beside kindred dust, in the flower of his youth; the pride of his family—the Chevalier Bayard of his regiment, ever “*sans peur et sans reproche*.”

It is seldom that a man is found uniting so many qualities of the head and heart. He exercised a lasting influence for good upon all who came near him, and was admired, respected and beloved by every one. Brave and gentle, firm but considerate of the feelings of others, high-minded and modest, and a man withal to be trusted and relied on under every circumstance of life; these, were his characteristics. His death occasioned regret and sorrow all over the State, and his comrades deplored his loss deeply. If any of the survivors of the First Artillery are asked, “how was Captain Harleston regarded in your regiment?” the invariable reply is, “Harleston, was the most popular captain of the regiment—a universal favorite both with the officers and the men.” None who knew him require any testimony to assure them of the esteem in which he was held, but it gives me pleasure to record some of the observations that have been made upon him. One of his comrades said at the time of his death, “he was the noblest man I have ever known.” Another officer who served in his company writes, “Harleston was one who never thought of SELF where duty called, and his constant thoughts were for those under his charge. He was a Christian soldier and gentleman. I know of no higher praise.” A correspondent makes the following statement, “I was not intimate with Harleston, our duties at the fort lay in such different lines. Of course I knew him as a pleasant, courteous gentleman, adored of his men, and beloved by all of his fellow officers.” The Rev. John Johnson, the distinguished engineer of Fort Sumter, who was with Captain Harleston through the long hours of his last great sufferings, speaks in the following words, “What a beautiful character that young

man had, so gentle and so strong. I think his death was more regretted than that of any other man whom I came in contact with during the war. He was so much respected by his commanders, and so truly loved by his equals and subordinates." General G. T. Beauregard testifies "he was a very gallant, and an excellent officer." And General Thomas Jordan (the Adjutant-General of General Beauregard's staff), "he was an officer of distinction, and of high promise at the time of his death."

Miss Yonge, the charming English authoress, defines a *hero*, as "a man who does more than *his duty*." Captain Harleston illustrated her definition of that often mis-applied term, for I suppose she meant that a *hero* is a man whose spirit carries him beyond the written letter of the law, whose earnest zeal knows no limitation but that of absolute self abnegation. Who reads the word *duty*, according to the widest interpretation, understanding it to mean *his utmost endeavor*, (which no man can go beyond.) I was reminded of Miss Yonge's idea by a conversation between two ladies (in no way related to Captain Harleston,) who were speaking of his sad fate; one of them said, "at any rate he died in the performance of his duty, which is a nobler destiny than awaits most of us." The other replied, "Ah! my dear, it was more than *his duty*."

Frank Harleston was not quite 24 years' old when he fell, but he had lived long enough to win the thorough confidence of his superiors in rank, the hearts of his comrades and the gratitude of his State.

The brave die never;
In death they but exchange their
Country's arms for more—
Their country's heart.†

CLAUDINE RHETT.

† A copy of these lines were found in Captain Harleston's jacket pocket after his death; he probably wrote them down from memory the night he was killed.

Captain Irving and the "Steamer Convoy"—Supplies for Prisoners.

By Judge ROBERT OULD.

[We are very much indebted to Judge Ould for the following interesting and conclusive paper, in which he not only explodes the statement about the "Steamer Convoy," quoted in *Notes and Queries* of our June number, but gives a most valuable vindication of the Con-

federate Government on the whole question of supplies for prisoners.]

In the Notes and Queries of the June number of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS, after quoting from the *Michigan Post and Tribune* a statement "that, in November, 1863, the United States Government sent Captain Irving up the James with the steamer Convoy, laden with clothing and provisions for the Union soldiers at Libby and Bell Isle, and that the steamer Convoy returned still laden as she went, the Rebel scoundrels refusing to allow the goods to be delivered to the sufferers there." I am asked to tell what I know "about the effort of the steamer Convoy."

In reply, I say that, according to the best of my recollection and belief, this is the first time I ever heard of Captain Irving or the steamer Convoy. It is true that many years have elapsed since the alleged occurrence, but yet, if it ever happened, it would be strange if I did not recollect something about it. Upon reference to my correspondence with the Federal authorities during the war, I find no allusion to Captain Irving or the Convoy, but I do find enough to satisfy any reasonable mind that any such statement, as of the date given, is an utter falsehood. At the risk of being tedious, I will present the action of the Confederate Government on this matter of the contribution of clothing and provisions from the North to Federal prisoners confined in the South. Only one of the letters produced in this communication has been heretofore published, to-wit: that of January 24th, 1864.

For a long time previous to November, 1863, food and clothing had been sent by flag of truce boats from the North to City Point, then the headquarters of exchange, and there received and delivered over to the parties to whom they were consigned. Sometimes such food and clothing were directed to individual parties, and sometimes to Federal prisoners generally, or to Federal prisoners confined at some particular prison. These consignments multiplied to such an extent, that, at the instance of the Federal authorities, General Neal Dow, then a prisoner at the Libby, was appointed to take charge of them and distribute them. General Dowe having proved very inefficient in this matter, and having availed himself of his parole to do things which were against the word of honor which he had given, I notified the Federal authorities on the 16th November, 1863, that Colonel A. Von Schrader, Inspector-General of Fourteenth Army Corps, Colonel Cesnola, Fourth New York Cavalry, and Lieutenant-Colonel I. F. Boyd, Quartermaster Twentieth Army Corps, had been appointed as members of the Board to superintend the distribution of supplies, of which there was then a

large supply on hand. These officers were given such a parole as would enable them to discharge the duty with efficiency, with full liberty to report their proceedings to their own government. While this state of affairs was in existence, it was ascertained that false and unjust accusations against the Confederate authorities were industriously circulated at the North in respect to the distribution of these supplies. This at length became such a grievance, that on November 18th, 1863, I addressed the following letter to Brigadier-General S. A. Meredith, then Federal Agent of Exchange, in answer to a letter of General Hitchcock, forwarded to me :

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 18th 1863.

Brigadier-General S. A. Meredith,
Agent of Exchange :

Sir,—The letter of General Hitchcock has been received. Until the Confederate authorities appeal to be relieved "from the obligation to treat prisoners of war according to the laws of civilized warfare," or offer as "an explanation or excuse" for insufficient food that supplies have not been forwarded by your government, it is entirely unnecessary to discuss what will be the views of your authorities in either contingency.

Statements most infamously false have recently been made and circulated at the North by persons whose calling should have imposed a respect for truth, which their own personal honor seems to have failed to secure. Our regulations require that prisoners shall receive the same rations as soldiers in the field. Such your prisoners have received, and will continue to receive. Do you ask more? If so, what do you demand? We recognize in the fullest form our obligation to treat your prisoners with humanity, and to serve them with the same food, in quantity and quality, as is given to our own soldiers. If the supply is scanty, you have only to blame the system of warfare you have waged against us. There is nothing in the action of the Confederate Government which gives any sort of countenance to the charge of cruelty or inhumanity to your prisoners. In the first place, we have importuned you to agree to a fair and honest proposition which would secure the release of all of them. When that was rejected, you have been permitted to send, without stint or limitation, all kinds of supplies to them. General Hitchcock requests that the prisoners

now in our hands be returned to your lines. This is not accompanied with any proposition to release our prisoners now in your hands: so far from that being the case, he promises "to continue to supply food and clothing as heretofore" to such. General Hitchcock need not have urged you to "lose no time in communicating" his letter." No degree of haste would have secured the assent of the Confederate authorities to a proposition so flagrantly unequal. We are ready to relieve your Government from the burthen of supplying "food and clothing as heretofore" to our people in your hands, and if they are sent to us, yours shall be returned to you, the excess on one side or the other to be on parole. I hope you will urge upon General Hitchcock the acceptance of this proposition "as due to the most solemn consideration in the face of the civilized world." We are content that the "civilized world" should draw its own conclusions when it contrasts the two offers. I will thank you to forward this communication to General Hitchcock, or inform him that the Confederate authorities decline to accept his proposition.

Respectfully, &c.,

Ro. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

It was hoped that this protest would have the effect of preventing any further trouble in that direction. But such was not the case. The misrepresentation increased instead of diminishing, until at length the directions which were put upon the packages were insults to the Confederate authorities. In addition, the Confederate authorities were charged at the North with the confiscation of the stores, notwithstanding the fact that the officers named receipted for them and forwarded the receipts to their government.

The Confederate authorities were unwilling to allow this state of affairs to continue, and accordingly I wrote on the 11th December, 1863, the following letter to the Federal Agent of Exchange:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
December 11th 1863.

Brigadier-General S. A. Meredith,
Agent of Exchange:

Sir,—As the assent of the Confederate Government to the transmission by your authorities and people, of food and clothing to the prisoners at Richmond and elsewhere, has been the subject of so much misconstruction and misrepresentation, and has been made the occasion

of so much vilification and abuse, I am directed to inform you that no more will be allowed to be delivered at City Point. The clothing and provisions already received will be devoted to the use of your prisoners. When that supply is exhausted, they will receive the same rations as our soldiers in the field.

Respectfully, &c.,

RO. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

No further supplies were sent from the North for some time. But the Confederate Government anxious that some fair, proper and reciprocal plan for the relief of prisoners on both sides should be adopted, directed me to bring the matter to the attention of the Federal authorities, which I did on January 24th, 1864, in the following letter:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., January 24, 1864.

Major-General E. A. Hitchcock,
Agent of Exchange:

Sir,—In view of the present difficulties attending the exchange and release of prisoners, I propose that all such on each side shall be attended by a proper number of their own surgeons, who under rules to be established, shall be permitted to take charge of their health and comfort. I also propose that these surgeons shall act as commissaries, with power to receive and distribute such contributions of money, food, clothing and medicines as may be forwarded for the relief of the prisoners. I further propose that these surgeons shall be selected by their own government, and that they shall have full liberty at any and all times, through the agents of Exchange, to make reports not only of their own acts but of any matters relating to the welfare of the prisoners.

Respectfully, &c., &c.,

RO. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

To this letter I never received any reply. I brought it several times both verbally and in writing to the attention of the Federal authorities, but without avail. It was perhaps too just and humane to be formally declined, and therefore resort was had to silence. I have always believed that the reciprocity feature of the proposal prevented its acceptance.

Deliveries of food and clothing, except perhaps in the case now and then of individual prisoners, practically ceased after this date, until October, 1864, when, on the 6th day of that month, I varied the form of the proposal of January 24th, hoping that the modification would receive the approval of the Federal authorities, especially as the number of prisoners on both sides had greatly increased, and the Confederate resources had been more than correspondingly diminished. On the 6th of October, 1864, I wrote the following letter :

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, October 6th, 1864.

Major John E. Mulford,

Assistant Agent of Exchange :

Sir,—As it appears to be more than probable that a large number of prisoners will be held in captivity by both belligerents during the coming winter, the cause of humanity to which, though foes, we all owe a common allegiance, demands that some measure should be adopted for the relief of such as are held by either party. To that end I propose that each government shall have the privilege of forwarding for the use and comfort of such of its prisoners as are held by the other necessary articles of food and clothing. The manner of their distribution, with all proper safeguards, can be agreed upon in the future. A fair reciprocity is only asked. The articles that can be mutually sent can also be made the subject of agreement. I propose that each may send necessary clothing, and blankets, and rations of meat, bread, coffee, sugar, tobacco, pickles and vinegar.

I would suggest that the receipt of the stores, and their distribution amongst the prisoners for whom they are intended, might be authenticated by the certificate of the senior officer at the respective camps or depots.

In order to carry out this arrangement with effectiveness, it would be necessary that we should make purchases outside the limits of the Confederate States, and then ship them to one of your ports. It would be impracticable to send the stores by your flag of truce boats.

Of course the supplies referred to, in this communication, are to be considered as being in addition to such rations as are furnished by the government which has the prisoners in custody. Neither belligerent is to be discharged from the obligation of feeding and clothing the prisoners in its charge.

This is a matter of such grave importance, that I sincerely trust an early and favorable response will be made.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

RO. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

A copy of this letter was sent on the 7th October to Secretary Stanton.

It seems that these letters were forwarded to General Grant, and he communicated with General Lee on October 19th, 1864, who replied with the following letter on the 19th :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VA.,
19th October, 1864.

Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant,
Commanding Armies of the United States :

General,—I have received your letter of the 18th instant accompanying letters from Judge Ould, Commissioner of Exchange of prisoners on the part of the Confederate States, and the Honorable E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mulford, Assistant Commissioner of Exchange of United States. I understand your letter to be an acceptance of the general proposition submitted by Judge Ould for the relief of the prisoners held by both parties, and shall transmit it to him that arrangements may be made for carrying it into effect. The necessary details will be submitted to you through Colonel Mulford for agreement. In order to simplify the matter and to remove, so far as possible, causes of complaint, I suggest that the articles sent by either party should be confined to those necessary for the comfort and health of the prisoners, and that the officer selected from among them to receive and distribute the articles, should be given only such a parole while so engaged, as to afford him the necessary facilities to attend properly to the matter.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

(Signed)

R. E. LEE, *General.*

From this date, after an interruption of nearly eight months, deliveries of food and clothing to prisoners on both sides were made, continuing until nearly the close of the war. I deem it proper to repeat

that during the period of interruption, the Confederate proposal of January 24th, 1864, was before the Federal authorities, and its acceptance continuously urged.

As the last agreement concerning supplies related only to such as were sent by the respective governments, in the interest of humanity I sought to extend the agreement to supplies contributed by individuals, and accordingly on the 25th November, 1864, I addressed the following letter to the Federal Agent of Exchange.

RICHMOND, VA., November 25th, 1864.

Lieutenant-Colonel Jno. E. Mulford,

Assistant Agent of Exchange :

Sir,—Since the recent agreement allowing supplies to be sent by the respective governments, it seems to me that it would be proper that any restrictions heretofore existing on either side, relating to contributions to prisoners, should be removed. If I am correctly informed, persons at the North, unless they were near relations of sick prisoners, have not been allowed since the 10th of August last, to send supplies to Confederate officers and men in your custody. I also understand that the prisoners have not been permitted to make purchases except of the most limited character, and then only from sutlers. Some doubt has also been entertained by our people, whether money sent to our prisoners at the North is delivered to them. The Confederate authorities are entirely willing that your prisoners confined here, shall, in addition to Government or State supplies, receive any contributions sent by private individuals, either North or South, and also whatever sums of money may be sent to them to be expended in accordance with humane and proper prison regulations. Will your Government not agree to the same? I will thank you for an early reply.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

RO. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

Under the plan thus adopted Government supplies were consigned to officers of the respective parties, those representing the Confederate authorities at the North being Generals Trimble and Beale, and those representing the Federal authorities at the South being General Hays and Colonel Wild. All these officers were granted paroles to enable them more efficiently to discharge their duties. The goods sent were invoiced in duplicate, and one of the invoices signed by the proper

officer and returned to his Government. In this way it was conclusively shown that the goods sent were received. The reports made from time to time by the receiving officers, showed how and when they were distributed.

From this narration it very clearly appears that no food or clothing on board the steamer Convoy, or any other steamer, was refused in November, 1863. But the correspondence herein produced not only shows that fact, but fully explains the attitude of the Confederate States on the question of supplies to prisoners, and if it does no other service, will at least show to our people that the charges of inhumanity against the Confederate Government in this respect are entirely unfounded.

I am unable to furnish the replies of the Federal authorities to such of the letters as were answered. They are on file, however, at Washington, and will verify what I have stated.

RO. OULD.

Sketch of the Third Battery of Maryland Artillery.

By Captain W. L. RITTER.

It was the fortune of the Third Maryland Artillery to serve in a field widely separated from that on which other Maryland commands won their laurels. With the exception of a small body which was for a short time at Charleston, South Carolina, during the summer of 1862, and of Colonel J. Lyle Clark's battalion, which served for a while in Tennessee, the military life of all other Maryland organizations was spent east of the Alleghany mountains, and none saw service beyond the limits of Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland. The Third Maryland Artillery, however, played its part in a wider theatre, and had a more varied experience. Its history has much in it that is novel. Combats with gunboats on the Mississippi, captures of transports, victories over iron-clads, and participation in the operations at Vicksburg, &c., follow upon and relieve the recital of its adventures among the mountains of East Tennessee and the open fields of Kentucky.

On the 24th of October, 1861, Henry B. Latrobe, eldest son of John H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, together with John B. Rowan, William T. Patten, William L. Ritter, and other Marylanders, then at Richmond, Virginia, began vigorous measures for recruiting a company of artillery. The first-named gentleman was already authorized to organize such a command, to be composed chiefly of Marylanders, and to be known as the Third Maryland Artillery—the company of Captain Snowden An-

draws being the first, and the Baltimore Light Artillery the second. The rendezvous was at Ashland, whither recruits were conveyed as fast as enrolled. The company was ordered to Camp Dimmock for instruction on the 4th of November.

On the 15th Lieutenant H. A. Steuart left for Maryland to obtain medical supplies and raise recruits for the Third Maryland Artillery, but was captured at Millstone Landing, on the Patuxent river. He was imprisoned in the Old Capitol at Washington, and was there killed while attempting to make his escape, about a year after. Such are the fortunes of war.

On the 4th of December the company was ordered to Camp Lee, at the New Fair Grounds, two miles from the city, where more comfortable winter quarters were obtained. Nothing of importance here broke upon the routine of camp life. Among the recruits who were constantly coming in was Albert T. Emory, of Maryland, also a relative of General Emory, of the United States army.

The company was mustered into the Confederate States service as the Third Maryland Artillery, on January the 14th, 1862, to serve during the war. The following is the list of the officers at that time :

Captain, Henry B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, Md.; Senior First Lieutenant, Ferdinand O. Claiborne, of New Orleans, La.; Junior First Lieutenant, John B. Rowan, of Elkton, Cecil county, Md.; Second Lieutenant, William T. Patten, of Port Deposit, Cecil county, Md.; Orderly Sergeant, William L. Ritter, of Carroll county, Md.; Quarter-Master's Sergeant, Albert T. Emory, of Queen Anne's county, Md.; First Battery Sergeant, James M. Buchanan, Jr., of Baltimore county, Md.; Second Battery Sergeant, John P. Hooper, of Cambridge, Md.; Third Battery Sergeant, Ed. H. Langley, of Georgia; Fourth Battery Sergeant, Thomas D. Giles, of Delaware; Battery Surgeon, Dr. J. W. Franklin, of Virginia.

The company consisted of ninety-two men, exclusive of the commissioned officers. Of the former, about twenty were from Maryland, and ten from Washington or its vicinity.

The battery consisted of two six-pounder smooth-bores, two twelve-pounder howitzers, and there were afterwards added two three-inch iron rifle pieces.

TO THE WEST.

On the 4th of February, 1862, the battery was ordered to report at Knoxville, Tenn., and arrived there on the 11th. It was quartered first at Temperance Hall, and afterward at the vacated residence of

Mrs. Swan, on Main street. The somewhat famous Brownlow was then under confinement as a State prisoner, at his own residence, and a detachment of the company was detailed to guard his premises from depredation. The Maryland command was selected for this duty, on account of the strict discipline enforced by Captain Latrobe; and a detachment under Lieutenant Claiborne, which soon after guarded Brownlow to the depot on his way North, received a very complimentary notice from him, in a book he subsequently wrote concerning his experiences in the South.

On the 24th of February, two guns were sent to Cumberland Gap, under command of Captain Latrobe and Lieutenant Patten. When, on the 1st of March, Captain Latrobe returned, Lieutenant Claiborne was sent to command the section. On the 16th of March a brigade, consisting of the Twentieth and Twenty-third Alabama, Vaughn's Third Tennessee, and two guns of the Third Maryland, under Captain Latrobe and Lieutenant Rowan—the whole commanded by Brigadier-General Leadbetter—made an expedition to Clinch river. The river was first reached at Clinton, whence the brigade continued forty miles down the valley to Kingston, reaching this point about the 28th. Thence on the next day a detachment, with one gun, accompanied General Leadbetter to Wattsburg, where they surprised and captured twenty-one bushwhackers.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Rowan had been ordered to repair to Knoxville, to command the detachment left there in March; and on the 14th of April Captain Latrobe himself returned, leaving Serjeant Ritter in command of the section. Lieutenant Rowan presently came back, with orders to proceed immediately to Lenoir Station, eighteen miles distant, and there to take the train for Chattanooga, to meet the enemy reported to be marching on that place. It proved to be a false alarm, and the battery marched back to Knoxville, where the right section, which had just returned from Cumberland Gap, was found encamped.

During the stay of the right section at the gap, the enemy had assaulted the Confederate works during a heavy snow storm. The firing was kept up all day, with no loss to the battery but a caisson damaged by a Federal shell. In the evening the enemy withdrew, having been repulsed in every assault.

On May 1st, Holmes Erwin was appointed Junior-Second Lieutenant of the battery (having furnished twenty-five Tennessee recruits), and it was made a six-gun battery. Accordingly two more guns were about this time received from Richmond.

On the 11th, orders were received to join Brigadier-General Reynold's brigade, at Clinton, Tennessee. This brigade consisted of the Thirty-sixth, Thirty-ninth, and Forty-third Georgia, and Thirty-ninth North Carolina regiments. On information that the enemy was approaching, the brigade proceeded on the 20th to Big Creek Gap, but no enemy was found. A call being made for volunteers to reconnoitre the front, Lieutenant Claiborne and Serjeant Ritter responded, and mounting their horses, proceeded to climb the mountain for a suitable post of observation; but were soon compelled to dismount and proceed on foot, the way being blocked up by fallen trees. After great difficulty they reached the summit.

The day was bright and clear. Looking southward from their position on the loftiest point of the Cumberland mountains, the scene presented to their view was one of transcendent grandeur. Bathed in brilliant sunlight, peak rose above peak, till vision was lost in the far distance. Immediately beneath, the rich and verdant valley lay displayed in surpassing beauty, exhibiting no sign of smoking camp fires, or other evidences of an enemy's presence. With some reluctance the two observers withdrew, to report to General Reynolds the result of their reconnoissance.

Again on the 6th of June, the brigade proceeded to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and thence to Morristown and Loudon, in the same State. After a few days a march was made to Blain's Cross Roads, where the brigade remained till the 1st of August, 1862.

The camp here was called "Camp Hatton," in honor of General R. Hatton, who was killed near Richmond in June of the same year. During this encampment the battery received fifty recruits from Georgia.

The next movement was to Tazewell, in East Tennessee, where the enemy was met, defeated, and driven back to Cumberland Gap. On the night of the 16th inst., General Reynolds advanced within four miles of the Gap, driving in the outposts of the enemy and seizing a range of hills on their front. This position was maintained till the 23d, when General Reynolds received orders from General E. Kirby Smith to march by way of Roger's Gap and Cumberland Ford and join him in Kentucky.

Richmond, Ky., was reached two days after the Confederate victory at that place. The enemy had suffered the loss of all their artillery and baggage wagons, and the capture of their whole infantry force.

In the subsequent march through Kentucky to the Ohio river, Reynold's brigade overtook Smith's advance, and the Third Maryland was

the first to enter Lexington. They were greeted on all sides with exclamations of joy and welcome. Great quantities of clothing which had been captured were turned over to the Marylanders and others. The command proceeded thence to Covington, opposite Cincinnati; the whole movement being intended as a feint, to draw troops from Louisville, on which General Bragg was advancing.

The Confederate advance was ordered back to Georgetown on the 11th of September, and on the 3d of October, at Big Eagle Creek, near Frankfort, there was a review of Reynolds's brigade by General E. Kirby Smith. When, on the 4th, Governor Hawes was inaugurated Military Governor of Kentucky, at Frankfort, the Third Maryland Artillery was selected to fire the honorary salute of fourteen guns. That night, however, Frankfort was evacuated, and Kirby Smith retired toward Harrodsburg. The battle of Perryville was followed by Bragg's withdrawal to Tennessee, and the Maryland battery returned to Knoxville *via* Cumberland Gap, where needed repairs were received. On the retreat, Reynolds's brigade closed the Confederate rear. While at Knoxville a court martial was convened, of which Lieutenant Rowan served as judge advocate.

Notes and Queries.

[From the *Free Trader*.]

Sherman in Atlanta.

"It is a remarkable fact that while the male natives of the South have ceased to bear animosity toward the grim old warrior who left a black souvenir of Georgia forty miles wide and 300 long, the women, on the contrary, will never forget that Sherman burned their homes, and they uniformly refuse to regard him as anything else than an invader, "and a despoiler."—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

The women of the South would be lost to all decency and self-respect if they ever should look upon Sherman as anything else than an invader, despoiler and brigand. Sherman went beyond his legitimate duties to tyrannize over helpless women and children; he went out of his way to exercise heartless cruelty. Sherman ordered the women and children in Atlanta to leave their homes within five days. The Mayor of the city appealed to Sherman for mercy, representing in piteous language the "woe, the horror, the suffering, not to be described by words, which the execution of that order would inflict on helpless

women and children." Sherman replied in these words: "I give full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned by it, and yet I shall not revoke my order, because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case."

At the end of five days the women and children of Atlanta were expelled from their houses and driven from the city, and before they had passed into the Confederate lines, they were robbed by the Federal officers and soldiers who were sent to guard them, of the few articles they had been permitted to take with them.

The *Commercial* complains that Sherman was not banquetted at Atlanta. Had Sherman possessed the decency of a well-bred dog, he would never have shown himself in Atlanta after the atrocities he there committed.

A Northern view of the Prison Question.

Colonel John F. Mines, a well-known journalist, delivered a lecture in Utica on "Life in a Richmond Prison," in the course of which he said:

"Heretofore a large portion of the Radical orator's method of firing the northern heart, lay in the plea of so-called barbarities on the part of the Confederates to their prisoners of war. Whenever a southern congressman rises in his seat to speak in behalf of his constituents, the cry of "rebel brigadier" is raised, and when a street fight occurs in Vicksburg or New Orleans, there is a cry of "barbarities," and an echo of "Andersonville." That one word "Andersonville," has been as effective as was the sweet word, "Mesopotamia," when it fell from the lips of Whitfield the preacher. The key to Confederate treatment of the Federal prisoners was found in the fact that they had very little for themselves, and gave the best they had to their prisoners. While the northern officer in the Richmond prison had his baker's bread three times a day, and his meat twice a day, the Confederate sentinel had only his corn cake and molasses, varied by a little meat occasionally. If the northern officer in his quarters felt the rude blasts of winter, his sentinel, clad in thin homespun, shivered like a leaf as the keen wind swept through his slight rags, and held out skeleton hands to the fire. Their blankets were taken from their beds at home, worn by use, and some of the officers carried a little roll of carpet in lieu of other covering. This was the spirit of the south. The officer of our guard, a Georgian, once exhibited to the speaker, with pardonable pride, a sword he had put together from a scythe-blade, with sheepskin scabbard, and handle of southern oak. The men were terribly in earnest

and ready to make any and all sacrifices. They expected their prisoners to do the same, and thought it no wrong that a prisoner should go without the dainties they could not afford. The hospital service was reasonably well performed. Quinine and some other medicines were worth their weight in gold at times, and surgeons had to work as best they could. The mortality was never greater in the prisoners' hospital than in those of the service. This I know from frequent visits to the hospitals. Such visits were frequently allowed by the Confederates, and in one case permission was given to attend a funeral of one of the more distinguished of the Federal prisoners.

A Federal soldier's opinion of Stonewall Jackson.

"M. Quad," in some very fair and unusually accurate sketches which he has been writing in the *Detroit Free Press*, says:

In these sketches Stonewall Jackson's battles have been taken in reverse. We found him first on the blood-stained field of Antietam—almost at the close of his career, instead of at the beginning. The world knows how he fought there. We found him at Kernstown fighting one to four—fighting, falling back, grimly giving way to fight again. We saw him strike the Federal armies right and left in the Valley, and fill Washington with white faces. We found him at Fredericksburg on Lee's right; at Chancellorsville in Hooker's rear; at Manassas behind Pope, on his flank, in his front. We have found him at Gaines's Mill. Fate waited for him before striking a last blow. It was the hammer in his grasp which shattered the Federal position. Without him Longstreet and Hill would have been pressed back, routed, annihilated.

A Christian in faith—a child in his sympathies—a General who cared not for the world's admiration so much as for the comfort of any single man who followed him in his wonderful marches. He had the courage of a lion and the heart of a woman. The pomp and glitter of war were not for him. His banners grew old and faded and shot-torn. His legions grew ragged and foot-sore and weary. No matter who hesitated, Jackson advanced. Fierce in the heat of battle, because it was his duty to kill. When the roar of cannon died away the groans of the wounded reached a heart which had a throb for every groan.

Partisans may keep their bitterness of heart, but the world has spoken. The man whom they hate died forgiving all. Struck down at Chancellorsville, amid the roar of battle, he was removed to die amid the softest peace. Strong men wept like children when they saw

that his last hour had come; but if they had a feeling of revenge down under their sorrow, he had none. With malice toward none—with forgiveness for all, his life went out as his pale lips whispered:

“Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees!”

Did General L. A. Armistead fight on the Federal side at first Manassas?

In our last issue we pronounced General Doubleday's statement in reference to this gallant soldier “without the shadow of foundation,” and we are collecting the most conclusive proofs, which we will hereafter submit. Meantime we refer the reader to Colonel Preston Johnston's “Life of Albert Sidney Johnston” (pp. 279, 280, 282, and 291), where it is shown that Armistead was in California when the war broke out—that he promptly resigned his commission as Major in the United States army—that he joined General Albert Sidney Johnston and his party in their perilous overland journey to Texas—that he bore his full share of the hardships and dangers which those noble patriots encountered in order to reach the Confederacy and tender their swords to the land that gave them birth—and that having left Los Angeles on the 16th of June, 1861, and arrived at Mesilla on the 28th of July, it was *as much a physical impossibility that Armistead could have been at Manassas on the 21st of July, as it was a moral impossibility that a man of his sentiments and his high sense [of honor, could have drawn his sword against his native Virginia.*

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

OLD NUMBERS of our PAPERS—especially for the latter part of 1877 and the early part of 1878—are desired at this office, and we will be glad to exchange subscriptions for the current year or future years for them.

OUR TERMS ARE \$3.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; but we have not been enforcing them of late as rigidly as formerly, and the result is that we now have several hundred dollars due us which we very much need.

We will again send bills to delinquents, and beg that they will make prompt response and relieve us of wasting more postage in trying to collect our dues

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS, and annual memberships, are still earnestly desired, and we beg our friends to help us, as they may be able to secure them.

Cannot each subscriber send us at least one new one? And cannot some of our annual members become *Life* members, and gladden us with the fee (\$50,) before the 1st of August?

OUR SETS OF BACK VOLUMES are not, of course, inexhaustible, and we would advise those desiring them to send their orders *at once*, lest they may miss a full set.

PROMINENT ACTORS in our great struggle for constitutional freedom owe it alike to the cause, their comrades, and themselves, to put in shape for the future historian *what they know about it*, and we know of no better way to do this than by using the pages of our PAPERS.

We are glad to be able to announce that we begin in our next a series of papers by that gallant old veteran, General William Smith, of Virginia, who gives in most entertaining style some of his Reminiscences of the War.

LITERARY NOTICES.

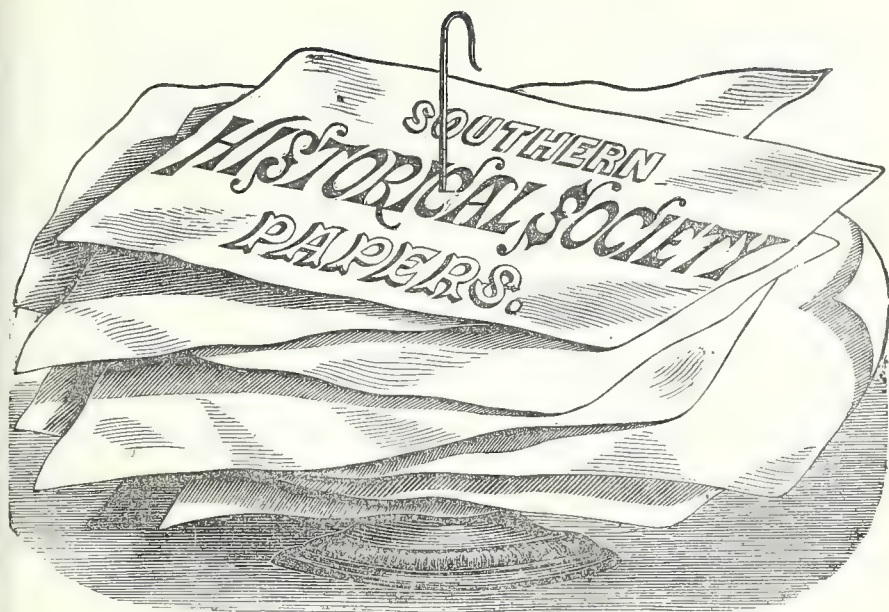
SOLDIER LIFE IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA. By CARLTON MCCARTHY, Private Second Company Richmond Howitzers. With illustrations by W. L. Sheppard, Lieutenant Richmond Howitzers.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the early appearance of this *inside* view of soldier life, written by the facile pen of "one of them," and illustrated by an artist, who has won a world-wide reputation, and who brings to this work the enthusiasm of an eye witness and active participant in the scenes he will portray.

The following Table of Contents will give some idea of the interest and value of the book:

CHAPTER 1.—A Voice from the Ranks; 2. The Outfit Modified; 3. Romantic Ideas Dissipated; 4. On The March; 5. Cooking and Eating; 6. Comforts, Conveniences and Consolations; 7. Fun and Fury on the Field of Battle; 8. Improved Infantry; 9. "Brave Survivors" Homeward Bound; 10. Soldiers Transformed; 11. Camp Fires of the Boys in Gray; 12. The Battle Flag.

With such material, written up in Mr. McCarthy's graphic style, and illustrated by Sheppard's inimitable pencil, we predict that the book will be one of varied interest, and that it will command a wide sale. It will be sold for \$1.50 per copy—payable on the delivery of the book—and as it will be sold by subscription, we advise our readers to send their orders at once to the publishers—C. McCarthy & Co., 916 Main Street, Richmond, Va.



Vol. X. Richmond, Va., August and Sept'r, 1882. Nos. 8-9.

General Longstreet's Report of the Pennsylvania Campaign.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS, DEP'T NOR. VA.,
Near Culpeper C. H., July 27th, 1863.

Colonel—In obedience to orders from the Commanding-General, my command marched from Fredericksburg on the 3d of June for Culpeper Courthouse. On the 15th it moved from Culpeper Courthouse, along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, and on the 19th McLaws's division was posted in Ashby's Gap, Hood's at Snicker's Gap, and Pickett's supporting Hood's and guarding points between the two gaps.

On June 20th I received a dispatch from general headquarters, directing that I should hold myself in readiness to move in the direction of the Potomac, with a view to crossing, &c. As I was ready and had been expecting an order to execute such purpose, I supposed the intimation meant other preparation; and knowing of nothing else that I could do to render my preparations complete, I supposed that it was desirable that I should cross the Shenandoah. I therefore passed the river, occupied the banks at the ferries opposite the gaps, and a road at an intermediate ford which was practicable for cavalry and infantry. On the following day the enemy advanced his cavalry in full force against General Stuart, and drove him into and nearly through Ash-

by's Gap. I succeeded in passing part of McLaws's division across the river in time to occupy the gap before night, and upon advancing a line of sharpshooters the next morning at daylight, the enemy retired. I believe that he engaged the sharpshooters lightly. General Stuart reestablished his cavalry, and McLaws's division was withdrawn to the west bank of the Shenandoah before night.

On the 23d I received orders to march *via* Berryville, Martinsburg, and Williamsport, into Maryland. The command moved at early dawn the following day. 1st, Pickett's division; 2d, the reserve artillery battalions; 3d, Hood's division; 4th, McLaws's division. Pickett's division and the battalions of reserve artillery crossed the Potomac on the 25th, Hood's and McLaws's divisions on the day following.

The command reached Chambersburg, Pa., on the 27th, and a halt of two days was made for rest. On the night of the 28th one of my scouts came in with information that the enemy had passed the Potomac, and was probably in pursuit of us. The scout was sent to general headquarters with the suggestion that our army concentrate east of the mountains and bear down to meet the enemy.

I received orders on the following day to move part of my command and to encamp it at Greenwood. The command, except Pickett's division—which was left to guard our rear at Chambersburg—moved on the morning of the 30th, and the two divisions and battalions of reserve artillery got into camp at Greenwood about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. General Hood was ordered to put a brigade and a battery on picket at New Guilford, on the road leading to Emmetsburg. On the next day the troops set out for Gettysburg, except Pickett's division, not yet relieved from duty at Chambersburg, and Law's brigade, left on picket at New Guilford.

Our march was greatly delayed on this day by Johnson's division, of the Second corps, which came into the road from Shippensburg, and the long wagon-trains that followed him. McLaws's division, however, reached Marsh Creek, four miles from Gettysburg, a little after dark, and Hood's division got within nearly the same distance of the town about 12 o'clock at night. Law's brigade was ordered forward to his division during the day, and joined about noon on the 2d.

Previous to his joining, I received instructions from the Commanding-General to move, with the portion of my command that was up, around to gain the Emmetsburg road on the enemy's left. The enemy having been driven back by the corps of Lieutenant-Generals Ewell and A. P. Hill the day previous, had taken a strong position, extending from the hill at the cemetery along the Emmetsburg road. Fear-

ing that my force was too weak to venture to make an attack, I delayed until General Law's brigade joined its division. As soon after his arrival as we could make our preparations, the movement was begun. Engineers, sent out by the Commanding-General and myself, guided us by a road which would have completely disclosed the move. Some delay ensued in seeking a more concealed route. McLaws's division got into position opposite the enemy's left about 4 o'clock P. M. Hood's division was moved on further to our right and got into position, partially enveloping the enemy's left.

The enemy's first position along the Emmetsburg road was but little better in point of strength than the first position taken by these two divisions. Our batteries were opened upon this position; and Hood's division pressing upon his left and McLaws's upon his front, he was soon dislodged and driven back upon a commanding hill, which is so precipitous and rough as to render it difficult of ascent. Numerous stone-fences about its base added greatly to its strength. The enemy taking shelter behind these, held them, one after another, with great pertinacity. He was driven from point to point, however, until nearly night, when a strong force met the brigades of Major-General Anderson's division, which were coöperating upon my left, drove one of them back, and checking the support of the other, caused my left to be somewhat exposed and out-flanked. Wofford's brigade, of McLaws's division, was driven back at the same time. I thought it prudent not to push further until my other troops came up.

General Hood received a severe wound soon after getting under fire, and was obliged to leave the field. This misfortune occasioned some delay in our operations. Brigadier-General G. T. Anderson, of his division, was also severely wounded and obliged to leave the field. In the same attack General McLaws lost two of his Brigadiers—General Barksdale, mortally wounded, and General Semmes, severely wounded and since dead of his wounds. The command was finally so disposed as to hold the ground gained on the right, with my left withdrawn to the first position of the enemy, resting at the peach-orchard. During the combat of this day four pieces of artillery were captured and secured by the command, and two regimental standards.

On the following morning our arrangements were made for renewing the attack by my right, with a view to pass around the hill occupied by the enemy on his left, and to gain it by flank and reverse attack. This would have been a slow process probably, but I think not very difficult. A few moments after my orders for the execution of this plan were given, the Commanding-General joined me, and ordered a column of attack to be formed of Pickett's, Heth's, and part

of Pender's divisions; the assault to be made directly at the enemy's main position, the cemetery hill. The distance to be passed over, under the fire of the enemy's batteries and in plain view, seemed too great to insure great results, particularly as two-thirds of the troops to be engaged in the assault had been in a severe battle two days previous, Pickett's division alone being fresh. Orders were given to Major-General Pickett to form his line under the best cover he could get from the enemy's batteries, and so that the centre of the assaulting column would arrive at the salient of the enemy's position, General Pickett's line to be the guide, and to attack the line of the enemy's defences; and General Pettigrew, in command of Heth's division, moving on the same line as General Pickett, was to assault the salient at the same moment. Pickett's division was arranged two brigades in the front line, supported by his third brigade, and Wilcox's brigade was ordered to move in rear of his right flank, to protect it from any force that the enemy might attempt to move against it.

Heth's division, under the command of Brigadier-General Pettigrew, was arranged in two lines, and these supported by part of Major-General Pender's division, under Major-General Trimble. All of the batteries of the First and Third corps, and some of those of the Second, were put into the best positions for effective fire upon the point of attack, and the hill occupied by the enemy's left. Colonel Walton, chief of artillery, First corps, and Colonel Alexander, had posted our batteries, and agreed with the artillery officers of the other corps upon the signal for the batteries to open. About two o'clock P. M., General Pickett, who had been charged with the duty of arranging the lines behind our batteries, reported that the troops were in order and on the most sheltered ground. Colonel Walton was ordered to open the batteries, the signal-guns were fired, and the batteries opened very handsomely, and apparently with effective fire. The guns on the hill, at the enemy's left, were soon silenced. Those at the cemetery hill combatted us, however, very obstinately. Many of them were driven off, but fresh ones were brought up to replace them. Colonel Alexander was ordered to a point where he could best observe the effect of our fire, and give notice of the most opportune moment for our attack. Some time after our batteries opened fire I rode to Major Dearing's batteries. It appeared that the enemy put in fresh batteries about as rapidly as others were driven off. I concluded, therefore, that we must attack very soon if we hoped to accomplish anything before night. I gave orders for the batteries to refill their ammunition chests, and to be prepared to follow up the advance of the infantry. Upon riding over to Colonel Alexander's position, I found that he had advised

General Pickett that the time had arrived for the attack, and I gave the order to General Pickett to advance to the assault. I found then that our supply of ammunition was so short that the batteries could not re-open. The order for this attack, which I could not favor under better auspices, would have been revoked had I felt that I had that privilege.

The advance was made in very handsome style, all the troops keeping their lines accurately, and taking the fire of the batteries with great coolness and determination. About half-way between our position and that of the enemy a ravine partially sheltered our troops from the enemy's fire, and a short halt was then made for rest. The advance was resumed after a moment's pause, all still in good order. The enemy's batteries soon opened upon our lines with canister, and the left seemed to stagger under it, but the advance was resumed, and with some degree of steadiness. Pickett's troops did not appear to be checked by the batteries, and only halted to deliver a fire when close under musket-range. Major-General Anderson's division was ordered forward to support and assist the wavering columns of Pettigrew and Trimble. Pickett's troops, after delivering fire, advanced to the charge and entered the enemy's lines, capturing some of his batteries, and gained his works. About the same moment, the troops that had before hesitated broke their ranks, and fell back in great disorder, many more falling under the enemy's fire in retreating than whilst they were attacking. This gave the enemy time to throw his entire force upon Pickett, with a strong prospect of being able to break up his lines, or destroy him before Anderson's division could reach him, which would in its turn have greatly exposed Anderson. He was, therefore, ordered to halt. In a few moments the enemy, marching against both flanks and the front of Pickett's division, overpowered it and drove it back, capturing about half of those of it who were not killed or wounded. General Wright, of Anderson's division, was ordered, with all of his officers, to rally and collect the scattered troops behind Anderson's division, and many of my-staff officers were sent to assist in the same service. Expecting an attack from the enemy, I rode forward to reconnoitre and superintend the operations of our batteries. The enemy threw forward forces at different times and from different points, but they were only feelers, and retired as soon as our batteries opened upon them. These little advances and checks were kept up till night, when the enemy retired to his stronghold, and my line was withdrawn to the Gettysburg road on the right, the left uniting with Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill's right.

After night I received orders to make all the needful arrangements

for our retreat. The orders for preparation were given, and the work was begun before daylight on the 4th. On the night of the 4th the troops were withdrawn from our line, and my command took up the line of march, following the corps of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill. Our march was much impeded by heavy rains and excessively bad roads. We succeeded, however, in reaching the top of the mountain early in the night of the 5th. On the 6th, my command, passing to the front, marched for Hagerstown. As our exhausted men and animals were not in condition for rapid movements, I thought myself fortunate when I found that I could reach Hagerstown in time to relieve our trains at Williamsport, then seriously threatened.

Reaching Hagerstown about 5 o'clock P. M., our column moved down the Sharpsburg turnpike, and encamped about two miles from Hagerstown. The next day the command was put in camp on the best ground that could be found, and remained quiet until the 10th, when the enemy was reported to be advancing to meet us. It was supposed at first to be a cavalry force only, but I thought it prudent to move some of the infantry down on the Antietam at Funkstown. After reaching the Antietam, General Stuart asked for infantry supports for his batteries; and two brigades, Semmes', under Colonel Bryan, and Anderson's, under Colonel White, were sent across as he desired. For the report of their services I refer to the report of Major-General Stuart and the brigade commanders.

A line of battle was selected, extending from a point on the Potomac near Downsville to the Hagerstown and Williamsport turnpike, my command on the right. The troops were put to work, and in twenty-four hours our line was comfortably entrenched. A few of the enemy's sharpshooters came up on the Boonsboro' road and to within long range of our picket-line on the 12th. On the evening of the same day a light skirmish was brought on by an advance of a line of sharpshooters at the St. James College.

That night our bridge was completed, and the day after I received orders to recross the Potomac after night. My trains were sent over before night, and the caissons of the batteries were started back about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The troops marched as soon as it was dark, my command leading. Having but a single road to travel upon, our trains soon came to a halt. I rode on to the bridge to hasten the movements as much as possible, and sent my staff-officers to different points along the line to keep everything in motion. Details were made to keep up fires to light the road at the worst points, and Captain Manning with his signal-torches lighted us across the bridge.

The natural difficulties in making such movements were increased

by the darkness of the night, a heavy rain-storm flooding the road with mud and water, and finally by one of our wagons, loaded with wounded, running off the bridge, breaking it down and throwing our wounded headlong into the river. We were so fortunate, however, as to rescue them in a few moments; they were made somewhat comfortable in other vehicles and sent forward. Major Clarke and Captains Douglass and Johnston of the corps of engineers, applied themselves diligently to the work of repairing the bridge, and in two hours our line was again in motion. When the accident occurred at the bridge, I sent back orders for one of my divisions to occupy the redoubts that had been thrown up to protect the bridge, and also directed Colonel Alexander to place his batteries in position on the same line. As soon as the bridge was repaired I rode back to this line, but finding that the enemy was not pursuing, the troops were again put in motion. The rear of my column passed the bridge at 9 o'clock in the morning and camped for the night at Hanesville.

On the 19th of July, at Bunker's Hill, I received orders to march with my command for Millwood, in order to obtain possession of Ashby's Gap, with a view to covering our future movements. We marched early on the next day, part of the command reaching Millwood at night. The Shenandoah was found to be past fording, however, and the enemy had driven our cavalry from the Gap, and were in possession down to the river-bank. I reported this to the Commanding-General, and continued my march on the following day for Manassas and Chester Gaps. Arriving at the Shenandoah at Front Royal, it was found to be past fording, and the work of laying our bridges was hardly begun. Brigadier-General Corse, who had been hurried forward with his brigades to secure the Gaps, succeeded in passing the stream with his men and several batteries. Detaching a regiment to Manassas Gap, he marched his main force into Chester Gap, and succeeded in getting possession of it some few moments before the enemy appeared. The enemy was in possession of Manassas Gap, but Colonel Herbert of the Seventeenth Virginia regiment secured with his regiment a strong position, from which he held the enemy in check.

The rest of Pickett's division was hurried over by crossing the ammunition and arms in a flat-boat, the men wading. Reinforcements were sent to Colonel Herbert, when he drove back the enemy and secured as much of the Gap as was desirable. Reinforcements were also sent to General Corse, who was engaged in skirmishing with the enemy, and was threatened by a strong cavalry force. The cavalry withdrew about the time the reinforcements reached him. The bridges

were completed about 12 o'clock at night, and the passage by of our trains commenced.

The next day the enemy appeared in stronger force in Manassas Gap, but I had posted Hood's division there, under Brigadier-General E. M. Law, and he gave us but little trouble. He also reappeared at the foot of the mountain at Chester Gap. As soon as our men finished cooking their rations, General Wofford's brigade, of McLaws's division, was ordered to disperse the cavalry that was at the foot of the mountain and endeavor to capture his artillery. General Pickett was ordered to send a force down the mountain by a different route to get in rear of and intercept the cavalry. After a light skirmish with General Wofford, the enemy made a hasty retreat. Our march was continued, arriving at Culpeper Courthouse at noon on the 24th instant.

General Benning's brigade, which had been left on picket at Gaines Cross-Roads with the Fourth and Fifteenth regiments Alabama volunteers, to await the arrival of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill's corps, were attacked by the enemy's cavalry whilst on the march, each having a smart skirmish.

I desire to mention the following named officers as among those most distinguished for the exhibition of great gallantry and skill, viz: Major-Generals Pickett, Hood and Trimble (the two latter severely wounded), Brigadier-Generals Armistead, severely wounded, Kemper, very severely wounded, Semmes, severely wounded and since dead of his wounds, Pettigrew (slightly wounded), Kershaw, Law, and G. T. Anderson, the last severely wounded. Brigadier-General Wm. Barksdale was mortally wounded in the attack on the evening of the 2d, while bravely leading his brigade in the assault. Brigadier-General P. B. Garnett was killed whilst gallantry leading his brigade in the assault upon the enemy's position upon the cemetery hill. Colonel Walton, chief of artillery, and Colonel Alexander, Major Dearing, Major Huger, Major Eshleman, and Captain Miller, of the corps of artillery, were noted for the courage, zeal and ability with which they discharged their duties.

The troops all exhibited great determination and courage on the battle-field, which, together with the fortitude and endurance subsequently shown by them under circumstances of great trial, justly entitles them to our hearty thanks and highest praise.

Major-General Pickett's division merits especial credit for the determined manner in which it assaulted the enemy's strong position upon the cemetery hill.

For valuable and meritorious services on the field, I desire to express my renewed obligations to the officers of my staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel, Lieutenant-Colonel Manning, Majors Fairfax, Latrobe, Clarke

and Walton, and Captains Goree, Reily and Rogers. Major Mitchell, chief quartermaster, Major Moses, chief commissary of subsistence, Surgeon Cullen, medical director, Surgeons Barksdale and Maury, and Captain Manning, signal-officer, discharged the duties of their respective departments with zeal and ability.

Statements of the casualties of the campaign, embracing the killed, wounded and missing, have been already forwarded.

I have the honor to be, Colonel,

Very respectfully your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

Tabular Statement of the Casualties of the First Corps, Army Northern Virginia, in the Engagements of the 2d and 3d of July, 1863, near Gettysburg, Pa.

COMMAND.	Killed.	Wo'ded.	Missing.	Total.	REMARKS.
	Officers and E. M.	Officers and E. M.	Officers and E. M.	Officers and E. M.	
<i>McLaws's Division.</i>					
Kershaw's Brigade, .	115	483	32	630	
Semmes's " .	55	284	91	430	
Barksdale's " .	105	550	92	747	
Wofford's " .	30	192	112	334	
Total, . . .	305	1509	327	2141	
<i>Pickett's Division.</i>					
Garnett's Brigade, .	78	324	539	941	Only those are reported "killed and wounded" who are known to be so. Many of the missing are supposed to be killed or wounded.
Armistead's " .	88	460	643	1191	
Kemper's " .	58	356	317	731	
Total, . . .	224	1140	1499	2863	
<i>Hood's Division.</i>					
Robertson's Brigade,	84	393	120	597	
Law's " .	74	276	146	496	
Anderson's " .	105	512	54	671	
Benning's " .	76	299	122	497	
Anderson's " .	25	102		127	
Total, . . .	364	1582	442	2388	Funkstown, Md., July 10, 1863.
Total Infantry,	893	4231	2268	7392	
Walton's Bat'n Art.,	3	40	5	48	Including 17 wounded at Williamsport, Md., July 6th, 1863.
Alexander's " " .	19	112		131	
Cabell's " " .	8	29		37	
Dearing's " " .	8	17		25	
Henry's " " .	2	24		26	
Total Artillery,	40	222	5	267	
Grand Total, .	933	4453	2273	7659	

Defence and Fall of Fort Fisher.

We have been appealed to by friends in various quarters to publish the two following papers on the fall of Fort Fisher. General Bragg's letter to his brother, written just after the event, and published for the first time in the daily papers last year—and the reply of Colonel Lamb who was in command of Fort Fisher when it fell. While always regretting controversies between Confederates—and having it distinctly understood that we are not responsible for statements or sentiments of papers which we publish with responsible names attached—it is, perhaps proper that we should print, without note or comment of our own, these two papers on a most interesting and important event of the war.

LETTER FROM GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

WILMINGTON, 20th January, 1865.

My Dear Thomas :

Your very kind note of the 13th only reached me this morning, but we are none the less grateful. The unexpected blow which has fallen upon us is almost stunning, but it shall not impair my efforts. Two hours before hearing of the certain fall of the fort I felt as confident as ever man did of successfully defending it. The responsibility is all mine, of course, and I shall bear it as resolutely as possible, but time will make known some matters which may as well be told you now in confidence. No human power could have prevented the enemy from landing, covered as he was by a fleet of ships carrying six hundred heavy guns. Anywhere beyond the range of our heavy guns on the fort our land force could not approach him. Once landed, our only chance was to keep him, if possible, from the fort. With less than half his numbers, had we extended far enough towards the fort to prevent his movement that way, he could have crossed the narrow peninsula north of us and cut us off entirely, when the fort and all must have gone. The land is heavily timbered and very swampy. We then confronted him as closely as possible to watch his movements and endeavor to strike if he moved from under his shipping. A dense swamp lay between us and extended three miles towards Fort Fisher. In this position I found the two forces when I reached General Hoke, and took the command just at night on Friday. Cavalry was on our extended right towards Fort Fisher, and occupying ground entirely to the sea, placing us between the enemy and the fort for observation. These were to report any movement, and the troops lay upon their

arms all night, ready to move to the attack or towards the fort if the enemy did so. My knowledge of the ground was good, as I knew General Hoke's to be, both of us having been over it. I fully approved his dispositions. We stayed in our camp under the heavy shelling of the enemy's fleet for the night. No report of any movement having been made, we moved out early to reconnoitre, Hoke towards the fort and I to our left. I found the enemy in strong force in front of our left, as well as could be seen across the swamp. But to our great surprise Hoke found him extended beyond our right and entirely across the peninsula between us and Fort Fisher, and strongly entrenched, having, no doubt, been there most of the night. Not a word had been heard from our cavalry, and they had evidently withdrawn from their position in the night and did not themselves know what had occurred, for they fired on Hoke and his staff, who got in front of them in reconnoitring. On learning this I put the command in motion and ordered the enemy dislodged, if it was at all practicable. General Hoke and his brigadiers made a close reconnoissance and expressed to me the opinion that their troops were unequal to the task. I moved forward with them and made a close examination, confirmed their opinion, and after a conference decided not to attack. An attack and failure would have ensured the fall of the fort and would also have opened the whole State. We could not have succeeded without defeating double our numbers behind entrenchments, whilst at the same time exposed to a raking fire from their fleet, plainly in sight and within good range, the sea as smooth as glass. But I did not feel the slightest apprehension for the fort. The enemy had landed without artillery and not even a general officer brought a horse. Prisoners captured and deserters coming in concurred in one report, that if repulsed once they would immediately retreat (re-embark) the work being considered too strong for them. Believing myself that Grant's army could not storm and carry the fort, if it was defended, I felt perfect confidence that the enemy had assumed a most precarious position, from which he would escape with great difficulty. I accordingly ordered Hoke to entrench immediately in his front, and push his lines close on him, so as to keep him engaged and closely observed. Whilst this was going on I started one thousand of our best men, who had defended forts at Charleston, to reinforce Fisher, and, as I considered the garrison there already as sufficient, being 2,000 strong, I ordered about 600 less reliable troops to come out, considering it an unnecessary exposure of life to keep them there. This order, however, was rescinded on Whiting's appeal, and he was allowed to keep the

whole. With this garrison I considered the fort *perfectly safe*, and capable of standing any length of siege. We had steamboat communication with it, which we could keep up at all times during the night.

Had the cavalry done its duty and promptly reported the enemy's movements, I do not think the result would have been different. Such was the configuration of the country and the obstacles that he would have accomplished his object with the force he had. Our only safe reliance was in his repulse, we being the weak and assailed party. The reports from the fort were of the most favorable character up to Sunday evening. Not a gun reported injured, the fort not damaged, and our loss *three* killed and *thirty-two* wounded in nearly three days. With these statements I felt confident that when the assault was made it would be easily repulsed, and so telegraphed to General Whiting.

During Saturday I was greatly disturbed by the tone and phraseology of General Whiting's dispatches, and by reports of others received from him in town. * * * * *

About 3 o'clock Sunday evening, General H. informed me the enemy was moving apparently to assault the fort. He immediately moved to attack them under my direction. A feeble musketry fire was heard at the fort, when it ceased, not lasting over ten minutes. Hoke found them in very strong position and heavy force ready to receive him. He moved in person close up to their lines with his skirmishers, receiving two balls in his clothes, between the left arm and breast. Their line was impracticable for his small command, and I did not hesitate to recall him. *He could not have succeeded.* When the assault commenced on the fort the fleet ceased to fire, and in less than half an hour it recommenced with great fury. My inference was that they were repulsed. A report soon reached me, however, from a party across the river, that "the enemy have the fort." As the firing from the fleet on the fort continued, I disregarded the report. At 7 P. M. a dispatch from General Whiting reported: "We still hold the fort but are hard pressed." Soon after another from his Adjutant said: "We are still in possession of the fort," &c. My mind was easy. General Colquitt and his reinforcements were hurried forward. The bombardment continued heavily until about 10 P. M., when all became quiet. Unpleasant reports continued to reach me, but nothing worthy of credit until an escaped officer reported from across the river by telegraph that the fort was captured. General Colquitt soon returned and reported. He landed at the point about a mile behind the fort at 10.30 P. M., found everything in confusion, hundreds of men without arms, *many of them drunk*, and no one apparently in command. Col-

onel Lamb was there wounded. General Whiting was also pointed out, lying on the beach, severely wounded. * * The enemy soon approached and Colquitt barely had time to escape in his small boat. Now for statements made by the enemy when meeting us under flag of truce. They assert that they walked into the fort without resistance, not a shot being fired at them, our men all being in the *bomb-proofs*. That after they got in a small force was rallied and fought them very gallantly, inflicting a heavy loss, but they soon overcame them and captured most of our officers and men without arms, under cover of the bomb-proofs. * * * *

Blockade running has cured itself. I knew its demoralizing influence, and even before I came here, had urged on the President to remove these officers and troops, replacing them by veterans. * * I was at work on these evils, gradually correcting them, but meeting with the usual denunciation. Time was not allowed.

The defense of the fort ought to have been successful against *this* attack, but it had to fall eventually—the expedition brought against it was able to reduce it in spite of all I could do. The fleet, after dismounting our guns, could have arranged itself above their land forces, and no spot of ground for six miles above Fort Fisher could have been held by our land forces. Owing to the depth of water they could get nearer to us than they could to Fort Fisher, and could sweep everything to the middle of the river.

The same operation, on a much smaller scale was entirely successful against the forts at the mouth of Charleston harbor, except that they were well defended by sober, resolute men, until it was necessary to evacuate, and the harbor was closed by the fall of Fort Wagner. * * But enough for the present. I am both tired and sad.

I knew my wife would be welcome with you, but I feared it would look badly for me to send her off in the panic, and I concluded for her to remain. It has had a good effect on the weak and nervous.

* * * * *

Will you please send me by express the barrel of flour you have for me? Our only trouble is to get enough to eat, as we pay our board in kind. No one will take a boarder here or anywhere now for money. * *

BRAXTON BRAGG.

ACCOUNT OF COLONEL WILLIAM LAMB.

[Published at the request of a number of officers and men of his command.]

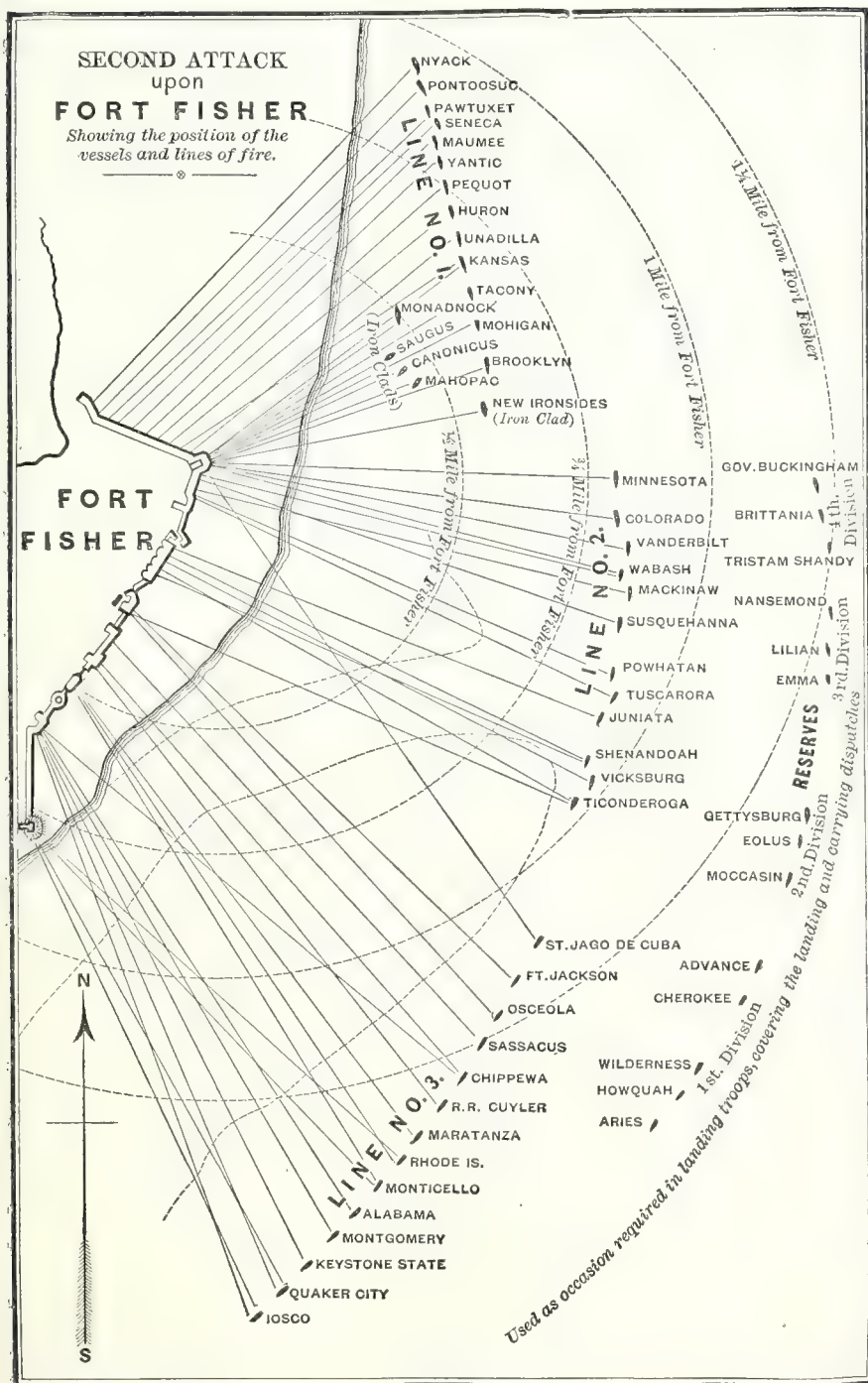
On revisiting Fort Fisher after the war, I found that the post burial ground, where my soldiers who died previous to the battles, were buried, had been robbed of all its dead, and was told that a contractor for the government had stolen their bones in order to be paid for supplying them with coffins under an appropriation to rebury the dead of the Northern armies. I had this consolation when contemplating this act, that although their dust and ashes had been disturbed, their memories were none the less precious to the Southern heart, nor their reward for duty done less complete at the hands of Him who doeth all things well. Similar emotions filled my breast when I read the letter of General Braxton Bragg to his brother, in which he seeks to take from the dead of Fort Fisher an imperishable renown, and in which he seeks to excuse his desertion of an heroic garrison.

Nothing but an imperative sense of duty impels me to comply with the request made by many of the officers and soldiers of my old command to answer this letter, now that its author has been summoned to his final account. The letter bears date Wilmington, January 20, 1865, and was written to Ex-Governor Thomas Bragg. General Bragg wrote :

“Two hours before hearing of the certain fall of the fort I felt as confident as ever man did of successfully defending it.”

Further on he puts his certain information at a time which shows that the fort had fallen when he was confident of successfully defending it. To know the position of the enemy, to be informed promptly of the movements which he is executing, to gather sufficient facts from which his designs may be understood, is the first care of a commanding general, who should spare no labor or risk to arrive at such information.

No commanding general ever had such an opportunity to watch the movements of the enemy, and direct the management of his forces with such slight personal danger as General Bragg. The Cape Fear river, with its channel at least three-quarters of a mile from the open beach upon which the enemy had landed, gave him an unobstructed view from a deck of a vessel of all their movements. Besides he could see inside of the fort and with a good glass distinguish individuals. With signal officers comparatively free from danger at Battery Buchanan and on the Mound, perfectly secure on the western shore of the river and on the right flank of his camp, General Bragg could have watched the



progress of the enemy and directed his forces by day ; then taking advantage of his knowledge of their disposition and the inability of the fleet to co-operate with them at night, he could have fallen upon them with army and garrison and captured them. He had steamers of all sizes at his command, among them the Chicamauga, which did good service with her scant supply of ammunition when the enemy first landed, that could have conveyed him from his camp to the rear of the fort in thirty minutes. With all these facilities, besides the existing telegraph lines on the river for gathering correct information, the general commanding, hid away in the undergrowth of safe sand hills, gathered his news of the condition of the most important part of his command from rumors and from "an escaped officer who reported by telegraph from across the river that the fort was captured." The women, children and old men, who watched the battle from the farm houses across the river, knew more about what was going on in his command than did General Braxton Bragg.

The letter continues:

"No human power could have prevented the enemy from landing, covered as he was by a fleet of ships carrying six hundred heavy guns."

Some fifty yards from the land face of the fort the river bank was high enough to form a perfect defence from the fleet at sea, and from its trend, unfortunately for the besieged, hid an approach to the fort. This natural protection from the fleet extended for some miles up the river until it reached the camp of General Bragg. In the previous attack, Sergeant Glennan had volunteered to carry a message to General Bragg and see if "the coast was clear," and had passed unobserved from fort to camp up this natural covered way, on December 26th, while Butler's troops still occupied the beach. Besides this river bank, from Battery Holland, a half mile north of Fort Fisher to the head of the sound, were a series of batteries, curtains and sand hills, giving excellent protection to infantry against the fire of the fleet. Both nature and art combined to make a landing of troops from beyond the close range of the fort to the head of the sound impossible in the face of a few thousand determined troops, who could have moved from point to point behind the works and hills unobserved by the enemy. It was the opinion of Whiting, Beauregard and Longstreet that a landing south of Masonboro sound was impracticable in the face of a well handled force on shore. The fleet in the day could not have fired over their friends so effectively as to have silenced the sharpshooters, and the few who landed, without works to defend them, would have

been at the mercy of our troops at night. The fact that not a single gun on our sea-face was dismounted, and very few of our soldiers killed and wounded at the guns, shows that the direct fire of the fleet could not have done much damage among sharpshooters behind the works and sand-hills lying parallel to the sea-beach. And yet not one gun was fired upon these invaders of the soil of North Carolina. Admiral Porter says the landing was effected without opposition. General Terry says:

"At 3 o'clock P. M. (13th) nearly 8,000 men, with three days' rations in their haversacks, and forty rounds of ammunition in their boxes, six days' supply of hard bread in bulk, 300,000 additional rounds of small arm ammunition, and a sufficient number of entrenching tools, had been safely landed. The surf on the beach was still quite high, notwithstanding that the weather had become very pleasant, and, owing to it, some of the men had their rations and ammunition ruined by water. With this exception, no accident of any kind occurred."

Captain H. C. Lockwood, Aid-de-Camp to General Ames, says:

"The first troops were landed on the beach about four miles north of New Inlet. Pickets were thrown out in every direction. The enemy did not make any opposition to this movement. In fact, not a single shot was fired at our troops at this time. The landing was accomplished amid the greatest enthusiasm of the soldiers. Cheer upon cheer went up, clearly indicating their splendid moralé. The surf gave some trouble at first, but it seemed to subside as the day progressed."

The officer who had command of the picket line on January 15, wrote that the landing of the troops was "exciting and amusing sport." All this in the face of the army commanded by General Bragg, who censures my garrison for not holding the fort.

General Bragg's letter proceeds:

"Anywhere beyond the range of our heavy guns on the fort our land force could not approach him. Once landed, our only chance was to keep him, if possible, from the fort."

When the enemy got within the range of the heavy guns of the fort, why did he not make the effort to keep him from the fort? General Bragg says:

"We then confronted him as closely as possible, to watch his movements and endeavor to strike if he moved from under his shipping. A dense swamp lay between us and extended three miles towards Fort Fisher. In this position I found the two forces when I reached Gen-

eral Hoke and took the command just at night on Friday. Cavalry was on our extended right towards Fort Fisher, and occupying ground entirely to the sea, placing us between the enemy and the fort for observation. These were to report any movement, and the troops lay upon their arms all night, ready to move to the attack or towards the fort if the enemy did so. My knowledge of the ground was good, as I knew General Hoke's to be, both of us having been over it. I fully approved his dispositions. We staid in our camp under the heavy shelling of the enemy's fleet for the night."

How did he expect the enemy to move from under his shipping? At night, however, the shipping could not cover him, and he did move towards the fort, but General Bragg did not follow. Cavalry on the beach at night to watch the enemy! A reconnoissance that an officer could have made on foot within an hour. To those familiar with the Carolina sea coast at night, and how a man on horseback looms up like a dromedary in the desert, it will not be surprising that these horse-marines, not wishing to become targets for the Federal sharpshooters, followed the example of General Bragg and his army, and retired for the night. The General proceeds:

"No report of any movement having been made, we moved out early to reconnoitre. Hoke towards the fort and I to our left. I found the enemy in strong force in front of our left, as well as could be seen across the swamp. But to our great surprise Hoke found him extended beyond our right and entirely across the peninsula between us and Fort Fisher, and strongly entrenched, having no doubt been there most of the night. Not a word had been heard from our cavalry, and they had evidently withdrawn from their position in the night, and did not themselves know what had occurred, for they fired on Hoke and his staff, who got in front of them in reconnoitring."

While General Bragg and his army slumbered, the industrious Federals coolly and deliberately, after much marching and countermarching, chose a line about two miles from the fort, and by 8 o'clock the next morning had thrown up a line of entrenchments from the sea to the river. General Terry, in his official report, says:

"The first object which I had in view, after landing, was to throw a strong defensive line across the peninsula from Cape Fear river to the sea, facing Wilmington, so as to protect our rear from attack while we should be engaged in operating against Fisher. * * * Shortly before 5 o'clock, leaving Abbott's brigade to cover our stores, the troops were put in motion. On arriving at it, the 'pond' was found to be a sand-flat, sometimes covered with water, giving no assistance to the

defense of a line established behind it. Nevertheless, it was determined to get a line across at this place, and Paine's division, followed by two of Ames's brigade, made their way through. The night was very dark, much of the ground was a marsh, and illy adapted to the construction of works, and the distance was found to be too great to be properly defended by the troops which could be spared from the direct attack upon the fort. It was not until 9 o'clock P. M. that Paine succeeded in reaching the river. The ground, still nearer the fort, was then reconnoitered and found to be much better adapted to our purposes; accordingly, the troops were withdrawn from their last position, and established on a line about two miles from the work. They reached this final position at 2 o'clock A. M. of the 14th instant. Tools were immediately brought up, and entrenchments were commenced. At 8 o'clock a good breastwork, reaching from the river to the sea, and partially covered by abattis, had been constructed, and was in a defensible condition. It was much improved afterward, but from this time our foothold on the peninsula was secured."

General Bragg continues :

"On learning this I put the command in motion, and ordered the enemy dislodged, if it was at all practicable. General Hoke and his brigadiers made a close reconnoissance, and expressed to me the opinion that their troops were unequal to the task. I moved forward with them, and made a close examination, and after a conference confirmed their opinion, and decided not to attack."

Humane commander! This line was held by Paine's division and Abbott's brigade, all colored troops, and numbering less than Hoke's division. General Bragg says :

"The enemy had landed without artillery, and not even a general officer brought a horse."

While General Terry reports :

"Early in the morning of the 14th, the landing of the artillery was commenced, and by sunset all the light guns were gotten on shore. During the following night they were placed on the line, most of them near the river, where the enemy, in case he should attack us, would be least exposed to the fire of the gunboats."

As some of these guns engaged the steamer *Chicamauga*, in full view of the General's camp, it is hard to understand his ignorance of their presence on the beach. The letter proceeds :

"Believing myself that Grant's army could not storm and carry the fort, if it was defended, I felt perfect confidence that we were not only

safe, but that the enemy had assumed a most precarious position, from which he would escape with great difficulty."

If the fort had remained in the condition in which General Bragg saw it previous to January 13th, Grant's army could not have stormed and carried it. It had twenty heavy guns bearing on the beach, supplemented with one mortar and four Napoleons. In front was a perfect palisade line pierced for musketry, and constructed in irregular lines, giving an enfilading fire for light artillery, and in advance were numerous sub-terra mines capable of blowing up the beach from river to sea for more than one hundred yards in front of the works. Although constructed primarily with a view to prevent the entrance of a fleet into the river, yet uninjured by bombardment, it could have resisted any assault. But before the assault fifty thousand shells had expended their fury on the works. Every gun save one 10-inch Columbiad was destroyed, the use of all but one Napoleon rendered impracticable, every wire leading to the mines ploughed up, and the palisade such a wreck as actually to offer a protection to some of the assailants. The terrific fire in front, rear and enfilade from the fleet upon the land face rendering the salients practicable for assault forced me, from the numbers killed and wounded, to cover by bomb-proofs all the troops on the land face except those at the Columbiad and Napoleon and the sharpshooters protected by the traverses. Did General Bragg expect us, if we repelled all the assaults, to pursue the enemy without his co-operation? If not, why, in his inactivity, did he not only consider himself safe, but the enemy in a precarious position? I understood that General Bragg would take advantage of the darkness on the night of the 14th and attack the enemy. About 9 o'clock I went out of the works with Captain Patterson's company as skirmishers and engaged the enemy's pickets to ascertain their position, intending to attack them in force as soon as I heard the advance of General Bragg, but I waited in vain for him to avail himself of the last opportunity to capture the enemy and save the fort, while the fleet would have been forced to remain inactive.

General Bragg adds:

"I accordingly ordered Hoke to entrench immediately in his front, and push his lines close on to him, so as to keep him engaged and closely observed."

I think it must be a mistake. General Hoke was not an officer to disobey the command to keep the enemy engaged. General Bragg continues:

"While this was going on I started one thousand of our best men

who had defended forts at Charleston to reinforce Fisher, and as I considered the garrison there already as sufficient, being two thousand strong, I ordered about six hundred less reliable troops to come out, considering it an unnecessary exposure of life to keep them there. This order, however, was rescinded on General Whiting's appeal, and he was allowed to keep the whole. With this garrison I considered the fort perfectly safe and capable of standing any length of siege."

I am at a loss to know what day the General refers to. No reinforcements came from him on Saturday, the 14th, but during the day, Sunday, the 15th, Colonel Graham arrived at Battery Buchanan with his brigade. He did not land all of them, but telegraphed General Bragg from Smithville at 1 o'clock P. M.: "As instructed by you about four hundred of my men landed at Fisher. The rest were prevented by the fire of the enemy. I will go there to night unless otherwise instructed." About three hundred and fifty of these men reported to me just previous to the assault, and they were all of the one thousand of Bragg's "best men," whom he started for the fort, who got there. General Bragg is not accurate. Up to the arrival of the three hundred and fifty South Carolinians I had but about fifteen hundred and fifty men. If there were others sent to reinforce the fort they never reported, and if more prisoners were captured by General Terry on the peninsula than these figures indicate after subtracting the killed, they did not belong and were not properly chargeable to my garrison. The General says:

"We had steamboat communication with it, which we could keep open at all times during the night."

How odd then not to have sent the reinforcements at night, when the enemy could not have seen them entering the fort. The letter continues:

"The reports from the fort were of the most favorable character up to Sunday evening. Not a gun reported injured, the fort not damaged, and our loss three killed and thirty-two wounded in nearly three days."

It is painful to read this statement. I reported at 6 P. M. on Friday, the 13th, that our casualties were two killed and forty-one wounded. I have recovered the original report, a copy of which was sent to General Bragg. The list of killed and wounded on the 14th was very large, more than double that of the previous day. I have been unable to recover this report, but I remember very distinctly the proportion of killed was very great, detachments being kept at each gun to fire at long intervals, and deliberately, until it was rendered unserviceable by the fire of the fleet. More than ten per cent. of my gar-

risson were killed and wounded by 2 o'clock on Sunday, the 15th, and the land face was in the condition in which I have described it, and all had been reported to General Bragg. The only favorable report sent on Sunday was concerning the undiminished courage and endurance of the troops.

General Bragg says:

"During Sunday I was greatly disturbed by the tone and phraseology of General Whiting's dispatches and by reports of others received from him in town."

Here is the dispatch which disturbed but could not arouse the apathetic Bragg:

"HEADQUARTERS, THIRD MILITARY DISTRICT,
"Fort Fisher, 1.30 P. M., January 14, 1865.

"General Bragg, Commanding, etc.:

"General—I send this boat (Cape Fear) to town for coal and wood, with the request that she return at once. She is necessary here for our communication. The game of the enemy is very plain to me. They are now furiously bombarding my land front. They will continue to do that, in order, if possible, to silence my guns, until they are satisfied that their land force has securely established itself across the neck and rests on the river. Then Porter will attempt to force a passage by to co-operate with the force that takes the river bank. I have received dispatches from you stating that the enemy had extended to the river bank. This they never should have been allowed to do, and if they are permitted to remain there the reduction of Fort Fisher is but a question of time. This has been notified heretofore frequently both to yourself and to the department. I will hold this place to the last extremity, but unless you drive that land force from its position I cannot answer for the security of the harbor. The fire has been and continues to be exceedingly heavy, surpassing not so much in its volume as in its extraordinary concentration, even the fire of Christmas. The garrison is in good spirits and condition.

"I am, General,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"W. H. C. WHITING,

"Major-General."

General Bragg goes on to say:

"As a good officer had been sent in command of the reinforcements I ordered General Whiting on Saturday evening to report to me in person. This order he declined to obey, as he had done one before

about moving troops. My mind was now made up as to his condition and I felt that the safety of the fort required his prompt relief. Brigadier-General Colquitt was accordingly sent to relieve him."

This remarkable letter is dated five days after the fall of the fort. The above statement shows one of two things—that his defeat had seriously affected his mind, or that he distorted the facts to justify himself to his brother. Colonel Graham, who commanded the reinforcements, was my junior, and had within thirty days been under my command by order of General Bragg. It was he who failed to bring in the reinforcements sent to the fort on Saturday. General Bragg never sent the order on Saturday; but here is a copy of the original, dated on Sunday:

"SUGAR-LOAF, *January 15—sent at 1.25 P. M.*

"*General Whiting:*

"Colonel Colquitt assigned to immediate command of Fort Fisher. Will go there to-night. General Bragg directs you to report in person at these headquarters this evening, for conference and instructions.

"ARCHER ANDERSON, *A. A. G.*"

This order, sent at the critical moment of the impending assault, and removing a gifted, brilliant and courageous hero, whose men loved him, and would follow him into the jaws of death, and supplanting him with a Georgia militia General, unknown to the garrison, was an act in keeping with the whole of General Bragg's conduct of the defence of Wilmington.

The letter continues:

"About 3 o'clock P. M. Sunday evening, General Whiting informed me the enemy was moving, apparently to assault the fort. Hoke immediately moved to attack them under my direction. A feeble musketry fire was heard at the fort, when it ceased, not lasting over ten minutes. Hoke found them in very strong position and heavy force, ready to receive him. He moved in person close up to their lines with his skirmishers, receiving two balls in his clothes between the left arm and breast. Their line was impracticable for his small command, and I did not hesitate to recall him."

I will show further on that had General Hoke attacked the enemy resolutely at 3 P. M., he would have saved the fort, and with darkness and the coöperation of the garrison, have captured the enemy. For over five hours an incessant musketry fire was kept up by thousands of troops, only ending with the exhaustion of all the ammunition of

the Confederates. The tremendous roar of the bombardment, which ceased but for a few minutes, as the charge on the fort was first sounded by the steam whistles of the fleet, drowned the sound of the small arms; but the Commanding-General seems to have comprehended nothing. General Bragg says further along:

"General Colquitt soon returned and reported. He landed at a point about a mile behind the fort at 10.30 P. M., found everything in confusion, hundreds of men without arms, many of them drunk, and no one apparently in command. Colonel Lamb was there wounded. General Whiting was also pointed out lying on the beach severely wounded, but fast asleep. The enemy soon approached, and Colquitt barely had time to escape in his small boat."

I do not believe General Colquitt ever made such a report, for the charge that my brave men who, for sixty hours had withstood a furious bombardment and who for six hours had engaged in a hand to hand fight, and who had not retreated until their ammunition was gone and with it all hope, were drunk, is too absurd to require a denial. I had no liquor for distribution to the garrison, and what remained in the hospital bombproof was captured by some sailors from the fleet, who becoming intoxicated with it, entered the reserve magazine the morning after the battle seeking plunder, and causing its explosion, which resulted in the death and wounding of nearly two hundred brave men. The soldiers who carried their wounded General and Colonel to Battery Buchanan were without their guns, and also some artillerists who had stood by their cannon until driven away; but those of the garrison who were not captured in the fort were reported to me as having retired in good order.

General Colquitt came up to me and I told him even then, if Bragg would attack vigorously and he would land a fresh brigade that the fort could be retaken, as the enemy had been more or less demoralized by the resistance they met. One of my officers suggested that General Colquitt should carry me off, but I refused to leave, as no means had been provided for the retreat of my men, and I wished to share their fate, but I asked General Colquitt to take General Whiting, as he was a volunteer in the fort. But to my astonishment he left precipitately, leaving the wounded and bleeding hero to die in a Northern prison. The General was not asleep, but giving directions to his Adjutant-General about meeting the enemy.

Here comes the most extraordinary portion of this "confidential" epistle. It says:

"Now for statements made by the enemy when meeting us under flag of truce. They assert that they walked into the fort without resistance, not a shot being fired at them, our men all being in the bomb-proofs; that after they got in a small force was rallied and fought them very gallantry, inflicting a heavy loss, but they soon overcame them and captured most of our officers and men, without arms, under cover of the bomb-proofs, and with the exception of Colonel Lamb, all the officers of any rank and many men were too drunk for duty."

For General Bragg to repeat the slanders, circulated, we presume, by some gossiping subalterns, was adding insult to injury. My whole command which, previous to the attacks, had extended from New Inlet to Masonboro', some twenty miles, had been noted for its sobriety. I had been sent to Fort Fisher to discipline the garrison against the temptations incident to blockade running. My first act on taking command, July 4, 1862, was to suspend an officer for being intoxicated, and I had him cashiered. The officers and men were not allowed the use of intoxicating liquors. I was among them all during both engagements, and I never saw them drink liquor, or show any evidence of its use. It is possible that some of the last reinforcements may have brought some with them, but I doubt it. Captain Munn, who was near me, and to whom I transferred the command of the force with me when I fell, was an officer of the strictest sobriety. As to the gallant Whiting and his staff, I desire once for all to repel the infamous charge that they indulged in liquor, or were under its influence while in Fort Fisher, and I beg all who know me, or who cherish the memory of that heroic officer, to denounce as false, upon my authority, this malicious slander.

When all of the heavy guns on the land face, save one, were disabled, I required a full detachment to stand by the remaining Columbiad, and ordered all the men belonging to the other batteries to remain in the galleries and bomb-proofs in their immediate rear, except so many sharpshooters, who were to watch and annoy the enemy on shore, as could be measurably protected from the fire of the fleet by the heavy traverses. I also required a detachment to man the Napoleon in the rear of the left salient at all hazards, and the two Napoleons to be run out and used in front of the centry sally-port whenever the fire of the fleet rendered it practicable. I had placed the portions of the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth South Carolina regiments, which reported just previous to the assault in a bomb-proof, about one hundred feet in the rear and to the left of the central sally-port. As soon as the enemy threw their sharpshooters forward, I manned the parapets with strong

detachments of sharpshooters to return their fire, and prevent, if possible, an advance. This was done despite the destructive fire of the fleet. When this fire ceased, and the steam whistles sounded for the charge, I ordered the reserves to man the parapets, and the South Carolina regiments to double quick to the rear of the left salient, between which and the river shore there was a space of some sixty feet, protected only by a shallow ditch, the remnants of a palisade, and one Napoleon. I went to meet the column assaulting my northeast salient, the success of which would have been fatal, as it would capture the centre of my work, and I sent my aid, Captain Blocker, with the South Carolina regiments, to report to Major Riley on the left.

I will now let the gallant officers who captured my fort say whether they "walked into the fort without resistance, not a shot being fired at them." While they, very naturally, were not disposed to extol the gallantry of their enemies, I prefer to give their version instead of that of my officers or my own. Admiral Porter, in his official report, says:

"I detailed 1,600 sailors and 400 marines to accompany the troops in the assault, the sailors to board the sea face, while the troops assaulted the land side. * * All the arrangements on the part of the sailors had been well carried out. They had succeeded in getting up to within a short distance of the fort, and lay securely in their ditches. We had but very few killed and wounded up to this point. The marines were to have held the rifle-pits and cover the boarding party, which they failed to do. On rushing through the palisades, which extended from the fort to the sea, the head of the column received a murderous fire of grape and canister, which did not, however, check the officers and sailors who were leading. The parapets now swarmed with rebels, who poured in a destructive fire of musketry. At this moment, had the marines performed their duty, every one of the rebels would have been killed. I witnessed the whole affair, saw how recklessly the rebels exposed themselves and what an advantage they gave our sharpshooters, whose guns were scarcely fired, or fired with no precision. Notwithstanding the hot fire, officers and sailors in the lead rushed on, and some even reached the parapet, a large number having reached the ditch. The advance was swept from the parapet like chaff, and notwithstanding all the efforts made by commanders of companies to stop them, the men in the rear, seeing the slaughter in front, and that they were not covered by the marines, commenced to retreat, and as there is no stopping a sailor

if he fails on such an occasion on the first rush, I saw the whole thing had to be given up."

In regard to the assault on the left of the work I refer the reader to General Terry's official report, which is easily accessible. General Terry's testimony must stamp forever as false the charge that "they (the Federals) walked into the fort without resistance, not a shot being fired at them, our men (the Confederates) all being in the bomb-proofs." I had about five hundred men with me on and near the redan or north-east salient repulsing the sailors and marines. This heroic column from the fleet struggled with us for thirty minutes or more, and did not retreat until about three hundred officers and men fell dead or wounded. There were in the western salient (which was an uninclosed battery) about two hundred and fifty men. The South Carolinians ordered there would have made six hundred men, but they did not move up promptly, and did not reach the work. The two hundred and fifty officers and men had to withstand the shock of two of General Ames's brigades—more than ten to one. My officers there claim that they twice repulsed the assault on the parapet, and that all of the original detachment at the Napoleon were killed and wounded, and that Captain Brady detailed men from his company to take their place, and these were killed, wounded or captured at the gun, whose carriage was riddled with bullets. When Captain Melvin surrendered the survivors, some two hundred, they were enveloped by Curtis's brigade in front, and Pennybacker's brigade in the rear, and besides, the two guns at Battery Buchanan had commenced to fire upon this salient, killing and wounding friend and foe indiscriminately. War never witnessed more determined bravery, and the fact that these brave men continued at their posts until overwhelmed, instead of retreating into the main work before the formidable assault, as they could honorably have done, proves each as much a hero as though victory had crowned their efforts.

There were three lines of mines in front of the work, and I intended at the moment of assault to explode one of them, and thus paralyze the assailants, giving me time to man the parapets with all of my reserves. At the final rush, I gave the signal, but there was no response—the tremendous fire of the fleet having ploughed up the connecting wires and rendered the mines harmless. As this was our main defence against assault on the extreme left, where the only remaining obstacle to an entrance into the fort was the remnants of a palisade and a single Napoleon, the failure of the mines to explode was enough to discourage the stoutest hearts, but it only seemed to make the men more stubborn in their resistance. As soon as the sail-

ors and marines retreated, I moved the whole of my available infantry some eight hundred men to dislodge the enemy, who had captured the left salient, two gun-chambers adjoining, and were busy entrenching inside my work. The heroic Whiting, who had rushed to the parapet and encouraged the troops in resisting the naval brigade, now led the van, and receiving two wounds in endeavoring to reach a Federal standard-bearer, had to be carried to the rear.

A hand-to-hand fight on the parapet and over a traverse ensued, while in the work, from behind everything that would yield the slightest protection to my men, a rapid fire was poured into the advancing column of three brigades. The enemy halted in the face of our desperate assault. I then had the two heavy guns on the mound, and two from another battery on the sea-face, turned on their column, and these, with the two guns from Battery Buchanan, seemed to have a demoralizing effect, as their fire slackened and their flags disappeared from the top of the traverses. Notwithstanding the loss of a part of the work, and of the garrison, and the serious effect of the fire of the fleet among our men, the garrison seemed in splendid spirits, and determined, if possible, to dislodge the foe. Believing that General Bragg, with the facilities at his command, was thoroughly posted as to affairs in the fort, and would now attack, I felt that a determined charge on our part, with this threatened danger in the rear, would cause a retreat by the enemy, and we would regain the work. I passed down the line, and officers and men, with the wildest enthusiasm, promised to follow me. As I sprang forward to lead them, I was shot down, several of my most gallant officers falling with me. The forward movement stopped with my fall, and afterwards the enemy, having been strongly reinforced, began an advance, which, although stoutly and even recklessly resisted for five hours (until all the ammunition was expended), resulted in the capture of the whole work. Not only were all the cartridges in the magazine consumed, but those in the boxes of the wounded and slain were gathered up by a detail and given to the men in action. My appeals to the officers and men to continue the struggle after I had fallen, were not from any disregard of the lives of my soldiers, as some have unkindly charged—but as General Lee had sent word to me that the fort was necessary to keep open the gateway to supply his army with food and clothing from abroad, I desired the resistance prolonged so long as there was a chance for General Bragg to come to our assistance and recall the enemy to their own defensive line. That this would have been the result of a determined attack upon the part of General Bragg, I am

convinced by my conversations with Federal officers after my capture.

An officer, writing of our attempt to dislodge the besiegers, says :

"With the slackening of the naval fire the great bastion at the angle grew freer to offer resistance; the reversed guns of the inlet face of the fort, and the rifle line inside, found more area to play upon. So the work grew harder, and the progress slower. The rebels gained by the concentration, their artillery swelling a louder and louder roar as our naval fire grew faint. Then they turned assaulters, and dashed at the nearest traverse in our hands. Then came a time when, for hours, the battle made no progress either way. * * * *

"Somewhere about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the obstinate fight looked dubious, a distant sound of startling omen came to my ears—a sound of firing from the north. Absorbed as I was in the terrible game in front, I was alive enough to the responsibility of my position, as commander of the picket line, to hear this sound, which was probably inaudible to all other ears at Fort Fisher. An outburst of musketry from the north—to me an attack from Wilmington upon my northern picket line—an attempt to force our northern line of works across the peninsula! And this, too, coming at the critical hour when the assault at the fort had slackened to a standstill, and the exhausted men were losing heart. Turning to the northward with reluctant haste and anxious forebodings, I ran ankle-deep through the loose sand, which was dotted and spattered with grapeshot and bullets. * * But no more firing sounded from the north; it was absolutely still in that direction. This was so reassuring, that I slackened my pace as I came among the pines, and presently, coming upon the idle groups of negro soldiers lolling about the rear of their unscathed breastworks, I knew at last that General Hoke had made no impression on them."

Can any one doubt that if at this critical period in the attack General Bragg had done his duty and fiercely assaulted the enemy he would have retreated from the work to defend his rear?

General Bragg continues in his letter :

"It is known that General Whiting left here for the fort on Friday in a steamer with a large party of these money-kings, called blockade-runners, and a very large supply of the material to produce this result."

The facts are: General Whiting and his staff arrived in the fort in the afternoon of Friday in the midst of the terrific bombardment. I did not know of their approach, until the General came up to me and remarked: "Lamb, my boy, I have come to share your fate. You and your garrison are to be sacrificed." I replied: "Don't say so, General,

we will certainly whip the enemy again." He then told me that when he left Wilmington, Bragg was looking for a place to fall back upon. I tendered him the command, although he had come into the fort without orders and unarmed; he refused it, saying he would advise and counsel with me, but would leave me to conduct the defense of my fort. General Bragg adds:

"The fighting done was, no doubt, by the veterans who had reached the fort from Hoke's command. To my mind this is a clear solution of the whole thing."

This reflection upon my heroic garrison, forces me to state, what otherwise, I would leave unsaid, and that is, that with the exception of some brave officers and about forty men, under Captain Carson, the senior officer, the two South Carolina regiments (which was all of Hoke's command which reached me) failed to respond to my order to double quick to the left salient, although appealed to by their officers. They were somewhat excusable, for they had just passed through a severe fire in reaching the fort, and hardly recovered their breath after a double quick of a mile through the sand, and they afterwards, I was told, came out and fought gallantly. And now for the last clause in this letter.

General Bragg says:

"Blockade running has cured itself. * * All, even to the privates, were more or less interested in the business. Under an arrangement with General Whiting, I learn salvage was regularly allowed on all property saved from wrecks, which was not stolen, and every vessel arriving made certain contributions of luxuries, whiskey being the principal."

I can only speak for my own garrison; but as this charge is false in regard to it, I take it for granted it is untrue as to all. I know of no officer or private in my command who was interested in blockade running. Of the very many captains who came in and went out under the protection of my guns, all will testify that I not only never asked, but refused to allow cotton or any articles of merchandise to be carried for me. Without my knowledge or consent, unknown parties sent out ten bales of cotton in my name and notified me, through Trenholm & Co., that they were in Liverpool, subject to my order. I immediately ordered them sold, and the proceeds to be invested in two one hundred and thirty-pounder Whitworth rifles, and ammunition for Fort Fisher. The order was executed. Some of the ammunition arrived, but the guns never got nearer than Nassau.

Many vessels which were beached to save them from capture were

protected by my light artillery, and details were made to recover the cargoes so valuable to our people. For these important services I allowed the men to be paid a moderate compensation for their labor and injury to clothing, by those interested in the cargoes; indeed, I felt that I had no right to prevent their receiving so trifling a remuneration.

From the repulse of General Butler and Admiral Porter on Christmas day, 1864, until the second expedition appeared against Fort Fisher, January 13th, 1865, the work was neglected by General Bragg. I had lost some important guns by explosion, and had several dismantled. The quarters of the men had all been destroyed, and with them their overcoats and blankets. Our provisions had been injured, and much of our ammunition expended. The garrison had been reduced in numbers, while the sick and slightly wounded were left to our care. I appealed to General Bragg for guns to replace those destroyed, for new carriages in place of those rendered useless, for additional ammunition, especially hand grenades, to repulse assaults. I asked that sub-marine torpedoes be placed where the ironclads had anchored, and where they would and did return. General Whiting approved all my requests. I felt sure that the enemy would return with redoubled vigor, and nothing being done to assist me to repair damages, or strengthen my position, I wrote to Governor Vance, and appealed to him to aid me in getting General Bragg to realize our situation. But no assistance was rendered, and I was not even warned of the returning fleet, but reported its reappearance to Wilmington from the fort. I have never complained of this, and mention it now to show the utter neglect with which the fort was treated by the Commanding-General, who seeks to throw the whole responsibility of the loss of Fort Fisher upon my garrison.

In those sixty hours of continuous battle, when my men were unable to provide a single meal, but had to subsist on uncooked rations and corn-meal coffee, when they were without overcoats or blankets to make them a bed in the sand, I heard no murmur of complaint, but witnessed deeds of heroism unsurpassed in ancient or modern story. I beheld acts of individual daring which would brighten the pages of history, or lend a charm to poetry. Side by side, as privates in the ranks, were brilliant youths, with as proud a lineage as any American could boast, and illiterate tillers of the soil, stirred with a patriotic love of home and State, sharing common hardships and dangers with that solid middle class, who, while not as reckless, were equally resolute. Nowhere, and at no time, in that or any struggle for right and country, did the sons of Carolina ever fill to greater overflowing the full measure of

patriotic duty, and their State will be recreant to her past renown and her present greatness if she fails to defend from defamation their stainless reputations.

Reminiscences of the War.

By GENERAL WILLIAM SMITH.

SKIRMISH AT FAIRFAX C. H., MAY 31ST 1861.

[None who knew him could fail to admire the enthusiastic courage with which Governor Wm. Smith, of Virginia, threw himself into the thickest of the fight for Southern independence, and gave an example of patience under hardships which younger men might well have emulated. Now in his eighty-fifth year; but with the clear intellect and retentive memory of his vigorous manhood, he proposes to write us some of his personal reminiscences of the great struggle.

The following paper on the skirmish at Fairfax Courthouse, will be followed by one on the first battle of Manassas. We are sure our readers will thank us for these interesting sketches by this gallant old hero.]

On the night of the 31st of May, 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell (subsequently General Ewell), just out of the Federal lines, in which he was Captain of cavalry, was in command, and had been for two weeks, of the Confederate forces at Fairfax Courthouse. This was a small village of some 300 inhabitants, and was the county seat of the noted county of Fairfax. The village was built, principally, on the Little River turnpike, and at a point thereon fourteen miles from the city of Alexandria. The turnpike was used as the main street of the village, and was its only avenue to the west. The most important buildings of the village were the court-house and its appurtenances, including a lot of several acres, well enclosed, and on the northern side, with a high-boarded fence; and the hotel and its appurtenances and enclosure. These buildings were opposite each other—the court-house on the south and the hotel on the north side of the turnpike. The court-house lot was not only well enclosed, but was also surrounded with streets—first, the turnpike, on the north side, as before stated; second, a street on the west side, leading from the turnpike into Stevenson's farm and there, at an intersecting point, running due east with the court-house lot to its intersection with the street, binding said lot in its eastern side and running from the hotel south 230 steps to the Meth-

odist church, and thence to Fairfax station. I mention these facts with more particularity, as it will assist the reader to understand what follows. I proceed now to add, for the same purpose, that Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell's quarters were at the hotel; that Captain Thornton's company of cavalry, of about sixty men, were on the same side of the street with the hotel, the horses in the stable of the hotel, and the men in a church a short distance further west. Captain Green's cavalry company, also about sixty strong, was quartered in the courthouse lot, the horses picketed in the lot, and the men sleeping in the court-house. Captain Marr's company of rifles, about ninety strong, was quartered in the Methodist church, which, as I have said, was 230 steps from the hotel. This company had only arrived that day (the 31st), and had not seen Colonel Ewell, nor been seen by him, he being out on a scout.

Captain Marr, after making his company comfortable in their new quarters, sent out a picket of two men on the Falls Church road, the only approach it was deemed necessary to guard. I arrived at Fairfax Courthouse about 5 P. M. of the same day, on a visit to Marr's company, which being raised in my neighborhood, although known as the Warrenton Rifles, I designated as "my boys." After seeing them at their quarters, and spending a pleasant hour with them, and after a gratifying interview with Colonel Ewell (whom I knew well, but had not seen for many years,) and many other friends, for the little village was quite crowded, I retired with Joshua Gunnell, Esq., to the comfortable quarters he had kindly tendered me at his house. This brought me within about one hundred yards of Marr's command. I shall be pardoned, I trust, for introducing my name into this statement of the situation, but the circumstances will excuse, if not make it necessary, I should have done so. The only companies then at Fairfax Courthouse, on the night of the 31st of May, were those I have mentioned. They had seen no service, and were entirely undisciplined. The cavalry companies were badly armed, and Colonel Ewell, in his official account of the affairs which subsequently occurred, says: "The two cavalry companies (Rappahannock and Prince William) had very few fire arms and no ammunition, and took no part in the affair." *So here is the number and character of our entire force on the 31st of May, 1861, and the only force in any way concerned in the affair of the next morning.*

In this state of things, the enemy having determined on a scout, I have concluded to let Lieutenant Tompkins, commanding, speak for himself by publishing his official report:

"CAMP UNION, VIRGINIA, *June 1, 1861.*

Sir,—I have the honor to report, pursuant to verbal instructions received from the Colonel-Commanding, that I left this camp on the evening of 31st of May in command of a detachment of Company B, Second Cavalry, consisting of fifty men, with second Lieutenant David S. Gordon, Second Dragoons, temporarily attached for the purpose of reconnoitering the country in the vicinity of Fairfax Courthouse. Upon approaching the town the picket guard was surprised and captured. Several documents were found upon their persons, which I herewith inclose. On entering the town of Fairfax my command was fired upon by the Rebel troops from the windows and house-tops. Charged on a company of mounted rifles, and succeeded in driving them from town. Immediately two or three additional companies came up to their relief, who immediately commenced firing upon us, which fire I again returned. Perceiving that I was largely outnumbered, I deemed it advisable to retreat, which I did in good order, taking five prisoners, fully armed and equipped, and two horses. Nine horses were lost during the engagement, and four wounded.

"The force actually engaged at the commencement of the engagement were two companies of cavalry and one rifle company, but reinforcements coming in from camps adjacent to the Courthouse, which I learn from reliable authority, increased their force to upwards of 1,000 men. Twenty-five of the enemy were killed and wounded. Captains Cary, Fearing and Adjutant Frank, of the Fifth New York State Militia, accompanied the command as volunteers, and did very effective service. I regret to state that Captain Cary was wounded in the foot."

(The concluding paragraph of Lieutenant Tompkins's official report is omitted as unnecessary.)

The following report by General McDowell, commanding, had been previously made to the Adjutant-General :

"ARLINGTON, *June 1, 1861—12 M.*

"*Sir*,—The following facts have just been reported to me by the Orderly-Sergeant of Company B, Second Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Tompkins, the commanding officer being too unwell to report in person. It appears that Company B, Second Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Tompkins (aggregate about seventy-five), left its camp about 10½ last night on a scout, and reached Fairfax Courthouse about 3 A. M., where they found several hundred men stationed—Captain Ewell, late of the United States Dragoons, said to be in command. A

skirmish took place, in which a number of the enemy were killed, how many the Sergeant does not know. Many bodies were seen on the ground, and several were taken into the court-house and seen there by one of our cavalry, who was a prisoner for a short time and afterwards made his escape.

Five prisoners were captured by our troops. Their names are as follows, viz: (Names not given by General McDowell; and concluding paragraph omitted as unnecessary.)

The above quotations from the official reports of Lieutenant Tompkins and General McDowell are so full of errors that it is due to truth and justice they should be exposed. I repeat that the whole Confederate force at Fairfax Courthouse, on the night of the 31st of May, 1861, was composed of the companies and of the character and description I have heretofore named; and I will add, that the only additional force which came to our assistance was sent for by Colonel Ewell, and was composed of the cavalry companies of Harrison and Wickham, who did not reach the Courthouse until after sunrise, and fully two hours after the enemy had been finally repulsed, by little more than half his number of Captain Marr's rifles.

Lieutenant Tompkins says: "It will be observed, that he was in command of a detachment of Company B, Second Cavalry, consisting of fifty men, with Second Lieutenant David S. Gordon's Second Dragoons temporarily attached."

He subsequently adds: "Captains Cary, Fearing and Adjutant Frank, of the Fifth New York State Militia, accompanied the command as volunteers." General McDowell says: "It appears that Company B, Second Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Tompkins, (aggregate about seventy-five)." General Bonham, after an examination of the three prisoners taken, reports, "the enemy was eighty to eighty-five strong." Colonel Ewell in his official report says: "Three prisoners were brought in, who separately reported their strength at eighty, rank and file." And two of the prisoners taken by the enemy, intelligent men, with whom I have communicated, think the enemy's force must have been from seventy-five to one hundred men. All this testimony with what I saw, satisfied me that Lieutenant Tompkins had his company, and not a detachment thereof with him, and that his force was about eighty men, and not fifty, as he reports.

Lieutenant Tompkins says: "Upon approaching the town the picket-guard was surprised and captured." This was on the Fall's church road, about a mile below the town. One of Marr's pickets was captured, made his escape in town, and joined us, as he says, in the fight

which subsequently occurred. The firing of the enemy at the pickets did more to spread a knowledge of his approach, than all our pickets.

It was very dark, so that objects could only be discerned in the group, and not in the detail. On the alarm being given, lights were soon moving in the hotel. The cavalry companies located as before described, commenced to form, forming on a line with the court-house enclosure, on the part of the Prince William company, and on the street or turn-pike over which the enemy must pass in charging through town, while the Rappahannock company, similarly employed, was forming in the court-house lot, but with the advantage of being protected from an enemy by a high boarded fence. Neither company was nearly formed when the enemy appeared. Lieutenant Tompkins, says: "On entering the town of Fairfax, my command was fired upon by the rebel troops, from the windows and the house-tops." In this the Lieutenant was under a gross mistake. Not a shot from any direction, up to this time had been fired at him; on the contrary, Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell speaking of the alarm, says: "This was soon followed by their appearance, firing at the windows and doors of the hotel, where there were no resistance or troops." Lieutenant Tompkins further says: "That he charged on a company of rifles, and succeeded in driving them from the town." This is a gross mistake, we had no such force. It is true, as the enemy went through the town firing to the right and left, apparently at random, and as if for no other purpose than to excite alarm, he drove before him a small portion of the Prince William cavalry, four of whom he succeeded on this occasion in capturing, the Rappahannock Company having been left behind in the court-house lot to complete its formation at leisure.

In the meantime, the alarm having reached Captain Marr also, he promptly deployed his company in Stevenson's clover field, his right near the road to the Fairfax Station and near its quarters, the Methodist church, and parallel with the street before described, and which divided the clover field from the court-house lot, resting its left on the road leading to the Stevenson farm house. Here Captain Marr was found, the next morning, dead, (and apparently without having had a struggle in his last moments,) one hundred and fifty steps from the church, and thence two hundred and thirty steps to the hotel, thus constituting an obtuse tri-angle. Here he was, doubtless, handling his men, and was struck by a random shot to the left, fired by the enemy as he passed the court-house, the distance being, as well as I can judge, three hundred steps. I have not been able to ascertain that anyone of his men knew of his death—the clover was very rank and tall, and I am told

completely enveloped his person, which may account for it. And, further, from a careful examination of his wound next morning, I became satisfied that the Captain was killed, as I have before said, by a random shot. The wound was immediately over the heart—had a perfect circular suffusion of blood under the skin, something larger than a silver dollar, but the skin was unbroken, and not a drop of blood was shed. Nothing but a round spent ball could have inflicted such a wound. Manifestly, it was the shock of the blow, which, suspending the machinery of the heart, had necessarily produced instant death. It was reported to me that Captain Marr, when found, was upon his face, with his sword firmly gripped in his right hand, not having taken time, it is inferred, in the hurry and excitement of passing events, to belt it round his person. Captain Marr being thus killed, a fact unknown to his men, the enemy having gone up the turn-pike, driving part of the Prince William company before it, and the Rappahannock company left in the court-house lot having completed its formation, moved into the street, west of said lot, and to avoid the enemy on his return, turning in the direction of Marr's men, near the Stevenson road was, in the extreme darkness, mistaken by them for the enemy, and was fired upon, severely wounding one of the cavalry. This, very naturally, impressed the cavalry company with the idea they had been fired upon by the enemy. So that under the mutual mistake, the cavalry being entirely unfit for effectual service, and the left wing of the Rifles demoralized by the unexpected disappearance of its Captain, both dispersed, and sought safety in darkness, perhaps as intense as I ever saw.

While these events were occurring, of which I knew nothing other than from the noise, I was satisfied that the enemy had passed through town. I was delayed briefly in fixing my tape to my Maynard rifle. Hurrying to the quarters of the Warrenton Rifles, I found about forty or forty-five of them, a short distance this side of their quarters, standing in the clover lot before referred to and resting on the fence which enclosed it, and without an officer. I promptly addressed them, "Boys, where is your Captain?" They answered, "We do not know, sir." Where is your Lieutenant (meaning Shackelford)? The answer was the same. (It is due that I should say that both the Lieutenants, Shackelford and McGee were absent on leaves with their families). Knowing that the men did not look to the other officers to command, I said to them, "Boys, you know me, follow me." Without hesitation, they jumped the the fence, and at the corner of the court-house lot on the sidewalk leading from the church to the hotel, I, without the slightest knowledge of tactics, commenced to form them into two files. I had

nearly completed my work, when hearing a disturbance at the head of the column, I walked rapidly up the line to hear what was the matter. Nearing the head of the column, I heard Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell, in his impetuous way, say to one of the men (Davidson), "What, sir, do you dispute my authority?" To which the young man, in a very proper manner replied, "I do sir, until I know you have a right to exercise it." Taking in the situation, and aware that The Rifles and this officer were strangers to each other, I at once said, "Men, this is Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell, your commanding officer, a gallant soldier, in whom you may place every confidence." Of course this ended the trouble. The men might well be excused for doubting Colonel Ewell, for when he came up, he was bare and bald-headed, in his shirt sleeves and bleeding. Fearful that the enemy might be on his return through town before we were prepared to intercept him, Colonel Ewell again hurried to the column to complete its formation, which was soon accomplished. We put ourselves at the head, and gave the command "march," having two hundred yards to go before we could reach the turnpike, running by the hotel and over which the enemy must pass on his return. It was during this march that Colonel Ewell told me how he came to be in his then condition, that he had undertaken to run across the street from the hotel, just ahead of the enemy's column, which he supposed he could do under cover of the darkness, that the commanding officer of the enemy discovering that some one was crossing the street in front of him, had fired upon him, and struck him in the fleshy part of the shoulder, that as he ran, he jerked off his uniform, and pitched it into a lot, his fear being that the enemy might discover he was an officer, and might make a special effort to capture him. The coat was found next morning in Powell's porch below Gunnell's, and accounts for Ewell's tardiness in reaching The Rifles. He then said to me, that as soon as we reached the hotel he would have to leave me to get a courier to send off to Fairfax Station for some calvary camped at that place, and added that as I seemed to have a turn for this sort of thing, I must take charge of the boys and manage them to the best advantage until he rejoined me.

I will here collate the incidents which had occurred up to this time. I think it was a little before 3 A. M., and very dark, when the enemy struck our pickets, and entering town, and near the hotel, as described, wounded Colonel Ewell—commenced firing to the right and left, clearly with no other object than to alarm—killing Captain Marr by a chance shot at a distance of three hundred yards, never pausing for a moment, but driving the Prince William cavalry before them, and stopping at

the stream west of the town, manifestly to reform and to return through the town, the dispersion of the Rappahannock cavalry, and the larger portion of the Warrenton Rifles, and the organization of those remaining, by Colonel Ewell and myself, and marching them promptly to the point of interception of the enemy, should he undertake to return through the town, as was expected. I am confident that all these incidents occurred within the first half an hour of the first appearance of the enemy in town; resulting in the slight wounding of Colonel Ewell, the killing of Captain Marr, and the dispersion of the whole Confederate force, except some forty to forty-five of the Rifles, then in hand; and with which to redeem the fortunes of the night.

But to resume, we had just struck the turn-pike, and turning our little squad to the left had got it cleverly on the road between the hotel and the court-house, when the enemy appeared advancing. My purpose was to advance until I found a good position for the expected fight, but we had to take things as we found them. Both of us had narrow fronts, two files, and neither could deploy, the road being enclosed on each side by the fences of the hotel and the court-house respectively. The enemy halted, because, (I suppose,) he saw something occupying the road in his front. Flushed with their success, they were manifestly in considerable disorder, and when I ordered the Rifles to fire, which, owing to their position, was obeyed to a very limited and inefficient extent, I do not think the enemy returned it. But, reversing his movement returned, I inferred, to the run west of the town, to reform his command, I presume, in order to charge, in order, through the town. It must have been at this time, or when we first entered the turn-pike, (for I saw no more of him afterwards,) that Colonel Ewell left the command to dispatch a courier to bring up the cavalry companies of Harrison and Wickham, camped at Fairfax Station, three miles from the court-house. Captain Thornton, I was informed, went on this duty. Neither man, nor beast, that I could ascertain, sustained the slightest injury in this collision.

Having been left to my own discretion, and perfectly satisfied that my position was untenable against any mounted force of dash and courage, I followed immediately on the retiring footsteps of the enemy. It was not until I had reached Cooper's wagon shop, ascertained by recent measurement to be one hundred and ninety-five steps west from the court-house, that I found a place which satisfied my judgment. Here I found a new post and rail fence, on each side of the turn-pike—the one on the south side, helping to enclose the wagon shop yard. Feeling safe in this position, I at once divided my command, placing it on

opposite sides of the road, and protecting it by the post and rail fence. I stated to the men, if I was not much mistaken, the enemy would soon appear—that they would seem a dark moving mass, and when I gave the command “fire” they must all aim at the head of the column, my object being to crush it in, throw the command into confusion, win time, deliberately to reload, and to give them another plunging volley before they could recover from their confusion. And in that way I said, I counted on whipping the veteran enemy, although our superior in numbers. I had scarcely gotten through with this statement of my plans and purposes, when the enemy appeared. Near the Episcopal church, fifty steps, by subsequent measurement, west of the position we occupied, I first discovered him. He was leisurely advancing, and when within forty yards of us, I gave the command “fire.” It was admirably executed. Another fine volley followed, and a third partially, when the enemy fell back. During this time the enemy fired wildly and irregularly, not only without wounding or killing any of my men, but not even entertaining “The Rifles” with the whistle of a bullet. The result of this affair was the capture on our part of three prisoners, I think four horses, a number of horses killed and wounded, and, according to General McDonald’s first official report, (which I have,) one man killed and six wounded, besides a number of arms and fancies, such as photographs of pretty women and the like, picked up after the fight. This whole affair occupied a very short time, during which Colonel Ewell was engaged in getting his courier, and preparing his dispatch to order up the troops from Fairfax Station—it could not have exceeded twenty-five minutes. I repeat that the enemy’s passage through town resulted in the casualties as stated—the dispersion of the entire Confederate force, with the exception of some forty to forty-five of the Rifles—that our cavalry, for the reason stated by Colonel Ewell, I suppose, “took no part in the affair”—that in passing through town, as Colonel Ewell officially says, the enemy “did not stop, but passed through toward German-town,” and was not fired upon, the cavalry, I repeat, taking no part in the affair, and the Rifles being, at the nearest point, two hundred and thirty steps off—that the first collision which took place, was between the enemy, on his return through town, and about forty of the Rifles, and occurred on the street, between the hotel and court-house inclosures, without damage to either, the enemy retreating, and that the final affair took place one hundred and ninety-five steps from the former, resulting in the inglorious retreat of Company B, Second United States Cavalry, before, certainly not more than forty-five young Virginians, but little more, if any, than half the number of their veteran

enemy, and that, too, without inflicting upon us the slightest injury. In this final fight, if I may so express myself, Lieutenant Tompkins says, "Perceiving I was largely out-numbered, I deemed it advisable to retreat, which I did in good order." I re-affirm upon my honor that the force which Lieutenant Tompkins assumes to be largely superior to his own, did not exceed forty-five men; and that he was permitted to retreat "in order," in consequence of our inferiority of numbers and our utter want of military experience. He further says that we increased our "force to upwards of a thousand men." Now I assert that no reinforcements joined us until long after his inglorious retreat before an inferior force; and that the only force which did join us were the companies of Captains Harrison and Wickham, for whom Colonel Ewell had sent, and they did not arrive until some time after sunrise. Lieutenant Tompkins officially reports that, "twenty-five of the enemy were killed and wounded." This is most inexcusable mendacity. I again say that except from the chance-medley firing of the enemy as he passed through town, we did not sustain the slightest injury. At the first collision we received no injury, and are not aware that we inflicted any. At the second and last, we certainly received no injury, but inflicted considerable damage upon the enemy, and forced him to seek safety by retiring from the contest, through the fields of an adjoining farm.

I have thus presented the facts of this little affair, most of which are within my personal knowledge, whilst those contributed by others have been adopted, only after the most patient investigation.

Warrenton, Va., June, 1882.

WM. SMITH.

Our Fallen Brave.

By MISS FANNIE H. MARR.

[It seems appropriate to follow General Smith's account of the killing of Captain Marr, by the beautiful poem written by his sister, and read at the last "Memorial Day" in Warrenton.]

They lie 'neath many a marble shaft,
Our noble, fallen brave;
They lie on many a battle field,
In many an unmarked grave.
They lie by Honor guarded safe,
In peaceful, dreamless rest;
They lie by every valiant heart
And patriot spirit bless'd.

They come on these Memorial Days,
They haunt the very air
With scenes long passed, with forms long stilled,
With words and deeds that were.
They come to mourning household bands
They come in heart and thought!
They come in struggles they have made,
In battles they have fought.
They come,—and living voices speak
Their names and deeds once more;
We give a flower—a sigh—and then
Memorial Day is o'er.

O children, dear, who never saw
The old Confederate gray;
Who never saw our soldiers march
With flag and drum away;
Who never saw the dead brought back,
The wounded line the street;
Who never heard the cannon's roar,
Nor tramp of victor feet;
Keep as a holy trust this day
To their remembrance true,
Who, sorely tried, were faithful found,
And fought and died for you.
That so, though dead, they still may live;
Live on, as year by year,
This day recalls the memories
So sacred and so dear.
Live on, though ages o'er them roll;
Live on in flower-decked grave:
Live on in hearts that cherish still
Our own, our fallen brave.

Diary of a Confederate Soldier.

By Rev. J. G. LAW.

[One of the most important offices of the historian is to show the *inside life* of the people concerning whom he writes, and anything that contributes to an understanding of the feelings, habits, character, and private life of "the men who wore the gray," will prove valuable material for the future historian. The diary of Rev. John G. Law, just as it was written at the time in camp, or on the march, will be, therefore, both interesting and valuable.]

Wednesday, Nov. 6th, 1860.—Cast my first vote to-day for Bell and

Everett. Very little excitement. Citizens go to the polls, cast their vote and return to their homes, impressed with the solemn fact that this day is to decide the destiny of our country. Dark and lowering clouds hover over the political horizon. The recent elections in the northern States indicate the triumph of the Republican party, in which event a disruption of the Union, and a civil war will probably follow, as the South will not submit to a sectional President, and the North will not submit to a peaceable separation.

January 1st, 1861.—Another year with its pleasures, and its pains, has passed away. The year 1860 will be as memorable in history as the year 1776. The one witnessed the birth of the Union; the other, its death. We are no longer a united and happy people. The "star spangled banner" no longer waves "o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave." That proud banner, once the emblem of liberty, and manly independence, has been torn down by the hands of the intoxicated North. The people of the South cannot consent to live under a government in whose administration they virtually have no voice. They are, therefore, compelled to assert their independence, and withdraw from the Federal Union.

May 4th, 1861.—Left Memphis to-night at 9 o'clock, on the steamer H. R. W. Hill, in the company of "Hickory Rifles," under the command of Captain John D. Martin.* Our company marched in the afternoon to the Second Presbyterian church, where we were presented with a beautiful flag by the ladies of Memphis. The presentation was made by Miss Sallie White, and was responded to by Sergeant Chas. Pucci,† in a very appropriate and handsome speech. The Rev. Dr. Grundy,‡ pastor of the church, presented the company with one hundred pocket Testaments, and sent us forth with patriotic words, together with an earnest prayer, and benediction. The officers of our company are John D. Martin, M. D., Captain; Tony Bartlett, First Lieutenant; John S. Donelson,|| Second Lieutenant; Carter B. Oliver, Third Lieutenant; and George Mellersh, Orderly Sergeant. I bring up the rear as Fourth Corporal.

May 5th, 1861.—Arrived at Randolph this morning at 11 o'clock. Raining all day. Was detained on board the boat as "Corporal of the guard," which was very fortunate for me, as the company, after march-

*Killed at Corinth, Mississippi, in command of a brigade.

†Killed in battle.

‡Died in Kentucky.

||Killed at Chickamauga.

ing up a very steep hill to their camping ground, about one mile from the river, returned to the boat, as the inclemency of the weather prevented the pitching of tents. Our gallant Captain marched his men up the hill and marched them down again.

May 6th, 1861.—This morning at 5 o'clock we were roused from our slumbers by the booming of cannon, fell into line, and answered to "roll call."

Our "mess" is composed of six good fellows, among whom is "Dan," the "baby of the regiment," or the "infant" as some are pleased to call him. He is about six feet and three inches in height, and weighs about three hundred pounds. He has the peculiar faculty of purchasing chicken and pigs without money, looking upon such locomotive property, when brought within his reach, as the gifts of providence. This morning he accidentally, as he says, let an axe slip from his hand, and struck a fat pig on the head. Fresh pork was on the bill of fare for dinner, and the neighbors wondered where the soldiers got so much pork. But the "mess" will pay for the pig, and "Dan" will learn, before we meet the Yankees, that one of the duties of a good soldier is to respect, and protect private property, even though it be in the form of a trespassing pig.

Ordered with a squad of twenty men, to pitch tents for the company.

May 7th, 1861.—Roused from sleep this morning at five o'clock by the tap of the drum. Sleeping in an open tent with one blanket is not comfortable.

Wednesday, May 8th.—Beautiful day. Squad drill at nine o'clock, company parade at four o'clock, and regimental drill at five o'clock is the order of the day. Our respected Captain, Jno. D. Martin was to-day elected Major of the regiment by a handsome majority. Our regiment is the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, and is under the command of Colonel Preston Smith, with *Marcus J. Wright as Lieutenant Colonel.

May 10th.—A dark and gloomy day. No morning drill on account of the unfavorable weather. Spent the day in walking to Randolph, and cleaning my gun which was considerably damaged by the heavy rain last night.

May 14th, 1861.—This morning, Sergeant George Mellersh was unanimously elected Captain of the "Hickory Rifles."

May 17th.—To-day at two o'clock the alarm was sounded, and

*Promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.

springing to our guns we were promptly on the ground ready for action ; but the alarm proved false, and we returned to our camp with " nobody hurt." Received a box of cakes from home, for which my thanks are due to my excellent mother.

May 20th.—This morning the Third Regiment of Tennessee volunteers arrived at Randolph. There are now about three thousand troops stationed here under the command of General Jno. L. T. Sneed.

May 24th, 1861.—To-night we sleep on our arms, ready to meet the foe at a moment's notice. Captain James Hamilton, of the " Southern Guards," dined with me to-day.

May 25th.—Beautiful day. Pleasant drill at noon. Summoned to go on " picket duty." A detachment of the " Memphis Light Dragoons," arrived this evening amid the cheers of the " Bluff City Grays," and the " Hickory Rifles."

Sunday, May 26th.—No sleep last night, as I was " Corporal of the Guard," and could not, with my sense of a soldier's duty, sleep between watch. Spent the night walking from post to post. Read a chapter from the gospel of Matthew this morning. Have been very negligent of my religious duties, owing to the publicity of camp life, but hope by the grace of God to be more careful in the future. A Christian should never be ashamed to be found upon his knees. This evening, the news of the death of Colonel Ellsworth, of the New York Zouaves, was received.

May 27th.—To-day as I was going to the river to meet the steamer Ingomar, from Memphis, the bugle sounded the alarm, and some one of a very fruitful imagination, reported five steamboats coming down the river. The camp was in a blaze of excitement, and the soldiers panted for the opportunity to display their valor, but to the great disappointment of our brave and chivalrous boys no foe appeared. It seems that General Sneed had given orders to the bugler to practice the alarm at four o'clock, and the bugler understanding the order to be, give the alarm, roused the camp, and caused the commotion among the braves.

May 30th, 1861.—Was ordered by General Sneed to detail four men, and proceed to Hatchie river, to guard some sons of the Emerald Isle, who were engaged in sinking a steamboat across the mouth of the river.

The steamer Ingomar arrived from Memphis, about nine o'clock with a number of passengers, among them, many of the most beautiful daughters of the " Bluff City." Off for Hatchie river with my guard in the morning.

The Battle of Fredericksburg.

PAPER NO. 1.

By General E. P. ALEXANDER.

CROSSING THE RIVER AND OCCUPYING THE TOWN.

On the 15th of November General Burnside put his columns in motion towards Fredericksburg, and on the same day General Lee ordered Lewis's Battery and a Mississippi regiment of infantry, which had been guarding railroad bridges near Richmond, to reinforce the Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Ball, which was in observation at that point. This force reached Fredericksburg on the 17th, a short while before the arrival at Falmouth of the head of the Federal column under Major-General Sumner, and a small artillery duel occurred between Lewis's Battery and a Federal rifle battery, under a Captain Pettit, the latter having decidedly the best of it, as Lewis carried but four very inferior guns. Much credit was claimed at the time for this small Confederate force for preventing the crossing of the Rappahannock by the Federals, but, however impudent its intentions may have been, this claim cannot be admitted, for Sumner had positive orders from Burnside not to cross; and these orders were reiterated that night, on Sumner's asking permission to go over and take Lewis's guns. Meanwhile, information being received from the cavalry of the appearance of Federal gunboats and transports at Acquia Creek, and of large wagon trains moving from Catlett's Station towards Falmouth, on the 17th General Lee ordered General Longstreet to march rapidly to Fredericksburg with McLaws's and Ransom's Divisions of Infantry, accompanied by their battalion of artillery, W. H. F. Lee's Brigade of Cavalry, and Lane's rifle battery from the Reserve Artillery. At the same time General Stuart was ordered to force a crossing of the Rappahannock at Warrenton Springs, and discover the enemy's movements. This being gallantly done, the cavalry advanced as far as Warrenton, and found that Burnside's base had been changed to Acquia Creek, and his whole army was on the march towards Falmouth. On receipt of this information, on the 19th the remainder of Longstreet's corps and the Reserve Artillery was put in motion for Fredericksburg, *via* Raccoon and Morton's Fords, and Jackson's Corps was ordered from the Valley to concentrate at Orange C. H.

On the 20th Burnside's entire army was concentrated opposite Fredericksburg, and on the same day McLaws's and Ransom's Divisions under

Longstreet, having just arrived, made hurried dispositions for battle on the hills overlooking the town from the west. On the 21st the Mayor of Fredericksburg was summoned by General Sumner to surrender the town by 5 P. M., or prepare to receive a bombardment at 9 A. M. on the next day. By direction of General Lee, who had now also arrived, a reply was returned that the occupation of the city by Federal forces would be resisted, but that the Confederates would refrain from using it for military purposes, although this promise was no concession, for the town had not been and could not be of any military use, further than to shelter a picket force, which, of course, it was not pretended would be removed, the Federal commander withdrew his threat and the town was never fired upon until the 11th of December, when the desperate resistance of Barksdale's Mississippians from the cover of the houses induced and justified a bombardment.

In view, however, of the imminence of a battle, General Lee advised the inhabitants of Fredericksburg to vacate the city, that their presence might not trammel his defence, and although the weather was most inclement, the thermometer being near zero, almost the whole population removed and found the best shelters they could, cheerfully giving their homes to be a battle-field. The neighboring country, houses and churches were filled, sometimes with dozens of families, to whom rations were issued by the Commissaries, and many women and children encamped in the forest in brush and blanket shelters, where the sight of their cheerfully borne sufferings nerved many a heart for the coming struggle.

On the 22nd of November, the whole of the First Corps was concentrated and in position as follows:

Anderson held the crest of hills from Banks's Ford to Hazel Run, with his brigades in the following order, from left to right, viz: Wilcox, Wright, Mahone, Perry and Featherston. McLaws stood upon his right with Cobb, Kershaw, Barksdale and Semmes. Pickett formed on McLaws's right with Jenkins, Corse, Kemper, Armistead and Garnett. Hood held the extreme right, and extended his line to Hamilton's crossing, over five miles distant from the left flank; his brigades being Laws's, F. T. Anderson's, Benning's, and the Texas brigade under Robertson. Ransom, with his own and Cooke's brigades, formed the reserve. The Engineer and Artillery officers were ordered to assign positions to the artillery, and to build pits for them, but their positions were ordered to be located, more with a view to reply to the enemy's batteries which were being built on the north bank of the river, than to be used in repelling assaults upon their own positions. The work of

fortification went on very slowly, on account of the great scarcity of tools, and the inclement weather, the ground being frozen for many days, and when the enemy crossed the river, on the 11th of December, there were ready for him on the whole line, only about forty detached pits, holding a gun each, but without shelter for ammunition or for infantry supports.

Each army closely picketed the river bank in its front, but there was no picket firing, and for the first time in the war, the individuals on each side were content to walk post quietly, but a hundred yards apart, and await orders to kill from their commanders. So for three weeks, daily, the opposing forces drilled and paraded in sight, and in range of each others, numerous guns, or gathered on the hill tops and watched the Federal balloons floating above the smoke of their numberless fires, and the slow growth of the red batteries, so soon to become volcanoes of carnage.

Meanwhile the Federal advance was delayed in several ways. On the arrival of the head of his column, under Sumner, General Burnside forbade the crossing, then easy to accomplish, by fording, until his communications should be established. By the time that this was done, the opposing force had been so augmented, that it was deemed advisable to wait for pontoon bridges, and when these arrived the balloonists reported such an increase of the Confederate force behind the opposite hills, that a flank movement was preferred to a direct advance, and arrangements were made to cross at Skenker's Neck, twelve miles below Falmouth. Before these arrangements were complete, General Lee's attention had been drawn in that direction by the appearance of some gunboats below Port Royal, and Jackson's corps had been brought from Orange Courthouse, and D. H. Hill's and Early's division of that corps thrown in that neighborhood, and the balloonists seeing this, reported that the plan was discovered, and it was thereupon abandoned. General Burnside had hoped to postpone active operations until Spring,* but the temper of the Federal administration, and the northern people, would allow no such delay, so he decided to give up his flank movement, make a direct attack, and endeavor to surprise Lee before he could concentrate.

It will be seen from the topography of the situation, as shown in any map of the battle-field, that the crossing of the river could scarcely be seriously contested by the Confederates; the Stafford Heights on the north side approaching close to the river, and completely commanding

*Swinton, *Army of the Potomac*, p. 233.

the opposite plain, which afforded no shelter for troops, and was, moreover, enfiladed from above Falmouth, while the narrow and deep bed of the river effectually concealed the positions of the pontoon bridges from the Confederate artillery on the southern hills. The Confederates, therefore, were compelled simply to await the advance of the enemy after he had crossed, and to resist this, their position was generally good. It was, however, only in the approaching battle that both armies seemed to learn the full value of infantry epaulements, however slight, and none had been provided at the two weakest points of the line, viz: at Marye's Hill—a low and unflanked salient bluff, extending from the telegraph road to Stansbury's house—or at Hamilton's crossing, where the right flank rested in the air. Other parts of the line of battle were, more or less, defended with breast heights, according to the ideas of the different officers, and the more or less definite appreciation of where the stand would be made. The line held by General McLaws, was particularly well laid off and fortified; and though it was not attacked, its strength allowed two brigades to be drawn from it to meet the assault on Marye's Hill.

General Burnside's preparations being at last complete, on the night of the 10th of December he devoted himself to his task,

“ With a hundred thousand men
For the Rebel slaughter pen,
And the blessed Union Flag a flying o'er him.”

During the night one hundred and forty-seven guns, many of them twenty and thirty-pounder rifles, crowned the hills and filled the earthworks, while the banks were lined with troops, and the pontoon boats were deposited on the brink of the river. Five bridges were to be constructed. Three opposite to the town, for the passage of Sumner's and Hooker's grand divisions, and two for Franklin's grand division, at points about two miles below. Meanwhile General Lee was by no means taken by surprise. It was reported in the army that a good Virginia lady, whose house was in the Federal lines, came to the river on the 10th and called across to a cavalry picket that a very large issue of rations had just been made, and that the men had been ordered to cook them immediately, which was at once reported to General Lee. However this may be, about noon, on the 10th, orders were received to push to completion immediately all unfinished batteries, and at dark came further orders to be under arms at dawn. The town was occupied at the time, by the brigade of General Barksdale, of McLaws's division, who picketed the river from a point opposite Lacy's house as

far down as one-fourth of a mile below the mouth of Deep Run. From Lacy's house to Falmouth, the river was picketed by the 3d Georgia Regiment, under Colonel Walker, and the 8th Florida, under Captain Lang, the latter being on the right, and under the command of General Barksdale.

At 2 A. M. on the morning of the 11th, General Barksdale reported that the enemy was preparing to lay pontoon bridges opposite the town, and that he would open fire at dawn. His command was posted as follows :

In the upper part of the city, along the river street, and hidden behind walls and houses, were about a hundred men of the Eighth Florida Regiment under Captain Lang. Next came the Seventeenth Mississippi under Lieutenant-Colonel Fizer, with his right wing commanded by Captain Govan, and reinforced by three companies of the Eighteenth Mississippi (A. I. and K.), commanded by Lieutenant Radcliff, and three of the Eighth Florida (A. D. and F.) under Captain Boyd, the latter being posted below the town. The Thirteenth Mississippi also furnished ten selected marksmen to this skirmish line, which numbered about three hundred and seventy-five rifles, and was under the general control of Lieutenant-Colonel Fizer. This force was supported on the left by the Thirteenth Mississippi, under Colonel Carter, and on the right by the right wing of the Twenty-First Mississippi under Major Moody, each posted a short distance in rear. The left wing of the Twenty-First, under Colonel Humphries was held in reserve at the market house.

The Eighteenth Mississippi under Lieutenant-Colonel Luse was posted along the river from a half mile above to a quarter of a mile below the mouth of Deep Run.

The inhabitants remaining in the city were warned of what was coming, and most of them fled precipitately, although a few, even of the women, preferred to take the chances and remained throughout the conflict.

The morning dawned at last through a dense smoky mist which filled the valleys so that the limit of vision was less than a hundred yards. This peculiar fog, which strongly resembled the haze of an Indian summer, but was very dense, returned nightly during the struggle, and generally prevailed until nearly noon, and it was of material advantage to the Federals in veiling their movements and masses of troops from the Confederate artillery. As soon as the increasing light enabled the marksmen to see, and a little time had been afforded the fugitive inhabitants to get out of range, the Federal pontoniers, having ad-

vanced one bridge about thirty feet in the stream and commenced another, a murderous volley of musketry was poured into them by Colonel Fizer's command, and at the same instant the boom of two Confederate signal guns, announced to the two armies that they were again to test each other's mettle.

At the report of the signal guns the Confederate forces already under arms, moved into their positions in the order already detailed. Lane's Battery from the General Reserve, with six guns, one of them a twelve pound Whitworth rifle, occupied Taylor's Hill on the extreme left. Between that point and the plank-road were placed the batteries of Huger, Grandy, Lewis and Maurin, the latter being on Marye's Hill, just to the left of the plank-road, Parker's Battery of Alexander's Reserve Battalion was advanced to Stansbury's house. The rest of this battalion was held in reserve in rear of this house, except Rhett's Rifle Battery, which enfiladed the plank-road from a high hill overlooking Marye's from the rear, and Eubanks, which was temporarily with Pickett's Division.

Nine guns of the Washington Artillery under Colonel Walton, occupied the pits on Marye's Hill to the right of the plank-road, and a short distance in their rear Mosely's Battery of six guns was kept in reserve. On Lee's Hill, and to the right were posted twenty-one guns, for the most part rifles, under Colonel Cabell and Major Hamilton, while seventeen smooth-bores, under Major Nelson, of the General Reserve, were held in hand close in the rear.*

Among the guns in position on Lee's Hill, were two thirty-pound Parrotts, under Lieutenant Anderson, which had just been sent from Richmond, and one Whitworth rifle, the rest being all light field guns. Along the front of Pickett's Division, were posted the guns of Garnett's Battalion, Reilly's Battery and a part of Ross's Battery of the General Reserve, extending to Deep Run. Backman's and Garden's Batteries were posted in General Hood's front, with Patterson's Battery and part of Ross's from the Reserve.

It must be stated in this connection that in no battle during the war was the Confederate artillery ammunition more defective than in that of Fredericksburg. There were three or four Whitworth Rifles which fired wonderfully far, and with great accuracy, but they were only

*The guns under Colonel Cabell was from Reid's, Macon's, Cooper's, Branch's, Coalter's, Ell's, Eubank's, Dearing's, and McCarthy's Batteries. Those under Major Nelson were from McCarthy's and Coalter's Batteries and from the General Reserve.

supplied with solid shot, and but scantily with these. The two thirty-pound Parrotts did beautiful practice until they were burst, one at the thirty-ninth round and the other at the fifty-fourth. The smooth-bores were all supplied with the badly made Bormann fuzes which cursed the Confederate artillery, from the beginning of the war until the end of 1863, for although their manufacture was discontinued shortly after this battle, the supplies on hand in the ordinance depots all had to be used up, and they were scarcely exhausted until after the battle of Gettysburg. They were, therefore, forbidden to fire over the heads of the infantry except with solid shot, and wherever they were tempted to disregard this order, the result was generally nearly as fatal to friend as foe. The position at Marye's Hill was fortunately an exception to this rule, as the features of the ground gave the infantry in front great protection; but, even here, an officer* lost his arm, and several other casualties occurred from premature explosions of our own shell.

The rifle guns were even worse than the smooth-bores, for they carried no solid shot, and had no percussion shells or case shot, their only ammunition being time-fuze shell and canister. Their shell were not only liable to burst prematurely, often in the gun,† but when they did not do this they rarely burst at all, and very many of them would "tumble" and fall, and very far short of their targets. Had the Confederate artillerists possessed the guns and ammunition of their opponents, it would be difficult to over-estimate the damage they could have inflicted, for not only would the losses have been far greater in their assaulting and retreating columns, but the dense masses of infantry, and moving columns of all arms, and enormous parks of wagons constantly visible on the north bank, and moving to and from their bridges, must have suffered, it is no exaggeration to say, thousands of casualties. As it was, they were seldom fired at, and so rarely hit that it is doubtful if fifty men were hurt upon the north bank by artillery projectiles. Only within canister range could the Confederate artillerists take full advantage of their opportunities, and what these opportunities were, may be judged from the fact that in spite of these disadvantages, it was stated in Northern papers at the time, that one-fifth of all the losses were caused by artillery projectiles.

The volley poured by Colonel Fizer's command into the bridge builders, was the signal for a sharp fusilade, which immediately greeted

*Captain Fulkinson, of the Seventeenth Mississippi.

†It was supposed that this caused the explosion of the two thirty-pound Parrotts referred to above.

them along the whole line. The first blow was struck, and so well aimed was it that the engineer troops were soon driven from their work with decimated ranks, and the loss of the directing officer, Captain Cross, and all work upon the bridges suspended until the Confederate marksmen could be driven away. To accomplish this a number of guns were turned on their positions, and a strong force of infantry deployed to assist; but the Confederate marksmen, sheltering themselves from the storm of artillery missiles as best they could, replied so well to the infantry, that two regiments alone, opposite the city, suffered* one hundred and fifty casualties in a very short while. Under cover of this fire several fresh efforts were made to complete the bridges, but the pontoniers were unable to bear the strain for more than a few minutes at a time, and the work hardly progressed. About 10 o'clock General Burnside, probably at a loss what else to do, ordered every available gun to be trained upon the city, and fifty rounds fired from each. Few more magnificent spectacles were presented in the war than the one which followed, as viewed from the Confederate heights. The city, except its steeples, was veiled in the mist which yet settled in the valley. Above it, and in it, but partly obscured, could be seen the bright flashes, and round white clouds, which showed the positions of hundreds of bursting shells, and out of its midst swelled and rose dense black columns of smoke from several houses fired by their explosions. The amphitheatre of hills on the Federal side was crowned with forty blazing batteries, canopied in smoke, and shaking the earth with the incessant peals, at the rate of over a hundred per minute, while the slopes were darkened with near a hundred thousand infantry, who, in straight lines, compact column, and regular masses, powerfully impressed the mind with a sense of the tremendous and disciplined energies of war.

The more distant hills shone with numerous parks of white covered wagons and ambulances, and a thousand feet above the scene hovered two huge balloons, bearing watchful observers of the Confederate lines. From these lines not a gun replied, but their silence was ominous to those who appreciated the useful as distinguished from the moral effort of artillery, and the Confederate cannoneers and guns looked silently on, reserving themselves until the masses of infantry should come within their range. Groups of officers, and the refugee inhabitants,

*These regiments were the 57th New York, under Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, and the 66th New York, under Lieutenant-Colonel Bull, of Zooks's brigade, Hancock's division.—Swinton's Army of the Potomac.

gathered on the hills to gaze, and many a word of praise was spoken of the indomitable Barksdale, who still held his position in the very focus of this *feu d'enfer*, and whose rifles were still heard piping up a toney treble in defiance of the mighty roar, and again driving back the bridge builders, who, under cover of this fire, had attempted to renew their work. After more than an hour's continuance, and an expenditure of many thousand rounds of artillery ammunition, the bombardment was slackened in despair, and matters came to a stand-still, so far as the town was concerned. The Confederates had suffered severe loss,* but they still held their positions, and had driven the bridge builders from their work in nine separate efforts made to complete it. Most important among the losses, was that of Captain Lang, commanding the 8th Florida, who fell about 11 A. M., severely wounded in the head, after having done gallant and efficient service with his regiment. No one seems to have assumed command after his fall, and its subsequent services were consequently almost lost.

Meanwhile, Colonel Lure, at the mouth of Deep Run, had delayed the pontoniers until nearly noon, when the lifting of the fog, exposing their positions accurately to the enemy's guns, and the ground affording no shelter whatever, they were driven into the ravine of Deep Run, and some adjacent hollow. Here they were reinforced by the 15th South Carolina, under Colonel DeSaussure, and the 16th Georgia, under Colonel Bryan, and remained until the enemy had completed his bridges, and commenced to cross his infantry, when by order of General Kershaw, Colonel DeSaussure withdrew the whole force to the Bowling Green road, except Captain Cassell's company, of the 18th Mississippi, which was hidden in the ravine of Deep Run, until the advance of the enemy's skirmishers, about sun-down, when it was also withdrawn, after a slight skirmish, to the road. These troops remained in this position, without fires, during the night, which was of such intense cold that one member of the 15th South Carolina was frozen to death, and several others were frost-bitten.

Opposite the city matters remained at a dead-lock until late in the afternoon, when, on the suggestion of General Hunt, Burnside's Chief of Artillery, it was decided to cross a force in the pontoon boats, to drive off the sharpshooters, who still kept the bridge builders from their work. The 7th Michigan regiment, and the 19th and 20th Massachusetts regiments volunteered for the duty. These regiments, sheltered

*One shell threw down a chimney on a portion of the 17th Mississippi, and killed six.

behind the piles of bridge material, first opened a vigorous fire upon Colonel Fizer's position, aided by a fresh opening of the batteries. Under cover of this fire, a number of boats were prepared, into which the men were then rushed, and the boats pulled rapidly for the southern bank. The Mississippi marksmen kept up their fire, and with effect, until the boats were under shelter of the banks, when, having already delayed the enemy even longer than the occasion required, Colonel Fizer ordered his small force to fall back to the market house, where it was again disposed to resist the enemy's advance. The troops who first crossed in the boats, remained under shelter of the bank, until reinforced by other boat loads, when they advanced a short distance in the city, and captured about a hundred sharpshooters, who did not know of the retreat of their comrades, or who were unwilling to run the gauntlet to escape. Among the prisoners were the three companies of the 8th Florida, under Captain Boyd, which were captured entire. Captain Boyd had protested in the morning that his position was too exposed, and although he occupied it during the day, he kept up but little fire from it. The bridges were now rapidly completed, and troops crossed over, and about sun-down, Howard's division advanced into the city, and encountered Colonels Carter and Humphries with parts of the 13th and 21st Mississippi regiments. A sharp skirmish ensued, and was continued for two hours after dark, when the enemy retired to the vicinity of his bridges. About 7 P. M., there being no longer any object in holding the town, General McLaws ordered the force in the town to be withdrawn to the telegraph road, under Marye's Hill, a position which he had selected for another obstinate stand. General Barksdale expressed his belief that he could hold the town, and begged permission to do so, but the order was reiterated, and on the morning of the 12th the Confederate force was formed at the foot of the line of hills over-looking the plain, upon which the Federal army was now debouching. The losses of only three of the five regiments in the town were reported separately for this day, and they were as follows: 8th Florida—seven killed, thirty-seven wounded, forty-four missing, total, eighty-eight; 21st Mississippi—seventeen killed, thirty-eight wounded, sixteen missing, total, seventy-one; 13th Mississippi—total, one hundred and sixteen.

On the 12th, the crossing of the Federal army was continued, and occupied nearly the whole day. Sumner's Grand Division crossed opposite the town and was sheltered on the two lower streets parallel to the river, which were on a slope toward the stream. The Ninth Corps on its left flank, extended to Deep Run, where it connected with Frank-

lin's Grand Division, which crossed at the lower bridges, and formed behind the bluffs between the Bowling Green road and the river. The Third Corps, belonging to Hooker's Grand Division also crossed at the latter place, his other Corps, the Fifth, being held in reserve on the left bank until the 13th. The fog completely hid the Federal movements until nearly noon, and no fighting occurred, except a liberal shelling of the Confederate batteries, from the opposite shore, and a little practice by the latter at infantry columns when exposed in easy range. A few beautiful shot were made into these, and some of Colonel Cabell's guns also drove off a Federal battery which had advanced on the north side of Deep Run, but the quality as well as the quantity of ammunition on hand restricted the practice. About 10 A. M., A. P. Hill's Division, of Jackson's Corps, relieved Hood's Division which was withdrawn across Deep Run, and relieved Pickett's Division, to be placed in reserve. During the afternoon a small body of the enemy's cavalry deployed along the railroad, probably covering a reconnoissance, and were attacked and driven back by three companies from Toomb's and Law's brigades.

About dark Pickett's Division was again placed in the line, relieving Hood, and the latter took position on the hills east of Deep Run, in support of A. P. Hill's left flank. The lines of battle of the two armies bivouaced during the night, with but a mile of open ground between them, and quietly awaited the conflict inevitable on the morrow.

Sketch of the Third Battery of Maryland Artillery.

By Captain W. L. RITTER.

PAPER No. 2.

FOR VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

With the 20th of December came an order for the brigade to proceed to Vicksburg, where it arrived on the 2nd of January, 1863. On the 23d, three guns of the battery were sent to Warrenton, a few miles down the river. Two days later one section, under Sergeant Langley, was sent down the river on secret service, on the steamer Archer. At this time Lieutenants Rowan and Patten, who had accompanied the wagon train overland, had not yet arrived with the horses belonging to the battery, and Captain Latrobe and Lieutenant Erwin were away on leave of absence.

The Archer went up the Red river to fort Da Russy, and on the 27th the battery fired fifteen rounds into the De Soto, which had been captured by the enemy but a few days before, while stopping to take in wood.

Three days after, a twelve-pounder howitzer, with a gun detachment under Sergeant Toomey, was sent up the Mississippi to General Farguson's command on Deer Creek. Thus the battery was divided into three parts, scattered up and down the river. Meanwhile Lieutenants Rowan and Patten having rejoined the battery with the horses, it was now again ready for the field. The guns at Warrenton were at this time placed under the command of Lieutenant Patten.

Early on the morning of the 2nd of February, the ram, Queen of the West, passed the batteries at Vicksburg, and proceeded down the river. As she passed Warrenton, Patten opened on her without effect; but as she returned on the 4th, Sergeant Ritter hailed her with about sixty rounds of shot and shell, eliciting the compliment from her commander, that "those guns at Warrenton annoyed him more, on his return, than the seige pieces at Vicksburg." A few days later, the Queen of the West again passed down, during the night, and went up Red river to Fort De Russy, where she was captured by the Confederates.

Sergeant Langley's section was now transferred from the Archer to the Queen of the West; and immediately after, the latter, with the Grand Era and the Webb, proceeded up the Mississippi to the Grand Gulf, where, on the 24th, they captured the iron-clad Indianola. This vessel was a formidable craft, armed with eleven-inch guns, and had just run the blockade at Vicksburg.

Captain James McCloskey, of General Richard Taylor's staff, commanded the Queen. The entire Confederate fleet was commanded by Major J. L. Brent. A correspondent speaking of this affair says:

"In closing we cannot refrain from mentioning specially the command of Sergeant E. H. Langley, of the 3rd Maryland Artillery. He had detachments for two guns, (thirteen men,) on the Queen, and was in command of the two Parrott guns. He himself took charge of the eighty-six pounder bow-gun, with which he remained during the action, neither he nor his men leaving their much exposed position. While the bow of the Queen was yet resting against the side of the Indianola, his guns were still manned and fired. Aside from the courage thus shown, his skill and judgment in manœuvring his piece in so contracted a space, is certainly deserving of the highest praise."

The officers and crew of the Indianola were made prisoners, and the

vessel formed a valuable addition to the small Confederate fleet on the Mississippi. Her subsequent career, however, was a brief one, as she was fired and abandoned by a Lieutenant of infantry, who, with a small detachment, had been placed in charge. The enemy above Vicksburg had set adrift an imitation ironclad, made of a coal barge, with pine logs for guns. As it floated down near the Indianola, the Lieutenant in charge became alarmed at the approach of so formidable a craft, and decamped after setting fire to his vessel.

Admiral Porter was much chagrined at the loss of this fine ironclad, of which so much had been expected, and thus announced his loss :

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
February 27th, 1863.

To Secretary Gideon Wells :

Sir—I regret to inform you that the Indianola has also fallen into the hands of the enemy. The rams Webb and Queen of the West, attacked her, twenty-five miles from here, and rammed her until she surrendered, etc.

DAVID D. PORTER.

Lieutenant Patten, on March the 1st, was ordered to Red river, to take command of the section of the 3d Maryland aboard the Queen of the West. He found her at Shreveport, Louisiana. In the April following, the Queen, with the Lizzie Simmons as a supply boat, made an attack on the Federal fleet in Grand Lake, Louisiana, and during the engagement was set on fire by a shell from the enemy. The crew jumped over-board, and attempted to swim ashore. Many were drowned, as the distance they had to swim was about four miles. The fire soon reached the magazine of the Queen, when her eventful career was ended by an explosion, blowing her into fragments.

Many of the crew were killed in the action, some were drowned, as related above, and others were picked up by the enemy; among these was Captain Fuller, the commander of the Queen. Only four of the Third Maryland made their escape. I subjoin a list of its losses, in this disastrous affair of April 14th, on Grand Lake.

Killed in the action, or drowned in endeavoring to escape from the burning Queen : Lieutenant William T. Patten, Sergeant Edward H. Langley, Corporals Joseph Edgar and Michael H. O'Connell, Privates Thomas Bowler, S. Chafin, Edward Kenn and H. L. McKisick.

Lieutenant Patten was drowned. He was from Port Deposit, Cecil county, Maryland. In March, 1858, he went into business at Cleveland, Tennessee, and in 1860 removed to Alabama, where he remained

till the beginning of the war. He then joined the Third Alabama, which was ordered to Virginia in May, 1861. In September of that year he was transferred to the Third Maryland. His death was deeply regretted by his comrades, as that of a good soldier, a gentleman, and best of all, a Christian.

Sergeant Langley was a brave soldier, and had rendered most efficient service in capturing the vessel on which he met his death.

Captain Latrobe left the service on the 1st of March, 1863, and Lieutenant Claiborne succeeded to the Captaincy. On the 17th of March, Orderly Sergeant William L. Ritter was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Holmes Erwin, Junior Second Lieutenant. On March 21st, Lieutenant Ritter was promoted to Senior Second Lieutenant, and Patten to Junior First; at the same time Sergeant Thomas D. Giles was elected Junior Second Lieutenant, to fill the vacancy caused by Lieutenant Ritter's promotion.

The battery remained encamped at Jett's plantation until General Grant crossed his army at Grand Gulf; when it accompanied Pemberton's army to meet him at Baker's Creek, and was engaged in the battle fought there. On the 18th of May it returned with the army to Vicksburg. There were no casualties in the battle of Baker's Creek, except the capture of private Henry Stewart, who afterwards died at Fort Delaware.

During the siege of Vicksburg several of the men were wounded, and two were killed, Captain Claiborne and private John S. Cosson.

Captain Claiborne was struck by a piece of shell, on the 22nd of June, and fell without uttering a word. He was a fine officer, and a braver one never drew blade in any cause. In him the South lost a generous, gallant and magnanimous man. He was a native of Mississippi, a grandson of General F. L. Claiborne, of Natchez, well known among the early settlers of Alabama, and a cousin of Ferdinand C. Latrobe, ex-Mayor of Baltimore. During his early youth his father removed to New Orleans, where the son was educated. At the outbreak of the war he joined Captain Gladdin's company of Crescent City Rifles, and served for a time at Pensacola, and afterward in Virginia. In September, 1861, he was transferred to the Third Maryland. His wound was through the heart and he died instantly.

Lieutenant Rowan was promoted to the Captaincy, on the 30th of June, and Lieutenant Ritter was made First Lieutenant, Lieutenant Giles Senior Second Lieutenant, and Sergeant J. W. Doncaster, Junior Second Lieutenant.

When, on the 4th of July, Vicksburg surrendered, three officers and

seventy men of the Third Maryland Artillery fell into the enemy's hands. Five of their guns, one hundred and thirty horses and mules, and all the appliances of a six-gun battery were also given up.

THE DETACHED COMMAND.

Only one gun, under command of Lieutenant Ritter remained. To trace its history, it will be necessary to return to a point three months previous to the fall of Vicksburg, when, on the 2nd of April, Lieutenant Ritter was ordered to the command of Toomey's detachment of the Third Maryland, and Johnston's detachment of Corput's Georgia battery, previously commanded by Lieutenant T. Jeff. Bates, of Waddell's Alabama Artillery. This section, with one of a Louisiana battery under Lieutenant Cottonham, and one of Bledsoe's Missouri battery, were all under the command of Lieutenant R. L. Wood, of the Missouri Artillery, and were part of a force under Brigadier-General Ferguson, which had for several months been operating along the Mississippi. Their employment was to harrass the enemy, by firing into their vessels of war and transports. When in March, 1863, Porter's fleet of five gunboats entered Black Bayou in order to flank the Confederate batteries at Snyder's Bluff, General Ferguson met him at Rolling Fork; and after an engagement lasting three days, drove him back, inflicting considerable loss.

The greatest execution in this battle, strange to say, was done not by the Confederate artillery, whose shot rolled harmlessly upon the backs of the ironclads, but by the sharpshooters. These were mainly Texans, who acted with characteristic daring. They approached the very bank of the stream, and fired into the port-holes of the vessels, as soon as these were opened by the Federals for a shot at the Confederate artillery. The enemy labored under the additional disadvantage of being unable to depress their pieces sufficiently to reach their antagonists, so that their shell damaged only the tree tops. Harrassed and annoyed past endurance, they at length withdrew.

During April, nothing of special note occurred. Steel's command of Federals employed itself in its usual manner, in burning dwellings, barns and gin-houses along Deer Creek.

On the 29th of April, Lieutenant Ritter, with his section of artillery, was ordered to join the force under Major Bridges, at Fish Lake, near Greenville, Mississippi. He arrived there on the 1st of May, and the next day proceeded to the river to fire upon the boats which were continually passing. The object of the Confederates was to prevent, as

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much as possible, reinforcements from reaching General Grant at Vicksburg.

Soon after the arrival of Ritter's section, a transport appeared in view, ascending the river. Lieutenant Ritter opened fire on her, some of the shells exploding upon her deck, and others passing through her. She got by, but cast anchor a few miles up the river to repair damages. A swamp prevented further attack on her at her anchorage.

The firing had scarcely ceased, when a gun-boat came in sight. The section took position behind the levee, where it would be sheltered somewhat during the engagement which was now anticipated. Lieutenant Ritter had taken the precaution to cut abrasures in the levee, so that he might thus protect his guns in an emergency.

Approaching within range, the gun-boat proceeded at once to open fire on the Confederates. The latter replied with shot and shell, and the engagement lasted about half an hour, when the enemy steamed away. It was afterwards ascertained that the vessel was iron-plated only about the port-holes, for the protection of her gunners, and that some of the shells had passed through her.

About the 1st of May, Lieutenant Cottonham's section was ordered to Vicksburg.

On the morning of the 4th, one of Major Bridges scouts brought the news that a transport, heavily laden with stores, was coming down the river. Lieutenant Ritter masked his guns at a point where the current ran in near the bank, and awaited the vessel's approach. Soon the black smoke of a steamer was seen rising above the tree tops, beyond Carter's Bend, a few miles off, and shortly afterwards she was in sight. On the vessel came, anticipating no danger. The cannoneers were ordered to their posts, the guns were loaded, and as the boat came within range, the order "fire" was given.

The stillness of the calm summer morning must have seemed to the crew rudely broken, when in quick succession the shrill report of the rifle-piece and the loud roar of the twelve-pounder howitzer broke upon their ears. The first or second shot cut the tiller-rope, and another broke a piston-rod of one of the engines. The crew, despairing of escape, hoisted a white flag of surrender, and brought the boat ashore.

Major Bridges and Lieutenant Ritter were the first to board the prize, which was found to be the Minnesota. The crew met them at the head of the saloon steps, and politely requested their captors, in true Western style, to "take a drink," which was as politely declined.

The prisoners, seventeen in number, were sent ashore, and the Con-

federates took possession. The boat was found heavily laden with Sutter's stores—flour, bacon, potatoes, pickles of all sorts, sugar, coffee, rice, ginger, syrup, cheese, butter, oranges, lemons, preserves, canned oysters, whiskey, wines, musquito nets, clothing, stationery, tobacco, etc., etc. To needy Confederates, nothing could have been more acceptable. They sat down to a luxurious dinner, which was in preparation at the time of the attack, and relished it, perhaps, more than those for whom it had been intended. Part of the festivities consisted in breaking a bottle of wine over Black Bess—Lieutenant Ritter's iron twelve-pounder—to a shot from which Major Bridges attributed the speedy surrender of the Minnesota. She had long been familiarly known to the battery by this name, but only now received her formal christening. After everything which would be of service had been brought ashore, the steamer was fired. Her value was estimated at \$250,000.

About 5 P. M., that day, the enemy's gun-boats appeared, and, without notice to the women and children upon them, began to shell the neighboring plantations.

On the 6th, the section was ordered to return to Rolling Fork, and upon its arrival, Lieutenant Ritter was complimented by General Ferguson and Lieutenant Wood, on his management of his guns. On the 14th, both sections of artillery, and Major Bridge's battalion of cavalry, were ordered to Greenville, and on the 16th proceeded to their old camp at Fish Lake.

The morning of May 18th, 1863, dawned with splendid promise. The sun rose bright and clear, chasing away the mist and fog that hid the face of the Father of Waters, and stirring to activity the contending hosts that were set in battle array along his whole course. The Confederates encamped at Fish Lake were still jubilant over their recent success with the Minnesota, and the captured stores enabled them to indulge in luxuries to which they had long been strangers. Grouped about their fires, they drank their morning coffee with all the relish due the genuine berry. Chatting over the details of their recent exploit, some sitting, and some reclining on their elbows under their bivouac shelters, they sipped the aromatic beverage with great enjoyment. If their inner-man was well-to-do, their outer-man had no less reason to rejoice in his surroundings. Their camp was snugly inclosed on all sides by a deep and primitive forest of cottonwood, magnolia and live oak. The magnolias were in full bloom, and while one variety filled the air with its delightful odor, another attracted the eye by the size of its flowers. The flora of the Mississippi Valley, as is well known, is far

more rich and splendid in tint than that of the Atlantic slope; and what with the abundance of flowering trees, interspersed with others whose foliage exhibits every variety of color and form—the profusion of bright green mosses and twining vines—the dense undergrowth of berries and vigorous shrubbery, the whole produces upon the mind a strong impression of the magnificent prodigality of nature. Add to it the enchanting effect of the sunlight of a bright May morning, and the scene becomes one of indiscribable beauty.

The Marylanders of Major Bridge's command were surrendering themselves to the charm of this romantic situation, when an order was received which made them oblivious of it all. The news had come in through the scouts that lined the river for many miles above, that a number of transports laden with reinforcements for General Grant's army at Vicksburg were coming down, and would reach Carter's Bend that morning. Immediately all was life and bustling activity, and the soldier's peculiar feeling of quiet delight at the approach of danger, took the place of the more amiable sentimentality of a few moments ago.

Major Bridges' force consisted of one section of artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Anderson, and another by Lieutenant Ritter, each with about twenty-five men, and a small squadron of Texas Rangers; the whole command numbering about two hundred and fifty men. Getting his men speedily in motion, he proceeded rapidly up the Greenville road, eight miles, to a point above Carter's Bend. The Mississippi here makes a detour of fifteen miles, and then returning upon itself, forms a peninsula, the neck of which is but a mile across. It was thought best to take this position above, rather than the one below the bend, as in case of success there would be an opportunity to fire a second time below at the vessels that had been disabled in the first attack.

The four pieces of artillery were placed on the river bank, unprotected, but masked by the thick brush that grew along the water's edge. The dismounted calvary acting as sharpshooters, and supporting the Maryland section, were disposed to the right and left along the river. The levee was about a hundred and fifty yards in the rear, and beyond that were the open fields of Carter's plantation. Thus disposed, the Confederates awaited the enemy's approach, beguiling the time by picking the luscious blackberries found here in great profusion.

They had not long to wait, as the Federal vessels soon appeared. The Crescent City, a side-wheeler, which had formerly plied between New Orleans and Memphis, led the van. She was now employed as a transport, and was laden down with troops. They covered the entire

hurricane-deck, and the water-deck below. Packed and crowded in a way that only pleasure seekers can enjoy, the steamer presented the appearance of a vessel chartered for a holiday excursion. Behind the Crescent City, at a distance of about half a mile, was a gunboat, and following that at regular intervals, four more transports. The number of troops aboard the five vessels was estimated at about four thousand infantry and calvary.

The decks of the first transport presented a scene of mirth and jolity. As the vessel drew near the Confederate battery, the latter suddenly opened a raking fire of shell and canister, which put an end to the idle dream of peace and safety. Men careless a moment before, now jumped and rushed, with yells of pain and fright, to the opposite side of the boat, thus careening it fearfully and exposing its hull to the artillerists on shore. The latter proceeded at once to fire shell into it, till the Federal officers, with a deal of swearing and yelling, got the men back and righted the boat again. Meanwhile the sharpshooters were not idle, and being good marksmen, picked off a great number. The Third Maryland fired sixteen rounds before the Crescent City got out of reach. The infantry aboard returned the fire, and wounded three Confederates. It was ascertained afterwards from a citizen who was in the vessel during the engagement, that she lost two hundred and sixty, killed and wounded. As soon as the gunboat came within easy canister range, the artillery was ordered to withdraw behind the levee in the rear.

While this was going on below, the transports above came to the shore, threw out their stages, and speedily landed a force of calvary and infantry, to capture the pestilent Confederates. The latter withdrew their artillery at once across the open fields in the direction of Greenville, while Major Bridges with the sharpshooters, remained at the levee to cover their retreat. To cover his own, he ordered Lieutenant Ritter to halt his section of artillery at a bridge across a bayou half a mile in the rear, and await further orders. He himself withdrew by another road over a bridge half a mile further up the bayou, while the enemy, in line of battle, advanced along both roads. As there was no force to hold the upper bridge, the way was open to Lieutenant Ritter's rear; and yet no "further orders" came. The Federal force had actually crossed the upper bridge, and were nearing their line of retreat, when the Third Maryland limbered up and passed down the road at a gallop. At the same moment, seeing their peril, Major Bridges ordered a countercharge of his calvary, on the other road, and thus held the enemy in check until the section was beyond the danger of capture.

Passing through a strip of woods into an adjacent plantation, the Confederates drew up in line to await the enemy. As they did not appear, the retreat was continued by the artillery.

The latter had not proceeded far, however, before a hurried order was received: "Form battery and load with canister, as the enemy will soon be upon us." Major Bridges still lingered in the very presence of their advance, being so close as to be summoned by them to surrender, but emptying his revolver into their faces by way of reply. He then came dashing back to the artillery, which let him pass with his Texans, and then opened on the Federals with eight rounds, sweeping the road clear for a distance of more than three hundred yards. The effect on them was decisive: they were thrown into the greatest confusion, many saddles were emptied, and their advance checked. A magnificent horse that had lost his rider came dashing through the smoke of the guns into the Confederate lines, and was captured.

There was another road leading to the only bridge over Black Bayou, in the Confederate rear, and fearing lest the enemy should anticipate them in reaching it, the artillery limbered up again, and set off at a gallop, not stopping till they had made the six miles intervening, and crossed that stream. White balls of foam from perspiration had formed on the backs of the artillery horses, from the severe exertion they had undergone. The cavalry picketed both roads, and skirmished for a couple of hours with the enemy's advance. The latter at length retired to Greenville, burning the town and the neighboring residences, in revenge for their losses in the fight. The Confederates followed, and returned at night-fall to their camp at Fish Lake.

Next day Major Bridges learned that the enemy held Haynes's Landing and Snyder's Bluff, and were likely to attempt his capture by sending troops up the Yazoo river in his rear.

The same evening, orders were received from General Ferguson to leave the Mississippi; to take the command across to Yazoo river; and, if it was not possible to save the guns, to run them into the river.

The situation demanded deliberation, and Major Bridges called a council of his officers.

The Missourians and Texans were for crossing the Mississippi; but Major Bridges declared this to be impracticable. Some favored the route by Bolivar and Grenada. Finally it was determined to cross the country by the most direct route to Fort Pemberton, at the intersection of the Yallahusha and Tallahatchie rivers.

Movement Against Allatoona—Letter from General S. G. French.

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, May 30, 1881.

Major D. W. Sanders, Louisville, Kentucky :

Dear Major—Yours of the 24th instant is just at hand. I have carefully examined your article on General Hood's campaign in Tennessee, that you read before the Southern Historical Society of Kentucky. I appreciate the motive that induced you to write the article to vindicate the army that he commanded against some unjust accusations he made to shield his own errors. In this you have well succeeded. You have also vindicated General Cheatham ; and yet, I never thought he needed it, for General Hood being present at the front, in person, from 2 P. M., till sun-rise the next morning, of itself vindicated the command for not doing that which it came so cheerfully to do. Hood told me that he "pointed out to Cheatham the enemy's wagons passing along the turnpike in his front, and said to him, 'Turn those wagons into our camp!'" and yet the silence of the day, and the quietness of the camp all night long, told him but too well it was not being done. You may remember, that when he said to me the next morning: "General French, we have let the greatest opportunity of the war slip through our hands," I replied to him rather figuratively, "Yes, I understand, the Yankees were passing along all night, lighting their pipes at our camp fires."

In General Hood's book, (and which will be referred to by future historians,) in regard to myself, he has departed so unnecessarily from the truth to vindicate himself, when no vindication was necessary, that I will refer to his statements.

Let us see how he did this. And now just here you will pardon me while I point out to you—as a warning to historians—wherein you have perpetuated his errors in your article. You repeat, in reference to Allatoona, "Hood ordered French's division to move up the railroad to Allatoona mountain, and destroy the railroad at that point, capture the garrison, supposed to consist of three and one-half regiments, and destroy the depot of army stores accumulated there ; and also, if possible, burn the bridge across the Etowah river."

Now, Hood says on page 257, in "Advance and Retreat," "I had received information—and General Shoup records the same in his diary—that the enemy had in store at Allatoona, large supplies, which were guarded by two or three regiments. As one of the main objects of the campaign was to deprive the enemy of provisions, Major-Gen-

eral French was ordered to move his division, capture the garrison, if practicable, and gain possession of the supplies."

By his own words I will make him condemn what I have quoted from page 257. Here are his orders to me; he was miles away to the west of me :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, 7:30 A. M., October 4th, 1864. *General*—General Hood directs that later in the evening, you move Stevenson back to Davis's cross-roads, and that you bring two of your divisions back to Adams's, and between Adams's and Davis's cross-roads, placing them in such way as to cover the position at Adams's, now occupied by Stevenson; and that your Third division, (say French's,) shall move up the railroad and fill up the deep cut at Allatoona with logs, brush, rails, dirt, &c. To-morrow morning, at daylight, he desires Stevenson to be moved to Lieutenant-General Lee's actual left, and that two of your divisions, at that time at Adams's, to draw back with your left in the neighborhood of Davis's cross-roads, and your right in the neighborhood of Lost Mountain, and the division that will have gone to Allatoona, to march thence to New Hope church, and on the position occupied by your other troops—that is, that the division shall rejoin your command by making this march out from the railroad, and *via* New Hope.

General Hood thinks that it is probable that the guard at the railroad bridge, on the Etowah, is small, and when General French goes to Allatoona, if he can get such information as would justify him, if possible, move to that bridge and destroy it.

General Hood considers that its destruction would be a great advantage to the army and country. Should he be able to destroy the bridge, in coming out he could move as has been before indicated, *via* New Hope.

Yours respectfully,

A. P. MASON, *A. A. G.*

Official: W. D. GALE, *A. A. G.*

Major GENERAL FRENCH,

Commanding Division.

Not satisfied with the details of the foregoing order, General Hood sent another, more minute in details about the bridge. I will reproduce it:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, OFFICE OF CHIEF OF STAFF, Oct. 4, 11:30 A. M., 1864.—*General*: General Hood directs me to say that it is of the greatest importance to destroy the Etowah railroad bridge, if such a thing is possible. From the best information we have

now, he thinks the enemy cannot disturb us before to-morrow, and by that time your main body will be near the remainder of the army. He suggests that, if it is considered practicable to destroy the bridge when the division goes there and the artillery is placed in position, the commanding officers call for volunteers to go to the bridge with lightwood and other combustible material that can be obtained, and set fire to it.

Yours respectfully,

A. P. MASON, *Major and A. A. G.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL STEWART, Commanding.

These two orders were the only instructions given by General Hood. Analyze and construe them as you will and you cannot find one word to sustain the assertion of General Hood, that he ordered me to move to Allatoona, "capture the garrison if practicable and gain possession of the supplies."

If General Hood knew that the Allatoona Pass was fortified and garrisoned and then sent troops there to fill up the cut with logs, brush, rails, etc., and did not inform the commander that it was so fortified and garrisoned, then he committed an almost criminal act. If he did not know it he should not be blamed for it, and I never have heard an individual complain of his not knowing it. Wherefore, then, did he attempt to pass it down to history that he gave certain orders, when, in truth, he did no such thing?

In my official report made to him one month after the battle, I said: "The General-in-Chief was not aware from these orders, that the pass was fortified and garrisoned that I was sent to have filled up." I did not intend this as a reflection on him, because it would be unreasonable to expect a commander to know what disposition or all the dispositions an antagonist had made of his commands and stores many miles to the rear, and I am sorry General Hood undertook to make a record of his information, when that information possessed and not imparted to me was an act for which he would be condemned.

I, therefore, repeat that General Hood gave me no instructions about Allatoona except to fill up the cut, while he was profuse in details about the garrison at the bridge. And this is all very simple. He could infer, and it was natural to suppose, that the bridge over the Etowah was guarded, while he would not even conjecture that Allatoona was fortified. Further, if he knew of the garrison and vast stores, and wished them captured, why did he leave the command sent there isolated and unprotected?

The facts in the case are these: Hood, with the main army, moved

westerly toward Lost Mountain and New Hope church, while Stewart's corps struck the railroad near Big Shanty. Loring went to Ackunth, Walthall to Moon Station, and my command to Big Shanty to destroy the railroad. We continued at this labor all the evening of the 3d, all night, and the next day till noon. Now, while engaged at this work, commanding officers learned from citizens that Allatoona was fortified and garrisoned by about three and a half regiments, and that it was a great depot of provisions.

When General Stewart received the order that required me to move on Allatoona to fill up the cut, he handed it to me and said: "General Hood does not seem to be aware that the place is fortified, and now, French, here is a fine opportunity for you;" and after talking the matter over he increased my artillery to twelve guns and sent Major Myrick to command them. And thus it was we knew that a garrison was there, and filling up that cut through the mountain became a very minor matter. But I am not disposed to fight the battle of Allatoona over again here, as a report of it was published in the annals of the Army of Tennessee.

But before I close, I will briefly allude to another error regarding myself, in Hood's Advance and Retreat. On page 326 it is written:

"Just at this critical juncture, General French received information which he considered correct, but which subsequently *proved false*, that a large body of the enemy were moving to cut him off from the remainder of the army, and he immediately withdrew his command from the place without having accomplished the desired object."

On page 147, volume II. General W. T. Sherman says in his Memoirs:

"I reached Kennesaw mountain about 8 A. M. of October 5: * * that I could plainly see the smoke of battle about Allatoona and hear the faint reverberation of the cannon.

"From Kennesaw I ordered the Twenty-Third Corps (General Cox) to march due west on the Burnt Hickory road, and to burn houses and piles of brush as it progressed to indicate the head of the column, hoping to interpose this corps between Hood's main army at Dallas and the detachment *then assailing Allatoona*. The rest of the army was directed straight for Allatoona, northwest, distant eighteen miles. * * * I watched with painful suspense the indications of the battle raging there, and was dreadfully impatient at the slow progress of the relieving column, whose advance was marked by the smokes which were made according to orders; but about 2 P. M. I noticed with satisfaction that the smoke of battle about Allatoona grew less and less, and ceased

altogether about 4 P. M. For a time I attributed this result to the effect of General Cox's march, but later in the afternoon the signal-flag announced the welcome tidings that the attack had been fairly repulsed."

Now, at 12:10 P. M. I received from General Armstrong, Calvary Commander, a dispatch dated 9 A. M. informing me that the enemy had sent a column of infantry up the railroad, and I have that note before me. This infantry was General Cox's corps, moving, as he says, to intercept or interpose between the detachment then assailing Allatoona and Hood's main army. Wherein, then, was the information sent me by General Armstrong false?

In the History of the Army of the Cumberland, volume II, page 161, Van Horne says:

"The gallant resistance of the garrison and the movement of General Cox to his left induced General French to withdraw entirely during the afternoon, having lost one thousand men."

I have now established that the information I received was true, and I repeat, it was this movement and nothing else that induced me to withdraw, after due deliberation, to save my command—left untirely unsupported by the army of General Hood.

One word more, and I will close. Did you ever know truth to overtake error? You carried my summons to surrender under a flag of truce. You returned to me without an answer, as you have stated in your article, and I never did receive any; yet history will record a reply that never was sent, because it reads very pretty.

Very respectfully yours,

S. G. FRENCH.

Although well known, I will here add that General Corse arrived at Allatoona with his brigade and assumed command before the action commenced, thus making the garrison equal to the attacking force. At 12 M. General Corse received a signal dispatch from General Sherman saying, "Hold on to Allatoona to the last. I will help you." Which dispatch give rise to the beautiful hymn, "Hold the Fort, for I am Coming."

F.

Terms of Surrender at Vicksburg—General Pemberton Replies to General Badeau.

[The following letter has recently appeared in some of the newspapers, but is worthy of a more permanent record. It is feared

that General Badeau, in his *Life of Grant*, took no pains to be accurate.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 12, 1875.

Colonel John P. Nicholson :

Dear Sir—I give you, with pleasure, my version of the interview between General Grant and myself, on the afternoon of July 3, 1863, in front of the Confederate lines at Vicksburg. If you will refer to the first volume of Badeau's *Life of U. S. Grant*, you will find a marked discrepancy between that author's account of it and mine. I do not fear, however, to trust to the honest memory of any officer then present, to confirm the statement I shall make.

Passing over all preceding events, I come at once to the circumstance that brought about the personal interview referred to.

Feeling assured that it was useless to hope longer for any assistance from General Johnson, either to raise the siege of Vicksburg, or to rescue the garrison, I summoned division and brigade commanders, with one or two others, to meet in my quarters on the night of the 2d of July. All the correspondence that had taken place during the siege between General Johnson and myself was laid before these officers. After much consideration, it was advised that I address a note to General Grant, proposing the appointment of commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation.

The following, having been read to the council, and approved, was sent to General Grant, under a flag of truce, by the hands of Major-General J. S. Bowen, on the morning of the 3d :

VICKSBURG, July 3, 1863.

Major-General Grant, Commanding

United States Forces near Vicksburg, Mississippi :

General—I have the honor to propose to you an armistice of — hours, with a view to arrange terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg.

To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners to meet a like number, to be named by yourself, at such place and hour to-day as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period.

This communication will be handed you, under a flag of truce, by Major-General John S. Bowen. I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

JOHN C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General Commanding.

In due time the following reply was handed to me :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,
Near Vicksburg, July 3, 1863.

Lieutenant-General John C. Pemberton,

Commanding Confederate Forces, etc. :

General—Your note of this date is just received, proposing an armistice for several hours, for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation, through commissioners, to be appointed, etc.

The useless effusion of blood, you propose stopping by this course, can be ended at any time you may choose, by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage, as shown now in Vicksburg, will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above. I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

U. S. GRANT, *Major General.*

I, at once, expressed to General Bowen my determination not to surrender unconditionally. He then stated that General Grant would like to have an interview with me, if I was so disposed, and would meet me at a designated point between the two lines, at 3 P. M., that day. I was not aware that the suggestion had originated with General Bowen, but acceded to the proposed meeting, at the joint request of my four division commanders.

On reaching the place appointed, accompanied by Major-General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, then temporarily serving on my personal staff, I found General Grant, and a number of his Generals, and other officers, already arrived and dismounted. To the General himself—with whom my acquaintance dated as far back as the Mexican war—as well as to several of the group who surrounded him, I was formally introduced by General Bowen.

After a few remarks and inquiries on either side, a pause ensued which was prolonged on my part in expectation that General Grant would introduce the subject, the discussion of which I supposed to be the object of our meeting. Finding that he did not do so I said to him that I understood he had expressed a wish to have a personal interview with me. He replied that he had not. I was much surprised, and turning to General Bowen, remarked: "Then there is a misunderstanding. I certainly understood differently." The matter,

however, was satisfactorily explained to me in a few words, the mistake, no doubt, having been entirely my own. Again addressing General Grant, I said: "In your letter this morning you state that you have no other terms than an unconditional surrender." He answered promptly, "I have no other." To this I rejoined: "Then, sir, it is unnecessary that you and I should hold any further conversation; we will go to fighting again at once;" and I added, "I can assure you, sir, you will bury many more of your men before you will enter Vicksburg." General Grant did not, as Badeau represents, reply, "Very well," nor did he "turn off." He did not change his position, nor did he utter a word. The movement to withdraw, so far as any movement was made, was on my part and was accompanied by the remark that if he (General Grant) supposed I was suffering for provisions he was mistaken, that I had enough to last me for an indefinite period and that Port Hudson was better supplied than Vicksburg. General Bowen made no suggestion whatever in regard to a consultation between any parties during this interview, as he is represented to have done by Badeau. But General Grant *did* at this time propose that he and I should step aside, and on my assenting, he added that if I had no objection he would take with him Generals McPherson and A. J. Smith. I replied, certainly, and that General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery would accompany me. General Grant then suggested that these gentlemen withdraw and see whether on consultation they could not arrive at some satisfactory arrangement. It will be readily understood that I offered no objection to this course, as it was in fact a withdrawal by General Grant from the position he had so unqualifiedly assumed, to-wit, unconditional surrender—and it really submitted as I had desired it should, the discussion of the question of terms to a commission, although that commission was now necessarily an impromptu one.

Pending the interchange of views by the officers named, General Grant and I remained apart from them, conversing only upon topics that had no relation to the important subject that brought us together. The terms which this commission agreed to propose were in the main those that were afterward proffered by General Grant and eventually accepted by me. During this discussion I stated to him that as he declined to appoint commissioners when invited to do so by me, it was now his part to propose the terms. He agreed to this and said I should hear from him by 10 P. M. When about to part I notified General Grant that I held myself in no manner pledged to any agreement, but should consult my division and brigade commanders. He replied that

I must understand him in the like manner and that he too should consult his corps commanders. With this our interview ended.

Mr. Badeau's statement is a misrepresentation of the facts as they occurred, and whether intentional or otherwise, conveys a false impression to his readers. If he was present at the interview, he knows; if he was absent, he could readily have ascertained that after General Grant's verbal declaration that he had no terms other than unconditional surrender, all suggestions and all overtures looking to terms arose directly from General Grant himself, and neither directly nor indirectly from me or my subordinates. There was no display of indifference by General Grant as to the result of this interview, nor did he feel indifferent. On the night of the 3d of July a dispatch was intercepted by my signal officer from Admiral Porter to General Grant. The former inquired as to the chances of a surrender on the 4th. General Grant replied through the same medium, mentioning in a general way the terms offered, stating that the arrangement was *against his feelings*, but that his officers advised it on the ground that it would free his river transportation for other important uses, etc., etc.

No doubt both of these gentlemen remember the circumstance. I am,
Colonel, very truly yours,

J. C. PEMPERTON.

Copied February 5th, 1879, for Lieutenant-General John C. Pemberton, from the original manuscript, by John P. Nicholson.

Sherman's March to the Sea, as seen by a Northern Soldier,

[“M. Quad” has been writing for the *Detroit Free Press* a series of very interesting, and in the main, very fair articles on the battles of the late war. His account of “Letting an army loose, to plunder and destroy,” is so much fairer, and more truthful, than we often find from Northern pens, that we print it in full.]

Neither Sherman nor his admirers have been able to convince more than a small share of the American people, that his order removing the women and children from Atlanta was not a studied act of cruelty. When Bragg was driven out of Chattanooga, Rosecrans did not find it necessary to remove the women and children, though he had a more reasonable excuse than Sherman. When Grant captured Vicksburg, he issued no such order. Lee did not inflict such cruelty on the helpless people of Frederick city, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and the other towns he captured. Burnside did not do so at Fredericksburg, nor

Butler at New Orleans, nor McClellan on the Peninsular. All had the same excuses as Sherman, or could have found them, but none had his malignity. He meant to destroy Atlanta before he left it, and he must first get rid of the women and children. Atlanta could have been made a great base of supplies without disturbing a single person, as dozens of other points had been, but Sherman had a further plan. He could not take the city with him, when he started for Savannah, and he would not leave it to be reoccupied by the army which had defended it so well.

One of the most devilish acts of Sherman's campaign was the destruction of Marietta. One of the present editors of the *Marietta Journal* was then a boy of fourteen, but he has a vivid remembrance of every incident, from the hour he heard the cannon shot which killed Polk, to the afternoon he stood on the street and saw the family homestead in ruins, and the Federal soldiers mocking at the grief of his poor old mother. If there was any excuse for destroying Marietta, then Lee may be blamed for not burning every building in every Pennsylvania town he passed through. The military institute, and such mills and factories as might be of benefit to Hood, could expect the torch, but Sherman was not content with that. The torch was applied to everything, even to the shanties occupied by colored people. No advance warning was given. The first alarm was followed by the crackling of flames. Soldiers rode from house to house, entered without ceremony, and kindled fires in garrets and closets, and stood by to see that they were not extinguished. In some cases a few articles of furniture had been saved. In others, the women and children stepped forth bare-headed, to make the ground their bed, and the sky their roof. If anyone protested or asked for time, a revolver or bayonet silenced and drove them out.

When night fell, Marietta was no more. Three or four half-burned dwellings, and the smoking heaps of ashes alone remained of one of the handsomest towns in the South. The people had not only been deprived of their homes, but of clothing and provisions as well. Next morning the hungry children were prowling around the Federal camps in search of bits and bones, and the women had nothing. Sherman should have been there to gaze on the picture, and to hear what was said by Federal soldiers who had wives and children at home, and who had the hearts of men beneath the discipline of the soldier.

What could the women and children do? It will surprise many to know what they did do. Right there at hand were the battle fields of Lost and Kennesaw Mountains. They took baskets, sacks, pails and

pans, and flocked to the fields to pick up lead and iron. There were tons of metal lying upon the ground, and it was not a long day's work to pick up all that one could carry. Some of the people found knives, watches, jewelry and money, while all had good picking, so far as lead and iron went. They were thus battling on the battle fields—not for glory and renown, but to win a victory over starvation and suffering. Whatever had value could be sold to traders, and whoever had money could purchase something to eat and wear. After Sherman was well on his way to Savannah, some of the people of Marietta, then living in old tents, took junk and drove up into mountain towns where war had not set its foot. The blacksmiths would buy all the iron brought them, and the sellers would invest their money in cloth, provisions and live stock. The garrison left at Marietta knew all that these people had suffered, and could see how hard they were seeking to secure the necessities of life, and yet it happened in a score of instances, that the calves, pigs and poultry, brought back after a journey of five or six days, would be stolen by the soldiers on the day of their arrival. He who asks those women and children to forget the insults heaped upon them that year, is asking more than human nature has ever yet granted. It is not the bitterness of battle and defeat which rankles in the hearts of people who felt the tread of Sherman's march, but of such acts of oppression, insult and cruelty, as few conquerors have been guilty of. There was not the shadow of an excuse for burning Marietta, and Sherman's excuses are becoming fewer each year.

When Sherman issued his proclamation to the effect that all the inhabitants must leave Atlanta, the people were appalled. The city was over-crowded with refugees from Dalton, Resaca, Marietta and the country between. Many of them had come bare-handed and without means. If they left Atlanta where could they go to, and how subsist? That was a matter which did not worry Sherman in the least.

The only excuse urged by the Federal commander was that, with the city held by his troops, the inhabitants would have no means of subsistence. If they starved outside the city limits he would not be worried. The real motive that guided his actions appeared later, when men were detailed to deliberately burn the city to the ground. Sherman's own book settles this question. In it the author writes: "We then deliberately destroyed Atlanta." It was deliberate. The intention was to burn every building, and only a few escaped.

The appeal was in vain. Some few managed to evade the order to vacate by hiding and remaining in seclusion, but the great majority obeyed it. Such as were transferred to Hood's lines, to be sent further

South, were made as comfortable as possible, but one who desires to know what hardships and suffering were undergone by people totally unfit to cope with them, must go down there and hear the stories from their own lips. When Sherman was in full possession of Atlanta he began his preparations for the march through the heart of the Confederacy. Hood was now in his rear instead of his front, and what should be done with him?

Hood had been defeated and driven, but he was not crushed. He would either draw Sherman from Atlanta or head for Nashville. He wanted reinforcements in either case, but his telegrams to that effect met with the reply that none could be sent him. From August 1st until October 21st Hood was operating on Sherman's lines, destroying railroads, capturing small garrisons and retaking many of the towns which Sherman had wrested from Johnson. In his movements north Sherman had followed him with at least half his army, and although almost every hour of every day witnessed a hot skirmish there was nothing like a general battle. Hood could damage and delay Sherman, but he could not cripple him and he was not strong enough to offer him general battle. On the 21st Hood began his movement towards Nashville, but it was a full month before he was at Columbia, on the Duck river. In the interim Sherman had headed Schofield's army for Nashville, left a strong garrison at Atlanta, and filed out of the city on his march to the sea.

Had one been able to climb to such a height at Atlanta as to enable him to see for forty miles around the day Sherman marched out, he would have been appalled at the destruction. Hundreds of houses had been burned, every rod of fence destroyed, nearly every fruit tree cut down and the face of the country so changed that one born in that section could scarcely recognize it. The vindictiveness of war would have tramped the very earth out of sight had such a thing been possible. At every rod along every highway there was a soldier's grave, and in rear of hospital sites were acres of them.

The railroad lines were the special objects of destruction, and the wonder is that they were so soon repaired. The Federals struck the Macon Road four or five different times at four or five different places, and worked such destruction each time that the line was reported permanently disabled, and yet within thirty hours the Confederates had everything repaired. On one occasion Kilpatrick destroyed four miles of track at once. The rails were removed, heated in the centre, and bent around trees until the ends passed each other. Every culvert was torn out, every cut filled

up by blasting down the banks and every tie burned up. Kilpatrick reported to Sherman that the break could not be repaired in a month, but the cars were running in less than sixty hours. Ten thousand Federal cavalry worked for a month to cripple the Macon line, but could not do it. Sherman had to move his whole army before he could accomplish that event. As soon as the Federals had cut and destroyed the line and retired, a force of Confederates set to work on the road-bed and a few hours would place it in order. Fresh ties were cut, rails were brought up from the store laid aside for such an emergency, and trains were soon running. The ties would be twice the usual distance apart and not bedded, but as trains reached these breaks they slowed down and crawled safely over.

It was the same when Forest and Wheeler were operating on Sherman's lines. Twelve miles of road was destroyed on one occasion, and and this destruction included the blasting down into cuts of so much rock and earth that a Confederate civil engineer said that ten thousand laborers could not repair the damages in three weeks. They were repaired within four days. While soldiers became adept in the work of destroying railroads, they became equally skillful in the matter of repairing them. Sherman had to destroy thirty miles of the Augusta road before he could permanently cripple it.

At the very opening of the campaign at Dalton the Federal soldiery had received encouragement to become vandals. Not one private soldier out of every forty in that army turned robber and incendiary, but there were enough to cast a stigma on the whole. From Dalton to Atlanta every house was entered a dozen times over, and each new band of foragers robbed it of something. When there was nothing in the shape of money, provisions, jewelry or clothing left, the looters destroyed furniture, abused women and children, and ended by setting fire to the house. As these parties rode back to camp, attired in dresses and bonnets, and exhibiting the trophies of their raids, and nothing was said to them, others were encouraged to follow suit. The treatment of colored women was brutal in the extreme, and not a few of them died from the effects. One who has the nerve to sit down and listen to what they can tell will find his respect for the ignorant and savage Indians increased.

But these were preparatory lessons. When Sherman cut loose from Atlanta everybody had license to throw off all restraints and make Georgia drain the bitter cup.

In the first place Sherman intended to subsist on the country. Details were made from every regiment to forage. The quartermasters

and commissaries took in all live stock, hay, grain, meat, etc., and destroyed what they could not carry off. Then the men who skulked out of the ranks to forage on their own account, visited the houses and robbed them of whatever they fancied. Then the camp followers appeared to insult and abuse the helpless, smash furniture, rip open beds, break out windows, and end by applying the torch. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania his men foraged liberally, and in many cases cleaned out stores and houses, but where is the instance of an insult to a woman, or burning of a farm house? It cannot be shown that they destroyed what they could not remove. In scores of cases Lee guarded farms so rigidly that not a rail was taken for fire-wood.

The Federal who wants to learn what it was to license an army to become vandals, should mount a horse at Atlanta and follow Sherman's route for fifty miles. He will hear stories from the lips of women that will make him ashamed of the flag which waved over him as he went into battle. When the army had passed, nothing was left but a trail of desolation and despair. No house escaped robbery, no woman escaped insult, no building escaped the fire-brand, except by some strange interposition. War may license an army to subsist on the enemy, but civilized warfare stops at live-stock, forage and provisions. It does not enter the houses of the sick and helpless, and rob the women of finger rings and carry off their clothing.

In Sherman's official report of his march to Savannah, he says "We have consumed all the forage on a line of thirty miles front from Atlanta to Savannah; also all the sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep and poultry, and have carried away more than 10,000 horses and mules. I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia at \$100,000,000, \$80,000,000 of which is simply waste and destruction."

Does Lee's report of the Pennsylvania campaign contain any such figures? He had the same right to plunder, burn and destroy, as Sherman had, and yet, he did not destroy, outside of the town which Early burned, \$200,000 worth of private property.

The march from Atlanta to Savannah was so little opposed, that it was a sort of holliday excursion to the Federals. He who desired to let himself loose, had only to leave the ranks. He could rob and burn, and Sherman had no reproofs. The more he destroyed, the greater hero he was. While only \$20,000,000 worth of legitimate plunder could be laid hands on, these bummers were licensed to destroy four times that sum in private property, and they accomplished it in a manner to do credit to the savages of the West.

M. QUAD.

[For Southern Historical Society Papers.]

The Bugle Call.

*Commemorative of the Reunion of the "Orphan Brigade" at Blue Lick Springs,
Kentucky, July —, 1882.*

By MRS. SALLY NEIL ROACH.

I.

Through the woodland loud 'tis heard,
Float the echoes soft and low,
Rising now like song of bird,
Rippling like the streamlet's flow.
Heroes hear the well known call—
Bright eyes flash with martial flame,
Forms erect, in line they fall,
Gathering whence the summons came.

II.

No battle-flag is waved in air,
Is spoken nought of stern command—
No sword to lead them flashes bare,
No weapon gleams from steady hand.
Kentucky's sons—brave men who bore
Unsullied name through scathing fire,
Till, bullet-riddled, stained with gore,
Their deeds through years will songs inspire.

III.

They gather now—the war task done—
To hallow memories of those years,
To tell of battles fought and won,
To tell of hardships, aye, and tears.
They gather now—behind them floats
The bivouac life like shadows dim,
And memory scans the years and notes,
Here battle charge, there, funeral hymn.

IV.

Hark! the roll-call! Rank by rank,
As in that well remembered time.
Mid few responses, many a blank
Is left where answered echo's chime.
And eyes are dimmed as honored name
Of comrade loved is spoken low.
Ah! dearer than the wreath of fame,
The requiem hearts of friends bestow.

V.

And here and there, some tattered shred
Of war-worn battle flag is shown,
And touched with awe—for roll of dead
Has linked its name with glory's own.
Again it waves where cannons roar
On Chickamauga's hard fought ground ;
Or where Stone River's waters pour,
And blood and stream are mingling found.

VI.

Kentucky's sons! Your dead lists bear
Of noble worth, full many a name
Whose honor is Kentucky's care,
Whose memories highest place may claim.
Helm, Hanson, Breckenridge—entwines
A people's love these names among ;
As sacred places, be their shrines,
In words that ring their deeds be sung.

VII.

Nor yet to living less. Brave band,
Regathered at this Bugle Call,
Know this—as comrade's hand grasped hand,
In pride Kentucky greeted all.
Reunion sweet! No trace of strife,
Save only shadows softened down,
Whence, lessons learned, enrich each life,
Till, warfare o'er, each wears a crown.

SALLY NEIL ROACH.

July 31st, 1882.

The Private Confederate Soldier.

By GENERAL HENRY A. WISE.

[January 30th 1866, General Henry A. Wise—the brave soldier, the gifted orator, “the fearless tribune of the people”—delivered in the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, an address of thrilling eloquence on “Female Orphanage.” In the course of the address he pronounced an eulogy on the private soldier of the Confederacy, which it were well to recall, and to preserve, in these days when some men seem ashamed that they ever “wore the Gray,” and others, from

whom we should expect better things, to forget the debt of gratitude they owe these men.]

* * * * *

There are among these infants not only orphans, orphans of the poor, female orphans, and orphans whose lot has been cast in dreary and desolate times; but some of these are the female orphans of deceased and disabled Confederate soldiers, privates in the rank which you embattled for your independence. You failed only by the fall of such men. They fell for you, and you fell. Are any afraid or ashamed to embrace them in the fall? Listen, whilst I repeat truths which you must not try and must not dare to forget; truths which, if you do not gratefully recognize and openly avow and maintain at all hazards, without the fear of showing sympathy, if not without some reproach; shame! shame! shall so shout and hoot at shrimped, and shriveled, sordid, selfish souls as to shake them like miser's money-bags, until with appalling jars their coin-idols shall be jostled out and scattered to street-beggars and vagrants of the "Arts of Industrie!" War itself appalled not the hearts of the Confederate heroes who fell; and war is now over; the cloud has burst; the lightning hath done its scathing; the thunder hath ceased to mutter; in honor's name, then, let craven cringing cease!

The noblest bands of men who ever fought or who ever fell in the annals of war, whose glorious deeds history ever took pen to record, were, I exultingly claim, the private soldiers in the armies of the great Confederate cause. Whether right or wrong in the cause which they espoused, they were earnest and honest patriots in their convictions, who thought that they were right to defend their own, their native land, its soil, its altars, and its honor. They felt that they were no rebels, and no traitors in obeying their State sovereignties, and they thought that it was lawful to take up arms under their mandates, authorized expressly by the Federal Constitution, to repel invasion or to suppress insurrection, when there was such "*imminent danger as not to admit of delay.*" The only reason for the delay which could have been demanded of them was to have appealed to the invaders themselves for defense against their own invasion; and whether there was imminent danger or not, events have proved. They have been invaded until every blade of grass has been trodden down, until every sanctuary of temple, and fame, and altar, and home has been profaned. The most of these men had no stately mansions for their homes; no slaves to plow and plant any broad fields of theirs; no stocks or investments in interest-bearing funds. They were poor, but proudly patriotic and

indomitably brave. Their country was their only heritage. The mothers and wives and daughters buckled on the belts, and sent husbands and sons and brothers forth, and women toiled for the bread and spun the raiment of "little ones" of "*shanty*" homes in country, or of shops in town, whilst their champions of defense were in their country's camps, or marches, or trenches, or battles! They faithfully followed leaders whom they trusted and honored. Nor Cabinets, nor Congress, nor Commissariat, nor Quartermaster's Department, nor speculators, nor spies, nor renegades, nor enemy's emissaries, nor poverty, nor privation, nor heat, nor cold, nor sufferings, nor toil, nor danger, nor wounds, nor death could impair their constancy! They fought with a devout confidence and courage which was unconquerable save by starvation, blockade, overwhelming numbers, foreign dupes and mercenaries, Yankeedom, Negrodom, and death! Prodigies of valor, miracles of victories, undoubted and undoubting devotion and endurance to the last, entitled them to honors of surrender which gilded the arms of their victors and extorted from them even cheers on the battle-field where at last they yielded for peace! Alas! how many thousands had fallen before their few surviving comrades laid down their arms! Of these men of the ranks their beloved leader, General R. E. Lee, said to me, during the last winter on the lines: "Sir, the men of this war who will deserve the most honor and gratitude are *not the men of rank, but the men of the ranks*—the privates!" I cordially concurred in the justice and truth of the compliment, for I had seen them tried on the rocks of Coal river, of Gauley and the Pocotalico. I had tested their endurance in the marches and countermarches, and scouting and skirmishing, of the Kanawha Valley; I had seen them in a first fight and victory against all odds at Scary, and their last stand against greater odds on the Sewall mountains; I had seen their constancy and courage proved at Hawk's Nest, at Honey Creek, at Big Creek, at Carnifax Ferry, and at Camp Defiance, in Northwest Virginia. I had seen them leap with alacrity to the defense of Roanoke Island, knowing when they went that they could not return but as captives or corpses. I have seen them in the "Slaughter Pen" there slay twice their own numbers before they stacked the arms for which they had no ammunition. I have seen them employ their leisure and amuse their *ennui* at Chaffin's farm by mechanic arts for the army of a blockaded country! I have seen their efficiency on the peninsulas of the James and York, and of the Chickahominy and Pamunkey. I have seen their successful strategy at Williamsburg and Whitaker's Mill, and their steadiness in the din of metal at Malvern Hill. I have

seen their temper and spirit tried in the lagoons and galls of the Edisto and Stono, and their pluck on John's Island, in South Carolina. I have heard the shouts of the Virginia men when ordered back from South Carolina and Florida to rally again around the altars of home, and heard them raise the slogan of "Old Virginia Never Tire," when they pressed forward to open the defile at Nottoway bridge, and rushed to Petersburg in time twice to save the Cockade City against odds of more than ten to one. I have seen them drive through the barricade and cut at Walthall Junction, and storm the lines at Howlett's not for five days only, but for twice five days' successive fighting. I have seen them on the picket lines and in the trenches, throughout all seasons of the year, in heat and cold, day and night, in storm and sunshine, often without food fit to feed brutes, with not enough of that; without half enough of fuel or clothing or blankets; under the almost incessant fire of shot and shell; without forage for transportation and without transportation for forage; scarce of ordnance stores; not supplied with medicines for the hospital; all the time rolling a Sisyphean stone of parapet, and traverse, and breastwork, and bomb-proof, for the want of material for revetment, and for the want of tools to dig out and work up the indispensable lines of defenses. I have seen their manhood worn by every variety of disease and wounds in the hospital wards. Starved, half naked, rest broken, I have seen them summoned to stand to or to storm the breach and do it, filling ditches and a crater full of the assailant's dead. I have seen their brigades blasted by the shock of mines and rise from the *debris* and rubbish to repel and conquer the storming enemy. I have seen them bivouacked on the right of Hatcher's Run, and on the ever memorable days of the 29th and 31st of March last advance first one, then two, then less than three brigades, on the Military and Boydton plank-roads, against *two corps*, and fight them for hours, and so stagger them that they dared not follow the retreat. I have seen them on the quick night-march to Church Crossings, and thence hurried to the Namozine, to Flat Creek, to Big Creek, to Sailor's Creek, to the High Bridge, and to Farmville, marching and charging, and charging and marching, and starving, but not sleeping nor stopping on the way, but to work or to fight. And I have seen them fire their last volleys at Appomattox; and often times in marches, on picket, in the trenches, in camps and in charges I have seen them sad and almost sink, but I never saw their *tears* until their beloved commander-in-chief ordered them to surrender their arms. Then they wept, and many of them broke their trusty weapons! The blessed and ever glorious dead were not there to surrender, and they

are not here to defend their memories from the taint of the reproach of rebellion and treason. Alas! I am alive and here, and am bound, at every hazard, to declare that those men were no rebels and no traitors. Let whoever will swear that they were rebels and traitors I will contradict the oath, and appeal to God on the Holy of Holies as high as Heaven's throne, and swear they were *pure patriots, loyal citizens, well tried and true soldiers, brave, honest, devoted men*, who proved their faith in their principles by the deaths which canonized them immortal heroes and martyrs! No one shall inscribe the epitaphs of rebellion and treason upon the tombs of their dead without my burning protest being uttered against the foul and false profanation. And if any wounds of the living are labeled with rebellion and treason I would tear away the infamy though the wounds should bleed unto death. If I suffer their names to be dishonored and their glory to be tarnished, and don't gainsay the reproach, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; and if I suffer their orphans to be outcasts for the want of sympathy, warmly outspoken and more warmly felt, may my right hand forget its cunning. Alas! in these times it has no cunning, for it has no coins! I too am a beggar. I can beg, then, and do beg like a Belisarius, for them. Please give them one obolus! Have you a crumb to spare? Divide it with them! Have you comfort, give them. I implore you give them some of your abundance! Their enemies who slew their fathers honor them enough to feed their poor orphans! They won't hurt you for daring to do deeds of charity. Many of them are brave men, and the brave are always generous to the brave. The orphan, the orphan of the poor, the female orphan, the orphan fallen on evil times, the Confederate soldier's orphan girl-child cry to you! Will you not heed their cries and in some way help the helpless ones? If you will not, then may we apostrophize the manes of their martyred sires, in the language of the lays of the Scottish cavaliers:

* * * "Last of Freemen—
 Last of all that dauntless race
 Who would rather die unsullied
 Than outlive the land's disgrace—
 O thou lion-hearted warrior!
 Reck not of the after-time!
 Honor may be deemed dishonor,
 Loyalty be called a crime.
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
 Of the noble and the true,
 Hands that never failed their country,
 Hearts that never baseness knew!"

They Would Mix on the Picket Line. Anecdote of the War, by General Gordon.

"We were on the Rapidan River, where it was a little stream hardly one hundred feet wide. General Lee sent me word I must go out and break up the communication between our pickets and the enemy's.

"They had got to trading with each other in newspapers, tobacco, lies, and whatever would vary the monotony of picket life. They would not shoot at each other, and so it was not military-like. So I started out one morning on my horse and rode the whole length of the picket line and just as I came to a certain point I saw that there was confusion and surprise, as if I had not been expected. 'What is the matter men, here?' I asked. 'Nothing, General, nothing is here.' 'You must tell me the truth,' said I; 'I am not welcome, I see, and there must be some reason for it. Now, what is the matter?' 'There has been nobody here, General. We were not expecting you; that is all.' I turned to two or three of the soldiers and said: 'Beat down these bushes here.' They had to obey, and there suddenly rose up out of the weeds a man as stark naked as he had come into the world. 'Who are you?' asked I. 'I am from over yonder, General.' 'Over yonder—where?' He pointed to the other side of the river. 'What regiment do you belong to?' 'The 104th Pennsylvania, General.' 'What are you doing in my camp?' 'Why, I thought I would just come over and see the boys.' 'See the boys—what boys? Do you mean to say you have entered my camp except as a prisoner? Now, I am going to do this with you. I am going to have you marched to Libby Prison just as you are, without a rag of clothes on you!' 'Why, General, you wouldn't do that just because I came over to see the boys! I didn't mean any harm! I felt lonesome over there and wanted to talk to the boys a little. That is all.' 'Never mind, sir: you march from this spot clothed as you are, to Libby Prison!' 'General' said the man, 'I had rather you would order me to be shot right here.' 'No, sir, you go to Libby!' Then several of my soldiers spoke up: 'General, don't be too hard on him, he's a pretty good fellow! He didn't mean any harm; he just wanted to talk with us.' 'This business must be broken up,' said I—'mixing on the picket line.'

"It had not been in my heart, however, to arrest the man from the beginning. I only wanted to scare him, and he did beg hard. 'I'll tell you what I will do with you this time,' for I saw that he was a brave good humored fellow. 'If you will promise me that neither you nor any of your men shall ever come into my lines again except as prisoners,

I'll let you go.' 'God bless you, General!' said the man, and without any more adieu he just leaped into that stream and came up on the other side, and took to the woods."

Notes and Queries.

Did General Armistead Fight on the Federal Side at First Manassas or Confess when Dying at Gettysburg that He had been Engaged in an "Unholy Cause?"

We have, in previous "*Notes and Queries*," answered in the negative both of these questions; but we now submit the following conclusive statement of the whole case.

General Abner Doubleday in his book on "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg" (page 195), makes the following remarkable statement in describing the charge of Pickett's Division. * * * "Armistead was shot down by the side of the gun he had taken. It is said he had fought on our side in the first battle at Bull Run, but had been seduced by Southern affiliations to join in the rebellion, and now dying in the effort to extend the area of slavery over the free States, he saw with a clearer vision that he had been engaged in an unholy cause, and said to one of our officers who leaned over him: "Tell Hancock I have wronged him and have wronged my country."

The friends of General Armistead are indignant at this statement which they pronounce a slander "out of the whole cloth," and are anxious that its refutation should have the widest circulation.

We, therefore, submit the following vindication of as gallant a gentleman as ever served his country in the old army—as conscientious a patriot as ever followed his convictions of duty into the Confederate army:

1. In reference to the charge that he fought on the "Union" side at First Manassas (Bull Run), it is easy to show that it was a *physical impossibility* for him to have been present at that battle on *either* side.

General L. A. Armistead was the son of General Walker K. Armistead, of the old army, was himself a "West-Pointer," entered the Mexican war as First Lieutenant, was breveted Captain for "gallant and meritorious conduct" at Contreras, and Churubusco, and Major for his conduct at Molino del Rey. In March, 1855, he was commissioned Captain in the Sixth Infantry, and at the breaking out of the war he had been made Major and was serving on the Pacific coast. When

Albert Sidney Johnston resigned his commission in the United States army, and, after being relieved by General Sumner, begun his weary and perilous journey across the plains, Major Armistead accompanied him.

General Johnston wrote as follows to his wife from Vallecito :

VALLECITO, 130 MILES TO YUMA, }
SUNDAY, June 30, 1861. }

..... I received your letter of June 25th, by Major Armistead who arrived here this morning. Our party is now as large as need be desired for safety or convenience in travelling. They are good men and well armed. Late of the army we have Major Armistead, Lieutenants Hardcastle, Brewer, Riley, Shaaf, Mallory, and Wickliffe." . . .

In a description of the journey Captain Gift, who was of the party, says: . . . "We had now crossed one hundred miles of desert and near the Colorado and Fort Yuma. It was necessary to approach the place with caution, as a trap might be set for us. A scout was sent forward, and at noon, it being July the 4th, we heard the national salute. The scout returned and reported all of the officers of the garrison sick, and that we could cross the river without fear. In the afternoon we camped in sight of the post, at the village on the west bank of the river. We stationed sentinels, and preserved our military appearance. Major Armistead was the first sentinel on post, and was approached by a soldier from the garrison, who was one of the Major's old regiment, and who desired a parley. He had come with a proposition from some of the soldiers to desert over to us, and then to seize the place and plunder it. But for the General's coolness on that occasion, we would in all likelihood have left Fort Yuma behind as a heap of smoking ruins."

Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston in his "Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston" (from which the above extracts are taken), goes on to narrate other interesting details of this journey, and (on page 291) gives an "Intinerary" which shows every stage of the route from June 16th, 1861, when the party left Los Angeles, to *July 28th* when they arrived at Mesilla.

If further confirmation were needed we might give other proofs, but will only submit the following letter :

SAFE DEPOSIT Co., OF ST. LOUIS, 513 LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS, }
July 20th, 1882. }

Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Secretary of S. H. Society:

Dear Sir,—In your issue of July, I find this in your *Notes*

and Queries: "Did General Armistead fight on the Federal side at First Manassas?" General A. Sidney Johnston, Captain (or Major) Armistead with other officers of the army who had resigned in California, arrived at Mesilla on the 27th of July, 1861, and were my guests for a week, during which time they assisted us in the capture of a large amount of stores and material, also forcing the evacuation of the posts west of the Rio Grande.

Yours respectfully,

G. A. HAYWOOD,

Secretary Safe Deposit Company.

Thus it is in proof that General Armistead was in California when his State seceded, and the war broke out—that as soon as he heard of it he resigned—that he was with General A. S. Johnston in his famous journey across the plains, and that he arrived at Mesilla *a week after* the first battle of Manassas (or Bull Run), was fought on the 21st of July, 1861, and that it was, therefore, as much a *physical* impossibility that Armistead could have been present at the battle, as it was a *moral* impossibility that he could, with his convictions, have drawn his sword against his native State, his kindred, his own people.

General Doubleday's repetition of this rumor is as unworthy of the candor of a brave soldier, as it is incompatible with the pains-taking of the accurate historian.

2. The other count in the indictment, viz: that General Armistead, when dying, "saw with a clearer vision, that he had been engaged in an unholy cause, and said to one of our officers, who leaned over him, 'tell Hancock I have wronged him, and have wronged my country,'" is rather more difficult to meet with *positive* proof, but we have been able to secure evidence amounting to a *moral certainty* that this also is utterly untrue.

Major Armistead made his choice calmly, deliberately, and with all of the facts before him. With all of his devotion to the Union, love for "the old flag," and attachment to his brother officers, he had decided that he could neither fight against the South, nor remain *neutral* in the great struggle; and he made his perilous journey, reached Richmond, tendered his sword to the Confederacy, and was made Colonel of the 57th Virginia Regiment, and in April, 1862, Brigadier-General.

In all of these positions he served faithfully, and gallantly—none of his comrades ever heard the slightest intimation that he doubted the justice of the cause for which he fought, and it would take proof of the very strongest character to convince those who knew him that he confessed when dying, that he had been battling for an "unholy cause."

His intimate friend, Colonel R. H. Dulaney, of Loudoun county, Virginia, writes: "Of course, we cannot tell what Lewis said to the Federal officer when captured. He might have regretted the *necessity* of the war, but he would have denied every principle he had held during his life if what General Doubleday says were true."

His friend, General Wm. H. Payne, of Warrenton, Virginia, and his old staff officer, Major Peyton Randolph, are equally emphatic in denying the moral possibility of Armistead's using any such language, when himself.

We have a letter from Colonel R. W. Martin, of Pittsylvania county, who was wounded at General Armistead's side, who had frequent conversation with Federal officers who ministered to Armistead in his last moments, and who not only heard nothing of this recantation, but indignantly denies its possibility, saying: "General Armistead was no hypocrite, he could not have felt that he was sinning against his country, and have been the brave and gallant defender of the cause that he was—for no life lost during the struggle was more freely and willingly sacrificed for principle than was his."

Charles H. Barnes, in his "History of the Philadelphia Brigade," (pp. 190-192,) gives an appreciative notice of General Armistead's gallantry, and death, but puts no such words into his mouth, nor do any of the other numerous writers on Gettysburg, so far as we have seen.

But in addition to this *negative* testimony, we submit the following correspondence, which explains itself, and settles the question beyond peradventure:

LETTER TO GENERAL HANCOCK.

OFFICE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, July 10, 1882.

General W. S. Hancock:

Dear Sir,—I send you by this mail the June number of *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and beg leave to call your attention to the first item of *Notes and Queries*, (page 284,) in reference to General L. A. Armistead. Of the first statement—that General Armistead fought on the Federal side at first Manassas—we have the most positive refutation.

In reference to the alleged message to you, I beg to ask if you ever received such a message, and if so, had you any reason to doubt General Armistead's *being himself* at the time? To be frank, General Armistead's relatives and friends are very indignant at this statement, and look upon it as leaving a stain upon the memory of that gallant

soldier, which they are anxious to wipe out, and they are fully satisfied that either there is some mistake about the terms of the message, or else that he was *delirious* when he sent it.

In confirmation of this view we have always understood that you saw General Armistead personally just after he was wounded, and the kindness with which you received and treated him, has always been a fragrant memory of those terrible days, when brother fought brother—each from honest conviction that he was maintaining the right. Now if it was true that you had a personal interview, it does not appear why General Armistead should have sent you such a message. Was there anything in your intercourse during that interview, (may I ask?) which gave color to this alleged message?

I am sure you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you this letter, which is prompted by a desire to vindicate General Armistead, and a conviction that the gallant soldier whom I address will be only too ready to do justice to the memory of his old friend.

Waiving the question of who was right, and who was wrong in that great struggle, all who knew General Armistead must feel that he followed the fortunes of the State that gave him birth, from conscientious convictions of duty, and those who knew him well, will be slow to believe that after leading his men to the heights of Gettysburg, with unsurpassed heroism, he *whimpered and repented of his course* after he received his fatal wound—unless indeed he was delirious from the effects of that wound.

Begging an early reply to this letter, I am, with high respect, and with best wishes for your health and happiness,

Very truly, your obedient servant,

J. WM. JONES,

Secretary Southern Historical Society.

To this letter there was the following reply:

LETTER FROM GENERAL HANCOCK.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK,

July 15th, 1882.

Rev. J. Wm. Jones, No. 7, Library Floor

State Capitol, Richmond, Virginia:

Dear Sir,—Your favor of the 10th instant was duly received. I have enclosed your letter referring to General Armistead on the field of Gettysburg, to General H. H. Bingham, M. C., from Philadel-

phia. He was the officer to whom the message was delivered, and is the best witness in the case.

I have no doubt that he will answer your inquiry fully. I am,

Yours very truly,

WINGFIELD S. HANCOCK.

On July the 20th, General Hancock sent us the following :

LETTER FROM GENERAL BINGHAM.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19th, 1882.

My Dear General:

Your favor of July 14th, covering enclosures from Southern Historical Society, duly received and contents noted.

Of course, I cannot now recall all the details in the matter of General Armistead's condition and words at the time of his capture, July 3, 1863; but my report, made to you immediately following the battle, is correct in every particular. Armistead, after I informed him that I was an officer upon your staff, and would deliver any personal effects that he might desire forwarded to his family, made use of the words, as I now recall them, "Say to General Hancock for me, that I have done him, and you all, a grievous (or serious) injury, which I shall always regret."

His condition at the time, was that of a man seriously wounded, completely exhausted, and seemingly broken-spirited. I had him carried immediately to the hospital. The physician in charge, or who attended his wounds, could more specifically give testimony as to his mental condition.

I return to you the letter of J. Wm. Jones, Secretary of the Southern Historical Society.

Very truly yours,

HENRY H. BINGHAM.

Major-General W. S. HANCOCK,
New York City, N. Y.

It will be seen from the above, (which we doubt not is an entirely accurate statement of General Bingham's recollection of what occurred, except that he does not enter into the details of his kindness to General Armistead, which *we* will ever cherish in grateful remembrance,) that the message actually sent by the dying hero, was a very different one from that which General Doubleday gives. Mortally wounded, "completely

exhausted," [he had arisen from a sick bed, against the remonstrances of surgeons and friends, to go into that charge,] and no doubt "broken-spirited," when he saw his gallant band hurled back by overwhelming odds from the position they had so heroically won—General Armistead received unexpected kindness from his old comrade and intimate friend, General Hancock, from whom he had been estranged by the events of the war, was deeply touched by it, and very naturally sent the message: "Say to General Hancock for me, that I have *done him, and you all* grievous injury, which I shall always regret." *i. e.*, I have wronged you by cherishing bitter, vindictive, feelings towards old friends, who, in this hour of my extreme need, meet me with this great kindness. The message contains not one word of regret for the service he had rendered the Confederacy—not one intimation that he now "saw with clearer vision" that he had "wronged his country," or had been engaged in an "unholy cause"—and in thus changing the words, and forcing their meaning, General Doubleday proves that he lacks the calmness of the historian, and shows the same bitter spirit of the partisan as when he recklessly affirms that we poor Confederates were fighting "*to extend the area of slavery over the free States.*"

The Confederate charge upon the heights of Gettysburg is a grand episode in history of which every true *American* should be proud. There was no more conspicuous figure in that grand battle picture than brave old Armistead who led his men with characteristic heroism, and fell on the crest of the battle wave, bequeathing to his people a name above reproach.

We enter our burning protest against having that fair name and fame tarnished by the flippant, reckless, pen of General Doubleday, whose book will be of little value to the future historian if this is a fair specimen of his historic accuracy.

The Number of Guns in Cutts's Battalion at Sharpsburg.

In our April number we denied the accuracy of the statement of General D. H. Hill's report (as quoted by General Palfrey), that he had "near sixty pieces of Cutts's Battalion" of Artillery at Sharpsburg—saying that it was evidently a typographical error as no Confederate battalion ever had anywhere near sixty pieces of artillery.

But to settle the matter, we wrote Colonel Cutts on the subject, and submit his conclusive reply in which he shows that his own command at Sharpsburg consisted of twenty-four guns, and that, while before and after the battle other guns were temporarily under his command, these were

all he had during the battle. General Hill no doubt meant to say that he had *sixteen* (instead of sixty) pieces of Cutts's Artillery engaged at Sharpsburg; but the letter of the gallant Georgian explains itself.

AMERICUS, GA., August 24th, 1882.

Dr. J. Wm. Jones, Secretary Southern Historical Society.

Sir,—All my headquarter papers were captured just before the surrender, still I can give you number of guns in my command at Sharpsburg. At this time my own battalion consisted of four companies with six guns each, twenty-four guns. In addition I had attached to my command a four-gun battery known as Captain Bondurant's Battery, and a four-gun battery from North Carolina, name not known to me. Still, after my arrival at Sharpsburg those last two batteries were ordered to report to their proper commands, leaving me only twenty-four guns that I considered subject to my orders, until late in the afternoon of the first day, or rather the second day for it was after all the heavy fighting was over, when General Stonewall Jackson turned over to me five guns, being parts of batteries that seemed broken up, or remnants of batteries left after the fight. Counting those it would make twenty-nine guns. Still I carried off the field my twenty-four guns, the North Carolina battery of four and the five guns turned over by General Jackson: this count would make thirty-three guns.

Captain Bondurant had reported to his proper command, but the North Carolina battery had remained at my headquarters. In order to further explain the situation of my command, and how odd batteries were with me, I will have to go back to the battle of Boonsboro. My command there was in the fight, that is three of my batteries and one held in reserve. At this time, and just before the fight on the mountain, Captain Bondurant's battery of four guns were turned over to me and served during the battle and remained with me until after we arrived on the battle-field of Sharpsburg. The night after the battle of Boonsboro our army fell back to Sharpsburg, and I was left without orders with the five batteries, twenty-eight guns, wagons, &c., coming from the battle-field. On the mountain, late at night, I received orders to return to my camp one-half mile from Boonsboro on the Hagarstown road, and across the road from General D. H. Hill's headquarters—this I did, and received no orders to leave through neglect of General Hill's Staff Officer or Chief of Artillery.

At about sun-rise next morning, I found that our army was gone, and did not know when they would make a stand for the next battle.

I at once started moving on the Williamsport road, with the view of making that point and crossing; but to make sure of the situation, I galloped rapidly towards Boonsboro, mainly to see what danger my rear was in from the enemy. On this trip I found a battery of four guns near the road, men asleep, horses unharnessed, &c. On inquiry, I found this was a North Carolina battery belonging or attached to General Ransom's brigade. I ordered the Captain to move rapidly, and gain my command, and we would get off together or "go up" together. In this way I was forced to add one more battery to my command, and at a very critical moment. How I had been very near unto the enemy's cavalry, fifteen hundred strong, then in line of battle across the Hagerstown road, and how I had to counter-march and return near Boonsboro, and then take another road, flanking Boonsboro, and passing up towards Williamsport by another route, and going above Sharpsburg, in order to flank the Yankee army that was between me and our army, and after passing well to the north of Sharpsburg, returned to that place with the whole Yankee army just on my left, and just by my side, I need not now relate. Still I did this, and was complimented by General Lee in person. All this, I presume, is not necessary to mention; if so, I should give it more fully. Regretting the delay in my reply.

I am, very respectfully,

A. S. CUTTS.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE DELAY IN GETTING OUT THIS NUMBER and the combining of two in one will, we are sure, be excused by our readers when they see that we not only give them their full number of pages, but a most interesting and valuable number in every respect.

We *may* find it desirable, on account of our expected absence from the middle of November, to combine the October and November numbers under one cover; but our subscribers may rest assured that they will not fail to receive the full quota of numbers and pages due them.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, who was compelled last spring to postpone his proposed Southern tour for the benefit of the Society, kindly writes that he expects to be prepared to leave Richmond on the 13th of November and to meet such engagements to lecture as may be agreed upon by the Secretary and our friends at different points in the South.

The Secretary expects to accompany General Lee and it is hoped that the tour will be in every way of great advantage to the Society.

We are sure that all who shall have opportunity of hearing the gallant soldier tell the story of "Chancellorsville," will be charmed with the recital, and that his old comrades, wherever he may go, will give him a cordial greeting.

THE ANNUAL REUNION OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION A. N. V. ASSOCIATION will take place on the evening of November the 2d, in the State capitol at Richmond.

The address will be delivered by General A. M. Scales, of North Carolina, who has selected as his theme, "The Battle of Fredericksburg." This subject, in the hands of the gallant and accomplished soldier who helped to win that great victory, cannot fail to be of rare interest and historic value.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY will take place on the evening of Friday, November 3rd. We hope to have a large attendance to hear a most encouraging annual report, and take part in the meeting.

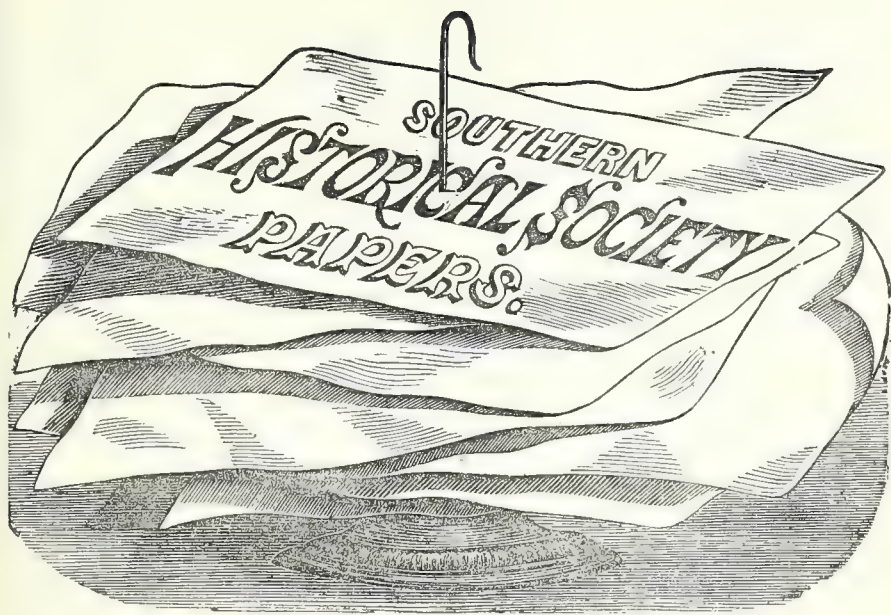
GENERAL GEO. D. JOHNSTON, our efficient General Agent, has been for several months laid aside from his work by his old enemy, "Hay Fever"; but we are glad to be able to announce that he is now recovering, and expects soon to go to work for us in the great State of Texas. We are sure that he will find in the "Lone Star State," a cordial reception, and will meet with hearty co-operation in promoting our great work.

RENEWALS are still in order, especially on the part of those who have been receiving the *Papers* all the year, and have not yet paid their dues. And if they should, as some have done, send us \$6.00 for this year and the next also, we would think it nothing amiss, but would count them "even" with us.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and ST. NICHOLAS both maintain their high character, and we do not hesitate to commend them as every way worthy of a place in the families of our people.

To literary excellence of the highest order, superb illustrations, and unsurpassed general "*get up*," both of these Magazines add the greater excellence of a spirit, and moral tone which we may safely allow to enter our homes, and be the mental pabulum of our children.



Vol. X. Richmond, Va., Oct. and Nov'r, 1882. Nos. 10-11.

Reminiscences of the First Battle of Manassas.

By General WM. SMITH.

I was appointed by Gov. Letcher, Colonel of the Forty-ninth Virginia volunteers, the latter part of June, 1861, upon my individual application. The Governor replied to my application, that I was too old; to which I rejoined, that I would like to see the young man who could stand more hardship and fatigue than I. Well, he said, if you insist upon it, I will not refuse. To which I said, in the words of the bridegroom, who, when asked by the parson if he would take this woman as his wedded wife, "zounds man, that is just what I come for." The Governor thereupon gave me an order to General R. E. Lee, then Adjutant-General of our State, to prepare my commission. Upon presenting it, General Lee, after glancing over it, looked up with manifest surprise, he, too, doubtless thinking I was too old; and pausing a moment, and without a word, he filled up and handed it to me. I took it to the Governor for his signature. Receiving it, I returned with it to General Lee, that he might make the proper record—who, having done so, returned it to me, with an order to General Beauregard to form my regiment out of companies as they severally reported for duty. In my

sixty-fourth year, and wholly unacquainted with drill or tactics, my military prospects were anything but flattering; yet, I thought I knew how to manage men, and flattered myself that I could soon, for all practical purposes, overcome existing deficiencies. Besides, I well knew the bitter feeling of hostility against the South cherished by Northern politicians, who would greedily seize upon this opportunity to gratify their hatred and satiate their revenge; and in view of the great inequality of the contest, I felt it to be my duty to set a spirited example and to contribute all in my power to the success of a cause which was dear to my heart, and which I believed, and ever shall believe, to be right. With this explanation, by way of reply, to the many friends who kindly remonstrated against my entering the army, I proceed to carry out the purpose of this article. Having made my personal arrangements, and having fortunately secured unexceptionable field officers, to wit: Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, a graduate, I believe, of West Point, and certainly a splendid drill-master and tactician, and Major Smith, my nephew, a veteran soldier, just about three weeks from the Federal army, having resigned therefrom to enter the Confederate service, I felt that my first great difficulty had been overcome.

And so, with three companies only assigned to my regiment, I found myself regularly enrolled in the Confederate army, only three days before the first battle of Manassas. On the first day, and late in the afternoon, I was ordered to the Sudley mills, where I expected to meet Colonel Hunton, then on his march from Leesburg. On our arrival, finding Colonel Hunton had not arrived, we camped in and around the Sudley church, my quarters being in a house not far from it. It was fully 11 P. M. before my men got their supper and fixed themselves for the night, and I had not been asleep more than an hour when, about 1 A. M., I received an order to get my men under arms and move with them to a point on Bull Run near the Lewis house, and to report to General Cocke; in other words, to return. I promptly gave the necessary orders. On reaching the camp I found the command in a state of confused preparation, and when it was reported as ready to move I walked over the ground and found many of its conveniences about to be abandoned. I at once sternly rebuked the men for their negligence, told them that *order* and *care* were two of the duties of the soldier, and that I would not tolerate the loss of a tin cup if an act of carelessness. The ground being gleaned, the order to march was given, and we reached our position about sunrise. The next day we camped near the Lewis house. As it was understood we were to fight the day thereafter, and my men had but little rest the previous night, I determined they

should have a good night's rest the coming night. Accordingly, when the sentinels were posted, they were charged not, under any circumstances, to permit the men to be disturbed. On the morning of the 21st July, 1861, I was ordered to take position on Bull Run, north of the Lewis house; and Captain Harris, an engineer officer of much note, was ordered to accompany and post us. We were placed on the edge of the run, under a bluff, on which a section of Rogers's battery, under Lieutenant Heaton, was posted, and temporarily attached to my command.

Riding up on the bluff, I found but one gun. Surprised, I asked the Lieutenant where his other was. Pointing to it, near the Lewis house, he said, "there it is, and put there by order of General Cocke." Putting spurs to my horse, as I passed the gun, I gave orders for every man to be in the saddle, ready to move on my signal to do so, on my return. Dashing up to General Cocke, who was some two hundred yards west—after saluting him—I said, General, permit me to suggest that the gun I have just passed would be more likely to render effective service along side of its mate on yonder bluff than where it is now; and I beg you will permit me to so order. Receiving his consent, and touching my hat in salute, I moved rapidly in return, giving the expected signal, so that the gun with all its equipments was promptly in motion, and moved with such celerity, that it reached the bluff before I could, with all my dash, overtake it. It was a happy reunion, and under the exhilarating circumstances, gave assurance of a splendid fight, should the exigency require it; but a few shots from our guns and from Latham's battery, near by, on my right, induced the enemy, who had shown himself in the pines, on the northern side of the run to abandon his purpose which, obviously, was to reach, in this direction, our line of inter-communication with Manassas. As far as I can learn, the enemy's force referred to was under the command of General Schenck. He was easily checked. About this time the peals of musketry, apparently about the Robinson and the Henry houses was incessant and fascinating. While thus absorbed, and sitting on my horse, surrounded with Colonel Murray, Captain Harris and others on the bluff, near Heaton's guns, Lieutenant-Colonel Murray called to me, "Look there, Colonel." Following the direction of his finger, I saw two regiments in line of battle, moving at quick time, apparently from the field of battle. I know not how to account for my conduct, but giving way to the impulse of the moment, I put spurs to my horse, threw myself in their front and brought them to a halt, simply remarking, "Gentlemen, I must inform you that you have taken the wrong direction."

Returning quickly to my position, for the heavy firing still continued, I had barely done so, when Colonel Murray cried out: "Look, Colonel, those fellows are moving." Again stopping them I again returned to the bluff, when Colonel Murray for the third time exclaimed. "Colonel, those fellows are off again." Much exasperated, I put spurs to my horse, soon overtook them, and galloping around their left flank, drew up in their front, and again brought them to a halt on the road leading from the Lewis house to Ball's or Lewis' ford, I am uncertain which. As I did so, I heard some in the ranks cry out, "who the h--ll is that?" To which I replied in a loud voice, "I am Colonel Smith of the Forty-ninth Virginia Volunteers." To which Colonel Fisher promptly replied, "and I am Colonel Fisher of the Sixth North Carolina, all I ask is to be put in position," and Colonel Falkner then said, "and I am Colonel Falkner of the Second Mississippi," but from the distance he was from me, I heard him imperfectly, yet understood him to say that he was ready to obey orders. Then, I said, "dress your men on the line of this road, bring them to a rest, and wait for orders." These regiments and the gun I had had moved to the bluff, were, it is highly probable the foundation of General Schenck's estimate of our force. He had them in full view from the position he occupied in the pines.

Returning rapidly to my position, I there found a general order, that every man not in the face of the enemy should report to General Beauregard near the Robinson house. Promptly putting my little command in motion, I soon crossed a small ravine draining into Bull Run. Ascending the opposite hill, Lieutenant-Colonel Tibbs of Colonel Hunton's Eighth Virginia Regiment hallooed to me: "I am posted here (near the head of the ravine) with three companies, for God's sake let Colonel Hunton, who is at the Lewis house with the balance of the regiment know your orders." The hill on which the Lewis house stood is of very considerable size and the northern slope of it drains into the ravine. The whole of this slope, up to the new grounds, near and north of the Lewis house, was then covered with an oaken growth of original forest; but it is now, I find upon a recent examination (1882), under a fine crop of corn, the house having been burnt by the enemy in the spring of 1862, when he first took possession of it. Ordering Lieutenant-Colonel Murray to take charge of my command, and to move on without delay, saying I would soon rejoin him, I put spurs to my horse, dashed through the woods and nearing Colonel Hunton's command, hallooed to him that General Beauregard's order was, "that every man not in the face of the enemy should move into action." To which he promptly

replied: "I am posted here by General Cocke, with express orders not to leave my position without his command." I rejoined, "You know whom to obey." Returning rapidly to my command, I had scarcely reached it when a squad of fifteen to twenty men crossed my line of march, from the direction of the Lewis house. I halted them for information, when at the instant a heavy outburst of musketry breaking upon the ear, they resumed their previous rapid movement, like frightened deer, amid the derisive laughter of my whole command. Resuming our march, we had proceeded but a short distance when we encountered a South Carolina company moving in the direction of the stone bridge. Ascertaining it was lost, I said: "Fall in upon my left and I'll conduct you to the post of duty." This was promptly done. Moving but a short distance I encountered two Mississippi companies under precisely similar circumstances, to whom I also said: "Fall in, on my left, and I'll conduct you where men can show their mettle;" which was done with alacrity. So that when I reported to General Beauregard, some hundred yards from the Robinson house, I had three companies of my own regiment, one South Carolina company and two Mississippi companies—not exceeding in all 450 men. Touching my hat, I said: "General Beauregard, I report for orders." Pausing for a moment, he replied: "Colonel, what can you do?" This was a hard question to one wholly unacquainted with military duty. I, however, promptly answered, "Put us in position and I'll show you." I then added: "General, Colonel Hunton, with a fine regiment, is posted at or near the Lewis house and is burning with impatience to join in the battle." Promptly acting on the information, he ordered one of his staff to proceed forthwith to Colonel Hunton, and to order him to report with his regiment with all possible dispatch.

At this time General Beauregard was forming his new line of battle, his right in the open field, midway between the Robinson and Henry houses, and in a line parallel therewith, but considerably to the east thereof and running south in a line that soon gave them the shelter of the pines for a quarter of a mile or so. The enemy was heavily flanking our left, and our reinforcements, as they came up, were ordered to form on the left of our line, and so, by extending it, counteract the movements of the enemy. Accordingly, I was ordered to form on the left, by passing the rear of our line until I reached my position. The Washington Artillery, as I was at the time informed, was firing upon the enemy and across my line of march; it was ordered to suspend its fire until I had crossed its range, when General Beauregard placed himself by my side, at the head of my column, and the order to march was

given. On reaching our new line of battle, under what influence I know not, I announced General Beauregard to the men, to which they promptly responded with three rousing cheers, and so, as we marched along the rear of our line, I, every fifty to seventy steps, announced General Beauregard, to which a similar response was invariably and promptly given. On reaching the left of the line I found it in much disorder. Here, General Beauregard informed me that he must leave me, and repeating his orders left me. He had not gone more than forty steps when a cry from the disordered crowd referred to, demanded to see General Beauregard. Calling to the General to return, as the men say they must see you, I announced him to them, to which, responding with three hearty cheers, they promptly formed in line. This I understood was Jackson's left, on which, as ordered, I formed my men; the three companies which had joined me, as heretofore stated, having been detached, as far as I can learn, by General Johnston and placed under the command of Colonel F. J. Thomas of his staff, who was unfortunately killed. I have recently visited the spot where he fell. From the time I reported to General Beauregard to the time I took my position on the left, we were at no time under fire, certainly none that annoyed us. It may not be amiss here to add that the half dozen cheers to which I have referred, and with which General Beauregard was honored, had, I have reason to believe, a very happy effect on our troops and a very depressing one on those of the enemy, being regarded by him as the indications of frequent and heavy reinforcements from General Johnston's army. At least the letters of the Federal correspondents, which were spread all over the country and were, as I have heard, republished in Europe, so stated; while I know that the entire force represented by those cheers did not exceed 450 men, one-half of whom belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

Having taken my position, I found myself quite well sheltered from view by a small growth of old-field pines, as was Jackson's left, with some small gullies now plainly to be seen in the rear of my left. Looking around me, I found myself on the eastern slope of the ridge or plateau, opposite to, with my left a little to the south of the Henry house, and directly in front of the Ricketts battery, which had just taken position. I am quite sure the enemy had not yet discovered us. I admonished my men to be cool and deliberate, and not to fire without an object under sight, and gave the word to fire. This fire, with Jackson's, which was no doubt simultaneous, was so destructive that it utterly disabled the Ricketts battery for all efficient purposes. I am not sure, but I am under the impression, that it never fired upon us

more than once, if that. Three times was it taken and retaken before the enemy gave up the struggle to retain it. I had a number of men wounded at the guns—two of them, James and John Wells, brothers, wounded on one of the guns; and James, although shot through the lungs, is still living and able to do a day's work as a post and rail fencer. Indeed, such was the impetuosity of one of these charges—the first, I think—that two of my men, Kirkpatrick and Suddoth, penetrated so deeply into the enemy's lines that they could not fall back with their comrades when repulsed, but remained in the confused masses of the enemy, unnoticed I presume, until another charge, which almost immediately followed, extricated them.

Shortly after this bloody strife began, looking to my left, I saw a heavy mass of the enemy advancing from the direction of the Sudley and Manassas road, on a line parallel with and equi-distant between my line of battle and the Henry house. For a moment I thought I must be doubled up, but had resolved to stand my ground, cost what it might, when, to my great relief, the Sixth North Carolina, Colonel Fisher, and the Second Mississippi, Colonel Falkner, came up from the direction of the Lewis house, and formed in much confusion on my left, relieving me, however, in a great degree from my perilous position. I had three times stopped these regiments as previously described, and now they came up so opportunely to my relief that it almost seemed to be an act of Providence. By the time they had formed in tolerable order, the enemy nearly covered their front without seeming to have discovered them. Being on my extreme left, one of the North Carolinians, recognizing me, called to me from his ranks: "That is the enemy; shall we fire?" I replied: "Don't be in a hurry; don't fire upon friends." At the instant a puff of wind spread out the Federal flag, and I added, "There is no mistake; give them h—l, boys!" thus giving orders most strangely to a regiment which was not under my command to begin the fight. The enemy was soon scattered and disappeared from the field. I have not been able, after much investigation, to discover his name or number. Lieutenant-Colonel Lightfoot, of the Sixth North Carolina, claims that his regiment united with us in one of the charges on the enemy's guns and to have suffered severely. It was on this charge, I presume, that Colonel Fisher was killed, as he fell some one hundred and fifty yards in advance of his original line of battle. When driven back from the enemy's guns neither the North Carolinians nor Mississippians remained to renew the charge, but incontinently left the field.

I was thus again on the left of our line of battle, with no enemy in sight.

On my flank I had suffered severely. Major Smith had been shot down in my lines—his leg broken just below the hip; Captain Ward had been mortally wounded in a charge, and died in a few hours; the enemy had charged into my lines and been repulsed, several prisoners being captured, among them a Captain Butterworth, I think, of the First Michigan, who was shot down in my lines, badly wounded, and a private of the same regiment, I presume, who held Major Smith in his arms until the fight was over, and he was relieved by the removal of Major Smith to Dogan's, near by, where he was confined for many weeks. It was about this time that Colonel Hunton, with his gallant regiment, appeared on the field, charged and cleared out the scattered fragments of the enemy about and near the Henry house, and thus shared in and materially contributed to the final result. Nor must I omit to state here, that he was indebted to me for the opportunity he so handsomely improved, to share in the glories of the day.

The battle being now substantially at an end, I made, for the time being, such arrangements for my killed and wounded as the occasion required. Attracted by an artillery firing, apparently some two hundred yards southwest from my position, I concluded to see what it meant. On my way I encountered an officer lying dead. I was told it was Colonel Fisher, of the Sixth North Carolina, who was killed in a charge as I have previously described. Passing on, I soon reached the battery of Captain Delaware Kemper, and found him firing upon the enemy retreating on the ridge running northerly from the Chinn by the Dogan house. He was on the eastern side of the Sudley's road, and some half mile from his target. "With that beautiful precision inaugurated at Vienna," he soon drove the enemy from shelter to the western slope of the ridge, while on receiving his fire, the enemy's sharpshooters would run to the crest of the ridge and empty their long range guns in reply. No injury was done to Captain Kemper or his command, of which I am aware, during the half hour, or less, that I remained with it—the enemy's shot occasionally fell about us with sufficient force to wound or kill. Leaving Captain Kemper, I rode to a squad of officers some one hundred and fifty yards to his right, composed of Preston, Kershaw, and others, also overlooking the retreating foe, without the power to prevent it. It moved me deeply, almost to tears. Although now getting late, I concluded to ride down the turnpike, and went as far as Cub Run bridge. Here I found the bridge not passable, from an immense jam of the enemy's wagons and other vehicles, and the stream not fordable. Returning to my position in the fight to see if my orders had been executed, I found everything done to my satisfaction, except

that Captain Butterworth, to whom I have before referred, had not been removed. No one was with him but my servant Pin. To my enquiry why he, the Captain, had not been cared for, he replied that all the wagons which had passed were filled with our own wounded, but that he hoped soon to get him in. It was now nearly 9 P. M., with every prospect of a bad night, and I directed my servant to take from under my saddle four of five blankets which my dear wife had provided for my own exigencies, and to make him as comfortable as possible. I also charged my servant to lay my commands on the first wagon which passed to take him in and carry him to the hospital, while he must remain by him until this was done. This officer was grateful for my arrangements for his comfort; inquired of my servant who I was, and handing him his pistols, a beautiful pair, directed him to hand them to me, with an earnest request that I would accept them as the evidence of his gratitude for the kind and generous care I had taken of him; at least, so said my servant when he delivered the pistols to me next morning, and added, that I had scarcely left them the night before, when a wagon passing by, was stopped, the officer taken in and duly delivered at the hospital. Subsequently inquiring about him, I was informed that he had been moved to Orange Courthouse, where he had died.

It was now fully 9 P. M. I had been in the saddle from a little after sunrise. I was much fatigued from the constant exertions and anxieties of the day, besides I had slept but little the two preceding nights—the night promised to be a bad one; and so, I concluded to seek the hospitable roof of my friend Dogan, where my Major was already quartered. The road to Dogan's passed over the bloody plateau, on which a large portion of the fighting had been done, and near the Henry house. The field through which I rode was well nigh covered with the Federal dead and wounded; and as my horse's step announced the passing of a human being, the wail of suffering humanity, and deep cry for water, water, which burst upon the otherwise profound stillness of the hour, was absolutely agonizing. I understood the appeal, but without the power to give relief, was compelled to leave them to those who were already actively engaged in collecting the wounded and carrying them where their wants could be attended to. On reaching Dogan's, I saw by the imperfect light of a somewhat clouded moon, that his porch, yard and stable adjoining the yard, seemed full of the enemy's wounded. Taking my seat in the porch, one of the wounded men, I think from New Hampshire, asked me about my position in the fight. Apparently satisfied with my reply, he said, "I thought I recognized you when you rode up, and particularly your horse. Three times did I

fire upon you during the fight," and added with the most perfect simplicity, "Of course, what I did was in the way of business and not in malice." My horse was shot in the neck, and I suppose I owe to this man the injury he received. However, I soon retired, and notwithstanding the exciting and important incidents of the day, I slept soundly and awoke with the morn, refreshed and buoyant, resolved to perform my whole duty in the grand drama, in which I had undertaken to perform a part.

I should not, perhaps, omit an incident of the day, as it illustrates an important duty of the officer. On the morning of the fight (I was not provided with a commissary) a man, whom I did not know, reported to me as my acting commissary, stating that supplies for my command had been turned over to him, and he wished to know if he should destroy them, as he supposed we would soon engage the enemy. Amazed! I replied, "Destroy them! No. Take good care of them and issue them as the law and your duty requires. I am sorry thus to learn that you already assume that we are to be whipped." Meeting him the next morning, I said, "Well, sir, what have you done with your supplies?" He replied, "obeyed your orders, and am now issuing them to your men." I then said, "let this incident be a lesson to you, never to destroy anything committed to your care, without it would *materially* injure our enemies or *materially* benefit ourselves."

I might here close this article, contented with the very handsome notice taken of my command, in the official reports of the Generals commanding. But Dr. Dabney's Life of Jackson, and the official Reports of the day, recently published by the Federal government, and until then unseen by me, impose upon me the duty of asserting for my command, even at this late day, its just claim upon the love and admiration of its country.

It must not be forgot that my command had been organized only three days, and was wholly unused to arms, and was now on its third day called upon to perform the duties of the veteran soldier; that it passed along the rear of Bee's and Jackson's brigades, and it may be Gautrell's regiment, to form on the left—a position of peculiar danger, as the great effort of the enemy was to turn our left; that we took, about 2 to 2½ P. M., our position, and in musket range of the Ricketts and Griffin batteries; that we had scarcely opened our fire when a heavy column of the enemy appeared, from the direction of the Sudley and Manassas road, moving on a line about equi-distant between my left and the Henry house, obviously to flank me, which was happily anticipated by the opportune arrival of the Sixth North Carolina: that

my command three times, the North Carolinians once co-operating, charged the Ricketts battery before the enemy gave up the struggle to hold it; that my flank was again left, by the withdrawal of the Mississippians and North Carolinians, exposed; that my loss was slightly in excess of that of Jackson's brigade, which only came under fire in the afternoon, at the same time that I did, slightly more than that of Hampton's legion, and slightly less than that of Bee's brigade, as 40 to 43; while in the afternoon's fight, during which we were engaged together, my command suffered a much larger percentage of loss than any other in the field, except Jackson's, and slightly in excess of that. And I now mention these illustrious commands for the special purpose of showing that, however high the standard they have established for the qualities of the true soldier, my command may justly and proudly claim to have come fully up to it—*par nobile fatrum*.

In view, then, of these facts, it can but excite surprise that Dr. Dabney should, in his life of Jackson, have claimed for his brigade the whole merit of capturing the Ricketts battery, &c. It is the more remarkable, as General Jackson did not do it. In his official report, speaking of a charge he had ordered, he says "he pierced the enemy's centre, and by co-operating with the victorious Fifth *and other forces* [the italics are mine], soon placed the field essentially in our possession." Again, he says: "The brigade, *in connection with other troops*, took seven field pieces, in addition to the battery captured by Colonel Cummings." General Jackson also says: "The enemy, although repulsed in the centre, succeeded in turning our flanks." If the General meant his left flank, he was under a mistake. I was on his left, and know that no effort was made to turn mine but once, and that failed, as heretofore stated. I presume General Jackson does not refer to the movements of the enemy west of the Manassas road, as they were promptly arrested and the enemy was driven back.

I omitted to mention in the proper place that Lieutenant-Colonel Murray in one of our charges upon the enemy's guns, finding that we could not hold them, spiked one of them with a nail he had in his pocket.

My next article will be a narrative of the personal incidents of the battle of the Seven Pines, the bloodiest fight, as far as my command was concerned, in which I ever was engaged.

Relative Losses.

Colonel Evans began the fight with the subjoined force and lost during the day as follows:

	Officers killed.	Men killed.	Officers wounded.	Men wounded.	Aggregate.
Fourth South Carolina, Col. Sloan.....	1	10	9	70	90
First Louisiana Battalion, Maj. Wheat.....	8	5	33	46
Company Cavalry, Capt. Terry.....	1	1	2
Artillery, two guns, Lieut. Davidson.....	1	1
	1	19	14	105	139

Force estimated at 1,300 men.

The above command was relieved by General Bee's Brigade, consisting of

	Officers killed.	Men killed.	Officers wounded.	Men wounded.	Aggregate.
Seventh Georgia, Col. Barton.....	1	18	12	122	153
Eighth Georgia, Col. ———.....	3	38	6	153	200
Fourth Alabama, Col. Jones.....	4	36	6	151	197
Second Mississippi, Col. Falkner.....	4	21	3	79	107
Two companies, Mississippi, Maj. Liddell.....	7	21	28
	12	120	27	526	685

2,800 muskets.

Colonel Hampton's Legion fought through the day. Had 27 officers and 600 men, and lost 19 killed and 100 wounded.

General Jackson's Brigade consisted of five regiments, as follows:

	Officers killed.	Men killed.	Officers wounded.	Men wounded.	Aggregate.
Second Regiment Va. Vol., Col. Allen.....	3	15	3	69	90
Fourth Regiment Va. Vol., Col. Preston.....	1	30	100	131
Fifth Regiment Va. Vol., Col. Harper.....	6	47	53
Twenty Seventh Regt. Va. Vol., Col. Echols..	1	18	122	141
Thirty-Third Regt. Va. Vol., Col. Cummings....	1	44	101	146
	6	113	3	439	561

Dr. Dabney estimates 2,700 men.

Forty-Ninth Virginia Volunteers, Col. Smith, 210 men. Officers killed, 1; men killed, 9; officers wounded, 1; men wounded, 29—aggregate, 40.

WM. SMITH.

The Battle of Fredericksburg.

PAPER No. 2—(CONCLUSION.)

By General E. P. ALEXANDER.

Saturday, the 13th, at length dawned through the heavy mist, and the Confederate army stood to its arms gazing into the muffled valley, and listening for the well-known sounds which would tell where the first blow was to be given and taken. For some time there was nothing to indicate the enemy's intentions; but at length there came faintly through the fog, confused words of command, among which, "Forward! Guide centre," could be distinguished, and it was evident that lines of battle were being formed on the Federal left. During the night, the concentration of the Confederates had been completed by the arrival of D. H. Hill's and Early's divisions, the former from Port Royal, and the latter from Skenker's mill. On the evening of the 12th, General Burnside had ordered that the attack should be made in force by Franklin's grand division on the Confederate right at Hamilton's crossing, and General Lee seems to have anticipated such action, as he concentrated in that immediate vicinity the whole of Jackson's corps. On the morning of the 13th, however, as Franklin was preparing to put his whole force in the blow he was about to strike, the orders were modified by rather vague directions from Burnside to send "One division, at least, to seize, if possible, the heights near Hamilton's crossing, taking care to support it well and keep its line of retreat open," and to hold the rest of his command "in position for a rapid movement down the Richmond road."* General Sumner, who had previously been ordered to await the success of Franklin's attack, before moving upon the positions in his front, was this morning ordered to "form a column of a division for the purpose of pushing in the direction of the Telegraph and Plank roads, for the purpose of seizing the heights in the rear of the town," and "to hold another division in readiness to support this movement."

Franklin designated for his attack Meade's division, supported by Gibbons on its right and Doubleday's in reserve, making the whole of the first corps, and when, at 10 A. M., the melting of the fog exposed the plain to view, three long lines of battle and clouds of skirmishers were visible, already moving slowly across the plain, while his numerous batteries opened a tremendous fire upon the Confederate lines. For

*Swinton. Army of the Potomac, p. 245.

a while the only reply was from a section of Stuart's horse artillery under Lieutenant John Pelham, of Alabama, who approached close, upon the enemy's left flank with only two guns, and so punished his lines of battle that the advance was checked until Pelham could be driven off, an operation which it took four batteries an hour to accomplish. The whole army were spectators of the unequal combat, and General Lee's expression, "the Gallant Pelham," was ever afterward accorded to him as a well earned *soubriquet*. On his withdrawal, at last, with empty ammunition chests, Meade again moved forward and soon joined battle along his whole line. A portion of his force struck a considerable interval in A. P. Hill's line (which was in front), where a swamp separated Lane's and Archer's brigades, and penetrating that, and turning the flanks of these two brigades, gained a temporary success. Gregg's brigade, posted in the second line in rear of this interval, was completely surprised by this force advancing through the dense forest and General Gregg himself was killed while beating down his men's muskets to stop the firing upon what he mistook for a Confederate brigade. The true state of affairs, however, was scarcely sooner discovered than it was set to rights. Colonel Hamilton succeeded to the command of Gregg's brigade. General Early who was in reserve a short distance in rear came "crashing through the woods" with three brigades of his division: Lawton's under Atkinson, Trimble's under Hoke, and Early's under Walker. The advance of the enemy was beaten back, and after some severe fighting in the woods they were driven out and back across the field to the shelter of the railroad embankment. Here Meade was reinforced by Gibbon's division, supported by Doubleday's, a short distance in rear, and a determined stand was made. The three brigades, however, under Walker, Hoke and Atkinson, assisted by two regiments of Archer's brigade, and two of Brockenborough's—scarcely seven thousand men all told, promptly and gallantly charged this greatly superior force, and after a short but sharp action, in which some were even killed with the bayonet, Meade and Gibbons were utterly routed and Doubleday was borne back under the protection of the batteries along the Bowling Green road. Four regiments of Atkinson's command* continued the pursuit within fifty

* These regiments were the Thirty-first Georgia, Colonel Evans, the Thirty-eighth Georgia, Captain McLeod; Sixtieth Georgia, Colonel Stiles, and Sixty-first Georgia, Colonel Lamar, and averaged 340 men each. They captured over 200 prisoners and inflicted great slaughter upon the enemy—losing themselves forty-eight killed, and 309 wounded. Colonel Atkinson was severely wounded and fell into the enemy's hands. Colonel Evans succeeding to the command. Cap-

yards of the guns, even causing some of them to be abandoned by the cannoneers, and only retired on being attacked in flank by Birney's division of Stoneman's corps, which had been hurried up to Meade's assistance.

The Confederate line then withdrew to its original position, leaving heavy pickets on the railroad track, and the Federals desisting from the offensive, no further infantry engagement occurred on this part of the field. During these operations of the infantry, the artillery firing on each side had been unusually heavy and murderous. The Federals not only had ample space to bring into action at close range every gun on the south side of the river, but their heavy rifles on the north bank were used with great accuracy in spite of the long range. One hundred and seventy casualties were caused by this artillery fire in a single division (D. H. Hill's), which was held in reserve and entirely concealed from the enemy's view. The Confederate position was so densely wooded throughout that the guns used had to be concentrated in a very few positions and the loss among them was consequently very severe.

Meanwhile on the Confederate left, Sumner essayed to carry out his orders, and events fell out as follows: He selected the long promontory since known as Marye's Hill as the point of his attack. It will be seen from the map that this is the extremity of a plateau, some forty feet high, which borders the canal and terminates in a bluff over Hazel run. The Telegraph road runs along the foot of the declivity, and is here sunken some four feet below the level of the bordering gardens and revetted with stone. The ground in front is cut up with fences, the canal, and a deep cut of the unfinished Fredericksburg and Orange railroad, and was swept by the fire of nine guns of the Washington Artillery on the hill, besides which two thirty-pound rifles and about a half dozen field pieces on Lee's and Howison's hills were able to fire over the approaches to the right flank of the position, while two of Maurin's guns on the left swept the Plank-road from the city to a brick tan-yard which bordered it and the canal. This road and the Telegraph road crossed the canal (which was about twenty feet wide and four feet deep), by two bridges some 200 yards apart opposite the left of the position. Below these bridges the crossing of the canal could be effected without the discovery of the Confederates.

tain Lawton, Brigade-Adjutant, also fell into the enemy's hands mortally wounded while leading a regiment with distinguished gallantry, though already partly disabled by the falling of his horse which had been killed under him.

It is hard to imagine what induced the enemy to select this portion of the line as his point of attack. The distance to be traversed under fire was not so great as would have been necessary elsewhere, but the fire was much more intense. Some slight protection was offered by the intervening houses and fences, but it is very questionable whether the confusion incident to the passage of such obstacles, under a heavy fire, and the great propensity of the men to halt and fire from the cover afforded by them, do not more than compensate for the advantage gained. Four hundred yards north of the Telegraph road the opportunity afforded the enemy at this time was far greater. The guns on this part of the line were in pits, in the plain, not upon the crest, and consequently did not command the approaches. Only Parker's two howitzers at Stansbury's house could have fired upon a line within two hundred yards of the canal, and the infantry defence would have been made without any advantage of ground in its favor, and on a plain well swept by an enfilading fire from above, and a direct fire from below Falmouth. Moreover, even if the crest south of Marye's had been carried, any further advance would have received an enfilade fire from Lee's hill and a severe direct fire from the high hills between the Plank-road and Hazel run, where Rhett's rifle battery was already in position and fortified, while a successful attack a few hundred yards north of this road could have been pushed with very little fire in the flank against wooded hills which gave no positions for artillery, and requiring much more time to be reached by reinforcements.* I am very far from wishing to imply that even such an attack, or indeed any other, could have succeeded against the Confederate army in its splendid temper at that time, or to underrate the positive difficulties the enemy would have met even at this point, but simply to criticise very briefly what should perhaps be called his choice of evils.

The topography of the situation was well known to him, for a large Federal force had occupied Fredericksburg for many weeks in the summer previous, and his balloons now enabled him to discover every disposition for defence.

The attack was preceded by an increase of the artillery fire which had been directed upon the Confederate position during the whole

* For an account of the attacks made on this same position by General Sedgwick in May, 1863, which, however, had been better fortified meanwhile, but was defended by scarcely more than a strong skirmish line, the reader is referred to the account of the battle of Chancellorsville. It will be seen that all attacks in front and on the right flank also failed then, and it was at last carried by an assaulting column moving north of the Plank-road.

morning, and it was now poured in from every available gun. The honor of the assault which is popularly but erroneously attributed to Meagher's Irish brigade,* was assigned to the second corps under Couch, who designated French's division to lead and Hancock's to follow.

The formation of each division was ordered to be "brigade front with intervals of two hundred paces."† French's brigades was in the following order, viz: Kimball's, Andrews's, Palmer's, Hancock's, Zooks's, Meagher's and Caldwell's. The strength of the column was nine thousand men. At the foot of the hill against which this column was to move, and behind the stone revetment of the telegraph road already described, lay three regiments of Cobbs's brigade, and in a ditch on their left, between the Telegraph and Plank roads, was one regiment of Ransom's brigade, the whole under the command of General T. R. R. Cobb.‡ On the crest of the hill at intervals on a front of about four hundred yards were the nine guns of the Washington artillery under Colonel Walton.§ Two hundred yards behind the guns and sheltered by the slope of the hill was Cooke's brigade of Ransom's division. Four hundred yards in rear of this, lay the remaining three regiments of Ransom's brigade under General Ransom, who was specially charged with the care of the position, and behind the infantry Moseley's battery of six guns was held in reserve. The whole force numbered about six thousand muskets, of which about two thousand were in the front line.

About 12 o'clock M., General Longstreet ordered Colonel Alexander to throw a hundred shells down the streets of the city and towards

* Meagher's official report, to be found in the Rebellion Record, Vol. VI, Doc. page 80, exhibits the following facts. This brigade formed the second line in the second column of assault. General Meagher marched it to the shelter of the hill across the canal whence the assault was made, and gave the order for the charge, but at the same time being too lame to accompany it further on foot, he returned to the city for his horse which he had left there. He had hardly mounted when the fragments of the brigade joined him, having been already repulsed. During the course of the day General Meagher marched his remnants (two hundred and eighty rallied out of twelve hundred who went in action), across the river where he remained until next morning. Ten officers were killed and wounded in the five regiments of this brigade.

† Swinton, page 249.

‡ These regiments were the Twenty-fourth North Carolina, Philips's Georgia Legion, Twenty-fourth Georgia, Eighteenth Georgia.

§ These guns were four light 12-pounder guns, three 10-pounder rifles and two 12-pounder howitzers, composing the first company, Captain Squires; third company, Captain Miller, and fourth company, Captain Echleman.

the bridges, which was scarcely commenced by Moody's, Rhett's and Parker's batteries when the assaulting column issued from the town preceded by a cloud of skirmishers and moving by the flank down the Telegraph and Plank roads crossed the canal.

No sooner did their columns appear than the eleven guns of Walton and Maurin, which bore upon their advance, opened a murderous fire on them, in the face of which, however, they crossed the canal and took shelter behind the rising ground between it and Marye's hills. Here for a while they remained hidden from the Confederate view, while several batteries, advanced to the edge of the city, opened a severe cannonade to aid those on the Stafford side in extinguishing the Marye's Hill guns. Very soon, however, the advancing standards of the infantry column were again visible ascending the slope, and three of them were planted at its crest about 175 yards from the Confederate line and about opposite its centre. As it had crossed the canal on the Telegraph and Plank road bridges,* opposite the Confederate left-flank, the Federal column must have inclined to its left before assaying to deploy as it now attempted to do on the line marked by its flags. It seemed also from its manner of deployment to have been "right in front," which threw it still farther towards the Confederate centre, which was certainly unfortunate for it. Had its formation been in "double column on the centre," and its deployment directly to its front after crossing the bridges, it would have found better and less exposed ground to advance upon, and would have much overlapped the Confederate left. As it was, no sooner did the deployment on the line of the flags begin than the artillery, disregarding the fire of the enemy's batteries, poured a storm of canister down the slopes, and the infantry, hitherto silent, opened so deadly a fire that the ranks were entirely swept away before the deployment was completed, and the flags were left standing alone and waiving over but a line of killed and wounded, while the Confederates jeered at their discomfitted foes, and shouted, "set them up again."

On this repulse of French's division the battle lulled for perhaps twenty minutes, during which only the sharpshooters on both sides engaged and the Confederate artillery exchanged compliments with the Federal batteries on the edge of the city. It was during this interval that a ball from a sharpshooter mortally wounded the gallant and Christian patriot, General T. R. R. Cobb. He fell under a locust tree hanging over the Telegraph road from the yard of Stevens's house, a

* Swinton's Army of the Potomac.

small wooden building immediately in front of the stone wall. The fatal shot came from a house some hundred and fifty yards in front and to the left, and which was occupied by the Federal skirmishers. Captain Wallace of the Second South Carolina regiment, afterwards dislodged them by devoting a whole company to pouring a constant fire upon the windows. Seeing that the enemy was preparing for another assault, General Ransom at this time ordered Cooke's brigade to move forward to the crest of the hill, on the line of the batteries, and the movement was just commenced, when Hancock's division, with what had been rallied from French's, mounted the hill, and passing over French's fatal line of flags pushed more gallantly for its goal.

Confident of his position and desirous of making his fire most fatal, Colonel Miller, of the Eighteenth Georgia regiment, who had succeeded to the command of Cobb's brigade, checked the fire of the infantry until Hancock's foremost ranks were within one hundred yards, when the murderous muskets were again turned on the line already roughly used by the guns on the hill. At the same time Cooke's brigade reached the crest above, where three regiments* halted while one moved down into the Telegraph road, and all joined in the fire, which fast broke into fragments the Federal assault. The second and third lines were soon mingled with the first in confusion, then all were scattered in clusters to the shelter of houses and fences, and in twenty minutes, these coverts being probed by shells, the bloody field was again deserted.

In these attacks the Confederate loss was slight, while the loss of the Federals was very severe. French lost nearly 50 per cent. of his command, and Hancock lost two thousand and thirteen out of five thousand and six led into action†. The body of one man, supposed to have been an officer, was found after the battle within twenty yards of the Confederate line. Others were scattered at various distances up to one hundred yards, at and beyond which the ground was so thickly strewn that from the base of the hill it seemed in places to be carpeted with blue. The failure of this assault is, in the first place, probably entirely due to the fact that the assaulting column *stopped to fire*, for its numbers were certainly four times as great as the numbers of those who drew trigger against them. The stopping to fire may have been partly

*The Forty-sixth North Carolina, Colonel Hall, Forty-eighth North Carolina, and Fifteenth North Carolina halted on the hill, and the Twenty-seventh North Carolina ran down into the Telegraph road.

†Swinton, *Army of Potomac*, p. 251.

the device of the division commanders, but the very disposition of the bodies left on the field indicated the evil influence of the intervening houses and fences on the *morale* of the advance. At the corners of every house lay a group of bodies, and probably the spot most thickly strewn on the field was a small space behind a high board fence, through which the rebel bullets passed easily, and from behind which the enemy could not fire in reply. The wounded had been removed from the place, but the dead left on the spot would have nearly formed a double rank of the length of the fence.

For a while the conflict again dwindled to an engagement of sharpshooters and artillery, and even the artillery firing was much slackened, for the guns on the Stafford Hills had damaged their own friends by shells falling a little short of their mark, and their fire was partially discontinued or diverted to other points, and only the guns in the city fired upon Marye's Hill. Meanwhile both parties reinforced their fighting lines and prepared for another struggle.

On the death of General Cobb, General Kershaw was ordered with two regiments to reinforce and take command of the position in the Telegraph road, and he now arrived with the Second South Carolina regiment. Colonel Kennedy and the Eighth South Carolina, Captain Stackhouse, which regiments, numbering some 700 men, were posted in the road, doubling on Philips's Legion and the Twenty-fourth Georgia. Brigadier-General Cooke had also been severely wounded during the last attack, and Colonel Hall, of the Forty-sixth North Carolina, had succeeded to the command of the brigade, and he now moved his own regiment from its position on the hill to join the Twenty-seventh North Carolina in the Telegraph road. General Ransom also brought forward the three remaining regiments of his brigade, and posted two of them near the crest of the hill in rear of the line of batteries, while the third, the Twenty-fifth North Carolina, under Lieutenant-Colonel Bryson, advanced down the slope into the Telegraph road after firing a few rounds from the crest at the enemy, who at that moment made his third effort with Howard's division. This division advanced from the lower part of the city, crossing the canal near the railroad, and in proceeding to join Hancock and French, was exposed to the artillery on Lee's and Howison's Hill, which took heavy toll from its columns. After joining the remnants of the preceding attacks, still sheltered in the valley, and firing from the ridge, this division also sought to snatch the coveted prize, but, like its predecessors, after being allowed to advance a short distance, it received a fire which it could not face, and fell back in confusion to the shelter of the slope.

General McLaws now relieved the remainder of Kershaw's brigade from their position in front of Lee's Hill, and dispatched three regiments to General Kershaw, and posted the fourth, the Third South Carolina battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, at the mill on Hazel Run, to protect the right flank of the position. General Jenkins also advanced, for the same purpose, a regiment down the right bank of Hazel Run, where Captain Cuthbert's company of the Second South Carolina had already been doing fine service all day, but with considerable loss. Meanwhile the enemy, with a pertinacy worthy of a better fate, brought forward Sturgis's and Getty's divisions of the Ninth corps from below the mouth of Hazel Run. Their advance exposed their left flanks to a raking fire from the artillery on Lee's Hill, which, with good ammunition, ought to have routed them without the aid of infantry. As it was, some single shots were made, which were even terrible to look at. Gaps were cut in their ranks visible at the distance of a mile, and a long cut of the unfinished Orange Railroad was several times raked through by the thirty-pound Parrott which enfiladed it from Lee's Hill while filled with troops.* In spite, however, of the artillery fire, these divisions pressed forward and essayed an attack from the left flank of the beaten divisions still sheltered in the valley. As the leading lines of these divisions pressed forward in the assault, the three remaining regiments of Kershaw's brigade reached the crest of the hill over the Telegraph road. Here one regiment, the Fifteenth South Carolina, Colonel De Saussure, was halted behind a low graveyard wall, as a reserve and support to the batteries, while the Third South Carolina, Colonel Nance, and the Seventh South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Bland, moved down the slope to the yard of Marye's house, where they rendered valuable assistance in repelling the attack, the Third taking position in front of the house and the Seventh in rear. All of the movements detailed as occurring on the slope of this hill during the whole day took place under a murderous fire.

The artillery on the north bank, though checked by the danger of hitting the Federal lines, still kept up a slow but very accurate fire. A number of guns from the suburbs of the town also swept the face of the hill, with case shot and canister, while innumerable sharpshooters kept up a fusilade more deadly than that of a line of battle. The

* This gun exploded during the afternoon at the thirty-ninth discharge, but fortunately did no harm, though Generals Lee, Longstreet and others were standing very near it. A ten-pound Parrott then replaced it, until night, when Lane's Whitworth gun took the position.

accuracy and the weight of this fire may be imagined from a few illustrations. Early in the morning, Captain H. L. King, a gallant aid of General McLaws, while carrying an order to General Cobb, fell dead on this hill, pierced with five balls. A member of the Twenty-fifth North Carolina, who came a little behind his regiment, when descending this slope, fell dead and rolled to the bottom, perfectly riddled by the storm of balls directed at him.

On the left of the Plank-road, where there was but little fire from sharpshooters, Major Latrobe, of General Longstreet's staff, and Lieutenant Landry, of Maurin's battery, removed a gun out of its pit to fire at a body of the enemy standing behind a hill. By the time that three shots could be fired the gun was disabled, and four out of six cannoneers were killed or wounded.

The Third South Carolina, while fighting in front of Marye's house, lost in succession, in a very short while, six commanding officers,* and suffered a loss of one hundred and sixty-seven out of four hundred present. On the cessation of this attack the Third South Carolina, which had perhaps been unnecessarily exposed in meeting it, was moved at the suggestion of Colonel Nance (who still lay wounded on the field) to a road a short distance in rear and to the left, where it was able to find shelter and still fire upon the enemy. At the same time the Seventh South Carolina moved to the right, and in front of Marye's house, to the support of the Fifteenth North Carolina. It formed behind a slope, where, in the subsequent fighting, it would load, march in line to the crest, fire, and fall back to reload.

On the repulse of Sturgis's and Getty's divisions, Burnside, who was looking on from the Phillips house, and receiving particulars from his balloonists and couriers, ordered Hooker to cross the river with the Fifth corps, which was still in reserve, and to "carry that crest." Accordingly the dense columns of this corps, which had heretofore been mere spectators of the stirring scene, now poured down toward the pontoon bridges, while General Hooker in person hurried across to examine the position. On the Confederate side the Fifteenth South Carolina, from the cemetery, and the Sixteenth Georgia, Colonel Bryan (the remaining regiment of Cobb's brigade), joined the force behind the stone wall. There were now eleven regiments in the Telegraph road

* Viz.: Colonel J. D. Nance, in three places; Lieutenant-Colonel Rutherford, Major Maffet, Captain Todd, severely; Captain Hance, mortally wounded; and Captain Summer, killed; leaving the regiment commanded by Captain J. K. Nance.

and the ditch on its left, numbering some 3,500 muskets, and forming four ranks along most of the front. Sheltered in various ways on the slope and ridge above were six other regiments, numbering about 2,500 men. Behind the declivity in their front were the remains of the five divisions which had made assaults, numbering, however, probably not more than fourteen thousand men; for Meagher's and Andrews's brigades, and probably some others, had retreated into the town on being repulsed. This was, however, an ample force for offence, and its commanders diligently rallied and reformed it, and made a fresh effort to dislodge their foes without waiting for the Fifth corps. This effort, made about 4 P. M., was favored by an accident for a few minutes, and resulted in a near approach to the Confederate line and one of the bloodiest repulses of the day. At half-past 3 P. M., the Washington Artillery having expended nearly all of its ammunition, and having one gun disabled and many men killed and wounded, Colonel Walton requested that his battalion (the Washington Artillery) should be relieved by a portion of Alexander's battalion.

Woolfolk's battery of four guns, with a section of Jordan's under Lieutenant Smith, and three guns under Captain Moody, were accordingly moved up in a ravine close in rear of the Washington Artillery, which now vacated the pits, and cleared the way for their advance at a gallop. It happened that the Washington Artillery was just seen to leave its pits as the enemy began his advance, and supposing it to indicate a general retreat of the Confederate line, and rejoicing to be rid of the canister and shell, the Federals cheered and pressed forward boldly, pouring in at the same time a tremendous fire. Meanwhile the relieving artillery, debouching from the ravine, was delayed for a few precious moments by the leading gun being upset in the narrow road and blocking the column. It was promptly righted, however, and deploying rapidly into the pits, the guns came into action in time to catch the enemy's lines, already checked and staggering under the terrific infantry fire poured into him at such close quarters by the dense ranks behind the wall* and on the hill. When these nine fresh guns, with chests full of canister, added their missiles to the storm he faced, the halting lines speedily broke—many who had lain down and commenced to fire took to their heels to regain the shelter of the Valley—and the plateau was again deserted.

* General Kershaw managed the fire of these crowded ranks in the Telegraph road with great coolness and skill. The men knelt to load, and rose by rank to fire. Not a single accident occurred.

General Hooker seems to have been a witness to this attack, and was so discouraged by its result, that he galloped back across the river and tried to dissuade Burnside from making any further effort upon the position. The latter, however, insisted, and preparations were therefore reluctantly made by Sumner to carry out the order. Humphrey's division was designated for the assault, and it was ordered to advance with empty muskets, and rely solely on the bayonet. Its attack was preceded by an increased cannonade from additional batteries posted upon the suburbs of the town, and from two guns which had been previously advanced by hand to the crest of the slope within two hundred yards of the Confederate line. This was continued until after sundown, but it was effectively replied to from Marye's Hill, and accomplished nothing. At length when twilight had already begun to obscure the scene, Humphrey's division moved forward. Its attack was more judiciously planned than any of the preceding, in that it relied upon the bayonet, but the Confederate position was now defended by the fire of six ranks of infantry in the road and on the slope, besides a respectable artillery force, and the contest was very nearly such as will in future be seen between the bayonet and the breech-loader. The result augurs badly for the long vaunted supremacy of the bayonet. Humphrey's charge was undoubtedly gallantly made, for the division lost 1,700 out of 4,000 men in ranks, but they did not approach within seventy-five yards of the Confederate position. In fact, the Confederates never even suspected this feature of the assault until it appeared in the northern accounts of the battle. A little cheering and words of command were heard and at the same time a heavy musketry fire was opened from the Federal lines, probably by the supporting force. Infantry and artillery immediately replied with all their power. Through the smoke and twilight the assaulting column was scarcely seen in its dark uniform, and this fire was maintained until after dark, when about 6 P. M. it gradually died out on both sides, and the bloody day was over. A short time before this attack Kemper's brigade, of Pickett's division, had been sent to General Ransom and placed in reserve a short distance in rear—some apprehension being felt of a night attack with the bayonet. Immediately after this assault General Ransom relieved the Twenty-fourth North Carolina, of his brigade (which had now been in its narrow ditch for two days), with a fresh regiment. At the same time pickets were thrown out in front of the line of battle, and these advancing at first too far, were fired upon by the enemy still holding the crest of the plateau. It was supposed for a moment that the enemy were making another charge, and the Confederates springing to their

arms, opened a sharp fire of both small arms and artillery before the mistake was discovered. After this, however, the night passed off quietly. Ammunition was replenished and the wounded cared for. The Third South Carolina was relieved, on account of its heavy losses, by a Virginia regiment of Kemper's brigade, the remainder of the brigade being moved to the crest of the hill over the Telegraph road. The three remaining guns of Maurin's battery were relieved by Moody's and Jordan's pieces, till then in reserve, and four of Moody's and Woolfolk's guns, which had relieved the Washington Artillery, having exhausted their ammunition* were relieved by a battery under Lieutenant Branch. It was proposed also to relieve Cobb's brigade, which had been in the Telegraph road now for forty-eight hours, but Colonel McMellan and his gallant command claimed the privilege of remaining.

As has been seen, the obstinate contest at Marye's Hill had absorbed not only the whole of Sumner's force, except perhaps one division of the Ninth corps, but also Hooker's reserve, leaving no force available for operations on other portions of Sumner's front. Along the rest of Longstreet's line, therefore, hostilities were limited to distant sharpshooting and artillery practice, except in General Hood's front, where a handsome little affair occurred about three o'clock in the afternoon. A small force of the enemy, apparently a brigade, and without any very definite object, found its way up the wooded ravine of Deep Run as far as the railroad where it surprised the flank of General Pender's picket line and captured an officer and fifteen men of the Sixteenth North Carolina, Colonel McElroy, and enfilading the position of the regiment, along the railroad track, which here ran through a cut, compelled it to fall back to a ditch two hundred yards in the rear, and on the flank of some artillery under Captain Latimer. Here it halted and with the artillery opened fire upon the enemy who now formed their line of battle along the railroad track, apparently preparing to attack the battery. General Law, of Hood's division, who was supporting Pender's flank, perceiving this sortie, rapidly advanced his brigade to the support of the battery, and selecting two new regiments which had never been under fire before, the Fifty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel Godwin, and the Fifty-fourth, Colonel McDowell, he led them in a charge upon the enemy, though in superior force and ex-

*The supply of artillery ammunition in the ordnance trains was not sufficient to replenish the expenditures of this day. A quantity was shipped from Richmond but only arrived Sunday night.

cellently posted in the railroad cut. Colonel McElroy joined in the charge with his regiment and it was most gallantly executed, the Fifty-seventh leading and the others supporting. The enemy poured a severe fire upon them for a while from which the Fifty-seventh especially suffered severe loss, but the advance was unchecked and the Federals not liking the prospect of close quarters soon abandoned their position and retreated across the field towards their batteries.

The whole object of the charge was accomplished when the railroad cut was regained, and to pursue it farther was an unnecessary expenditure of blood, but the Confederate officers had not learned at that time the necessity of economizing their men, and the men, in this case, were fighting their first battle with an ardent emulation of their veteran comrades who were spectators of the charge. Without halting at the railroad cut, whence the enemy had retreated, they pushed boldly across the level plain and pursued him within three hundred yards of his guns, along the line of the Bowling Green road. During this advance, a force of the enemy opened an oblique fire upon it from the ravine of Deep Run, but the Fifty-fourth and a portion of the Fifty-seventh changed front to the left, and soon silenced them. The Fourth Alabama also advanced in front of Latimer's guns at this time to support the charge, but was not engaged. Having more than accomplished his object, General Law at length withdrew his small force to the railroad, which position was afterwards held unmolested by various parts of Hood's division, until the enemy recrossed the river.*

As the conflict on Saturday had been continued with such pertinacity until restrained by night, its renewal was confidently expected on the morning of the 14th, and it seems that it was indeed only averted by the urgent entreaties of General Sumner, and after a column of assault had been already formed.† Disgusted at the failure to carry the position, General Burnside had determined to undertake the business himself, and was about to lead in person the Ninth corps, formed in a close column by regiments. It would certainly have been an interesting tactical experiment to have tried the effect of thirty-six lines, where the usual formation of three lines had so signally failed; but there is

* In this charge the Fifty-seventh North Carolina lost one hundred and twenty-four men and the Fifty-fourth North Carolina lost forty-seven. The Sixteenth North Carolina, of Pender's brigade, lost fifty-four killed and wounded in the whole affair. Private V. S. Smith, of the Fourth Alabama, an acting officer on General Law's staff, and a most excellent soldier, was killed, and General Law had his horse killed under him.

† Swinton. *Army of Potomac*, p. 253.

little room to doubt that its failure would have been far more signal and bloody than any of the preceding.

A large column closed in mass passes such obstacles as encumbered the path of this column with difficulty at the best, and when such a mass is once thrown into confusion order can hardly be restored to such a mixture of commands. Moreover, if the fire the day before had been too hot to face when distributed over a brigade front, now that its whole force would have been concentrated upon a regimental front, the head of the column must have dissipated rapidly in the infantry fire, while its body could never have held together in the converging storm of shell and canister which would have torn through its whole length.

The Confederates had no intimation at the time of the desperate onset prepared for them, though expecting one somewhere, and prepared for it everywhere. The morning was again obscured by the smoky mist, and when it at length melted away General Burnside had abandoned all aggressive intentions and his heavy column had been dispersed by his own command, while still concealed in the friendly fog.

During the night the enemy barricaded the principal streets of the city and established batteries in them, prepared rifle pits at various points and also loop-holed several houses for sharpshooters, from which he kept up an annoying fire during the whole day, as well as from his artillery on the opposite shore. A line of battle was sheltered behind the slope between the Telegraph road and the canal, and he evidently invited an attack. As General Lee's non-acceptance of this challenge has been loudly criticised, it may not be amiss to remark that sufficient reasons against his attacking can be discovered in any map of the battle-field. The operation would have been something like assaulting a superior force in the "Covered Way," of a permanent fort with a wet ditch. Moreover, if General Lee had a fault it certainly was not an indisposition to take the offensive when opportunity offered. On the afternoon of the 15th, General Jackson did plan and prepare an assault with his whole corps upon the Federal left, but his initial step developed such strength in the enemy's position that it was at once abandoned. The canal, the city and the raking batteries about Falmouth and below Fredericksburg rendered an advance by Longstreet even more difficult. The Sabbath was accordingly passed by each army in simply inviting an assault from its adversary. The Confederate artillery were ordered to reserve their ammunition entirely for the enemy's infantry, and consequently submitted quietly to the enemy's practice and only fired occasionally when a moving column would

come in sight. The sharpshooting was active, however, on both sides, and the Confederates made particularly good use of the upper stories of Marye's house, which gave a view of many little nooks in which the Federal pickets and reserves sought shelter.* During his assaults of the previous day hundreds of the enemy's bravest men had fallen wounded so far in the front and under such a terrible fire that their friends were unable to remove them. During the night the litter-bearers carried off all within their picket-lines, but a great number were still alive and lying where they fell during the whole Sabbath. They were in full view of both lines, being scarcely a hundred yards distant from each other, and their piteous groans and cries for water were plainly audible to the Confederates, and certainly moved many a heart with pity. General Burnside must have been fully aware of this state of affairs, for it is a consequence of every unsuccessful charge, and it is difficult to conceive why he made no effort to relieve the wretched sufferers. A flag of truce would have at once procured their delivery on his picket line, or the privilege of sending his litter-bearers and surgeons for them, but it was never sent—perhaps because the fact of his having to resort to this means of getting his wounded would have implied less success than he was disposed to claim.

One noble act of humanity to the abandoned and dying, however, was performed by a brave South Carolina Sergeant, whose name I regret not to be able to record, and who was afterwards killed at Chickamauga, for it is more worthy of commemoration than the bravest deed in the heat of action. Touched by their sad cries, the Sergeant begged permission from General Kershaw to show a white handkerchief and go out on the field with some canteens of water and at least relieve the thirst of a few. This, General Kershaw was compelled to refuse, lest it should be interpreted as a flag of truce. The Sergeant then begged so earnestly for permission to go without showing any signal and run the risk of being shot, that, honoring his noble motives, General Kershaw at length consented, though fully expecting to see him killed as soon as he showed himself in front of the wall, for the sharpshooters were so prompt and accurate in their fire that there was great danger that he would be shot before the enemy

* Lieutenant Doby, of General Kershaw's staff, directed this firing, which was kept up by detachments from the different regiments near. The enemy's artillery frequently fired into the house, but could not dislodge the marksmen. Federal accounts stated that Sykes's Division, which held the opposite front, lost 150 men during the day.

could perceive his motives. Collecting some canteens of water from his comrades, however, he boldly stepped over the wall and advanced towards the nearest group of the prostrate forms which strewn the ground. Two or three shots were fired, which narrowly missed him; but he did not hesitate, and, walking quietly on, soon commenced to distribute the water to all who were yet alive. Seeing the unhopd-for succor, many who were lying in silent despair beckoned and cried to him from all directions, and he, collecting their canteens, made several returns to the road to get them filled by his comrades before ceasing his humane task. During the following night some of the cannoneers from Jordan's battery also carried water to the nearest wounded, but the slight relief which these efforts afforded availed but little, even to those whom it reached. When, on the 16th, the enemy retreated across the river, and the Confederate surgeons were able to examine the ground, but one of the wounded was still alive.

The Sabbath having passed quietly, and it being known in the Confederate lines that the Eleventh corps, under Sigel, was marching rapidly to join Burnside, a renewal of the attack was confidently expected on Monday morning. Accordingly the Confederate position was strengthened during the night of the 14th by rifle-pits connecting the guns on Marye's hill, and by several new pits for artillery; from two of which, a short distance south of Stansbury's house, a part of the low ground along the canal could be enfiladed. Jenkins's and Kemper's brigades were removed from Marye's hill to Pickett's front during the night. Kemper was replaced by Ransom's brigade and Jenkins by Cooke's and the Sixteenth Mississippi and part of the Forty-sixth, of Featherstone's brigade. Colonel McMillan and Cobb's brigade were also relieved, though much against their wishes, by General Semmes's brigade. A brilliant aurora illuminated the night and much facilitated the work upon the entrenchments, but the morning of the 15th was again obscured by the fog. This cleared away, however, about 8 A. M., but, to the great disappointment of the Confederates, it revealed no signs of an attack.

The enemy's situation was unchanged, except that his rifle pits and fortifications in the suburbs of the city had considerably increased during the night. The supplies of ammunition sent from Richmond had at length been received, and the guns on Marye's Hill were now allowed to dispense a little of it among the sharpshooters, who had been so annoying the day before. The new pits near Stansbury's house were occupied by two twelve pounders under Captain Moody, and when the fog cleared up, they opened a raking fire upon the

enemy's troops sheltered behind the slopes in front of Marye's Hill, which soon drove them from their positions. At first, a number ran for shelter to the city, but the sharpshooters and guns on Marye's Hill punished these fugitives so severely, that the remainder took refuge in cellars and nooks wherever they could be hid, and did not dare to disclose their whereabouts by firing a shot. A brick tanyard on the canal, which had been loop-holed and extremely annoying on Sunday, was also demoralized and silenced at an early hour by a single well-aimed shell, which took off a sharpshooter's head, and during the rest of the day the Confederate line was entirely free from all annoyance, while the artillerists amused themselves by dispersing the many little knots of gazers who had hitherto been able to assemble in the enemy's lines with impunity when out of musket range.

In the afternoon of the 15th, a flag of truce was sent into Jackson's line by General Franklin or one of his corps commanders, asking permission to remove the wounded who had fallen on the 13th between lines. As there was no evidence of its having the sanction of General Burnside, the request was returned by General Lee, to be sent through him, and on its reception from him, it was granted. This truce was only requested, however, on the front below Deep Run, and did not prevail on Longstreet's line, which continued to shell the enemy moderately until dark.

A large force of the enemy appeared during the day on the plateau near the Philips house, and it was supposed to be, and probably was, the newly arrived Eleventh corps, under Sigel. It was still expected, therefore, that Burnside would renew the offensive on the next day, and work upon the Confederate position was accordingly continued all night. The night was cloudy, intensely dark, and windy, and the wind blew directly toward the Federal lines, so that no noise within them could be heard by the Confederate pickets, and during the latter hours of the night it rained. Providentially favored by this weather, General Burnside during the night crossed his whole army to the Stafford side. It is needless to say how bitter was the disappointment of the whole army at this indecisive termination of the struggle.

On the morning of the 16th, the enemy's pickets not being visible, General Kershaw sent out scouts, who soon reported that the town was evacuated. Three regiments were at once despatched to take possession of the town, one from Jenkins's brigade, which had relieved Cooke's during the night, one from Kershaw's and one from Semmes's brigade. These regiments advancing into the city picked up four hundred prisoners and found two hundred and fifty thousand rounds of small-arms

ammunition abandoned by the enemy; very acceptable but very meagre leavings for so large an army. On the field of battle, however, there were picked up fifty-five hundred stand of arms, principally rifled muskets—a very desirable acquisition—and also two flags, one an embroidered guidon of the Sixty-Ninth New York, of Meagher's brigade, the other a large red and white flag, with the figure 1 in the centre.

The enemy fired a few shells from his heavy batteries on the Stafford side at some of the moving bodies of the Confederates, one of which killed one man in the Third South Carolina battalion at Howison's Mill, but this firing lasted only a few minutes and before the day was over the pickets were again amicably established in their old positions on the opposite banks of the river and the battle of Fredericksburg finished.

The advance of General Jackson's picket force on the morning of the 15th caught two hundred and ninety of the enemy who had failed to cross for some reason and his ordnance officer also collected forty-four hundred small arms abandoned on his position of the field. The total capture of small arms was therefore near ten thousand. The casualties in Longstreet's corps were as follows:

	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Total.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Anderson's Division.....	11	12	92	4	40	16	143	159
McLaw's Division.....	11	89	50	641	1	67	62	797	859
Pickett's Division.....	3	2	48	1	2	52	54
Hood's Division.....	4	50	7	178	12	11	240	251
Ransom's Division.....	3	77	30	425	33	502	535
Washington Artillery Bat'n...	3	1	23	1	26	27
Alexander's Artillery Bat'n...	1	10	11	11
Total.....	18	234	102	1,421	5	120	125	1,771	1,896

The casualties in Jackson's corps were twenty-six officers killed and one hundred and ninety-five wounded; three hundred and eighteen men killed and twenty-three hundred and fifty wounded; eighteen officers and five hundred and eight men missing—making a total loss in this corps of three thousand four hundred and fifteen, and in both corps an aggregate of five thousand three hundred and eleven, of whom probably six hundred were captured. General Burnside at first admit-

ted a loss of but eight or nine thousand, but later reports* fixed it more accurately at twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-one, of whom probably a thousand were missing. Nearly two-thirds of this loss fell upon the divisions which made the attacks upon Marye's hill.† Fully twenty-seven thousand infantry had been thrown against this position, and they had the support of about fourteen thousand more near at hand and the assistance of very many guns.

The force that made the defence has been shown to have scarcely exceeded six thousand muskets and twenty guns, and I have also endeavored to set forth fully the disadvantages under which the attacking force labored. The infantry in the Telegraph road fired during the 13th an average of fifty-five rounds per man, and the guns on Marye's hill fired about twenty-four hundred rounds from eleven pits.

Sketch of Third Battery of Maryland Artillery.

By Captain W. L. RITTER.

PAPER No. 3.

TO THE EAST.

At midnight the camp at Fish Lake was broken up, and the command proceeded on its way, crossing Deer Creek and Bogue Phaliah. The cavalry swam the latter, while the artillery was ferried over. Encamping on the east side of the Bogue, the success of the expedition thus far was celebrated by a banquet at headquarters. The central feature, and most acceptable viand at this feast, was a huge dish of bear's meat, flanked with oysters, jellies and other luxuries captured from the Federals.

On the 21st of May, the march was continued through the Sunflower country to the stream of that name. Early on the 23d, a crossing was effected, yet but nine miles were made that day, by reason of the wretched condition of the road. The Yazoo was reached on the 24th, and crossed the same day near Greenwood, between Fort Pemberton and certain obstructions sunk in the Yazoo.

These obstructions had been placed there by General Ferguson's orders, to prevent the enemy from ascending that way, and cutting off

* Halleck's Report for 1863.

† Reynolds's corps was the only one seriously engaged on the enemy's left, and his losses were a little over four thousand men.

Major Bridges' retreat. In times of high water there was another means of approach from the north by way of the Cold Water, and down the Tallahatchie river. To close that route to the enemy's gunboats, the Star of the West was found to have been sunk in the last named stream, near Fort Pemberton. It will be remembered that it was the Star of the West that opened the war, by getting itself fired into, while bringing reinforcements to Major Anderson at Fort Sumpter, in 1861.

To one who knows the nature of the country, this march of seventy miles, from Greenville to Greenwood, will seem almost incredible. Fully forty miles lay through a swamp covered with canebrakes, shrubbery and grape vines, interlaced with the greenbrier. The ground was boggy and difficult, so that when the pioneer corps had cut a road through the jungle, it had to be corduroyed in many places to make it passable. The progress of the battery through this region, surprised none more than the people who lived in it. During the rainy season the whole country is flooded, and the inhabitants place their horses, cattle, hogs, farming implements and household furniture aboard a large raft, and tying this to the tops of trees, abandon their houses for this aquatic residence. Here the whole family live in seeming content until the waters subside, and they again set on foot *terra firma*.

The cavalry had reached the Yazoo several days before the artillery; and, learning that the enemy's gunboats were coming up the stream, had sunk several transports twelve miles below Greenwood to prevent their passage. Before they succeeded in removing these obstructions, Major Bridges's artillery, as stated above, came up and crossed.

That evening a company of sharpshooters, under Captain Morgan, of Texas, was sent to attack the ironclads engaged in removing the obstructions. They were found moored to the bank with cables, and busy at work. During the night Morgan's men surrounded the boats, and when at daylight the Federals came out to prosecute their work, a large number of them were shot down at the first fire. It was an embarrassing position for them, for their boats were fastened to the bank, and they could not come out to loose them. If they opened their port-holes, the Texans fired into them; and their guns could not be elevated sufficiently to reach the Confederates, they being near at hand and the banks high. So, closing their port-holes and cutting their cables, the ironclads backed rapidly down the stream, followed for several miles by the Texans.

From Greenwood the battery was ordered to Yazoo city, where it arrived on the 1st of June. After one more engagement with the Fed-

eral vessels on the Yazoo, it proceeded on the 12th to Vernon, Miss., where it was attached to General McNair's brigade of Walker's division. Six days after, it was transferred to General Ector's brigade of the same division. A section of Captain McNally's Arkansas battery, under Lieutenant Moore, was also attached to this brigade; and, as he was the senior officer, he took command of both sections. Walker's division constituted part of the army which General Joseph E. Johnston was assembling for the relief of Vicksburg.

On the 1st of July the movement toward Vicksburg began. While waiting for the pontoons on which the Big Black river was to be crossed the news was received at head-quarters that Vicksburg had capitulated. About midnight of the 5th Lieutenant Ritter was awakened by Lieutenant Moore, who told him in a low voice to get up, have the horses harnessed and hitched and all ready to move in a short time; that Vicksburg had fallen, and that the army would soon begin its retreat toward Jackson. He warned him especially to say nothing yet to the men of the news just received.

How great a calamity the fall of Vicksburg was to the Confederacy is well known. It was specially painful to the detached section of the Third Maryland, as much the larger part of their battery was lost with the city. As before stated, three officers, seventy men, and five guns of the Third Maryland were surrendered.

They were paroled on the 12th of July, and on the 26th, at Enterprise, were furloughed for thirty days, with orders to report at Decatur, Georgia.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE INDIANOLA.

The Indianola was captured from the Federals on the 24th of February, 1863, near Grand Gulf. An authentic account of the engagement is contained in Major Brent's report to General Richard Taylor, published in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*; but a better and more graphic one may be found in General Taylor's book, "Destruction and Reconstruction." The Indianola was the most formidable vessel of the enemy's fleet on the Mississippi, and her capture was the subject of much rejoicing at the time, both as a glorious achievement and as making a most invaluable addition to the small Confederate squadron. Neither Major Brent nor General Taylor, however, tells what became of the Indianola, nor why it was that the hopes built upon her were never realized.

Her end was as discreditable to the parties concerned as her capture was glorious to the crews of the Webb and the Queen of the West.

She was in a nearly sinking condition at the close of the engagement, and was towed to the east bank of the river and there made fast. A lieutenant (of infantry, it is said), with a small detachment, was put in charge of her till repairs could be made. Her reappearance under the Confederate flag was so much dreaded by the Federals above Vicksburg, that they devised the following trick to secure her total destruction by her captors: A coal-barge was covered with timber and plank, and so painted as to resemble closely an iron-clad. Imitation guns were provided, and every means employed to give the imitation the character of a formidable verity. Thus prepared, it was turned adrift to float down near the Indianola. Its real character was detected by the batteries at Vicksburg, but it met with better success when it came near the inexperienced infantry officer in charge of the Indianola. Fearing an attack, the Lieutenant did just what the shrewd Federals had hoped—fired his boat and decamped.

I am glad to be able to adduce the testimony of an eye witness, who was thoroughly acquainted with the whole transaction, in the shape of a letter from Lieutenant William T. Patten, to Lieutenant John B. Rowan, of the Third Maryland artillery.

ON BOARD C. S. RAM, QUEEN OF THE WEST,

Alexandria, La., March, 3d, 1863.

Dear Rowan,—The evening I left you we proceeded down the river. When we came to the Indianola she was still burning, having been fired by the officer in charge, on discovering the terrible iron-clad coal-barge which passed Vicksburg on Wednesday. We reached Natchez on Saturday morning, when the guards all got drunk, and we were detained two or three hours getting them on board, and even then, left behind a Lieutenant and four men. When we got started we had a grand time as they were still drinking and wanted to thrash the Captain for remonstrating with them. At the mouth of Red river I got off, and the boat went down to Port Hudson. On Saturday night I got on board the steamer Doubloon, bound up Red river. About 11 o'clock A. M., yesterday, I passed Fort Taylor where the Queen was taken. The Fort mounts three heavy guns which were casemated. They also have a raft to swing across the river to stop boats from passing. We arrived there last night about 9 o'clock, and, on coming on board, found our men enjoying a game of cards. They were glad to see me.

O'Connell and O'Brien are on the Webb, lying alongside. I can get them whenever we leave here. Edgar is on this boat. Jack Foley

and Sanchez were left on the wreck. I presume they have got back to the company by this time. This boat is being repaired, and, from what I can learn, will be here some days. The Webb has a big bite out of her bow. She will be repaired and her prow covered with iron.

There is a great deal of indignation here at the destruction of the Indianola. I should not like to be in the place of the Lieutenant who ordered her to be burnt.

This is a beautiful little town, on the right bank of the river. It has something of the appearance of Selma. Ned Langley says he is waiting patiently for his appointment. Our guns are at Fort Taylor, and Captain James McCloskey, an old acquaintance of Lieutenant Claiborne, says he thinks we can get them. My love to all the boys.

Very truly yours,

WM. T. PATTEN.

Another letter from Lieutenant Patten:

ON BOARD C. S. STEAM RAM, QUEEN OF THE WEST,

Alexandria, La., March 9th, 1863.

Dear Rowan,—I wrote you a short letter on my arrival here last Tuesday, and now on the eve of my departure again. The week has been consumed in effecting the necessary repairs, which are now nearly completed. The effect of the late conflicts have been entirely obliterated by new wood-work and a coat of gas-tar. The gun which was damaged the night of the fight has been bored out, and will soon be on board ready for service.

I do not know for certain where we are destined, but think for Burwick's bay, if there is sufficient water for us to get there. There is a fleet of Federal gunboats there, among which we will have some fun.

I find Captain McCloskey much of a gentleman.

How do you get on with sassafras tea and bull now? I suspect you will scarcely make a shadow when I see you. Our bill of fare consists of bacon, fat beef, venison steak, eggs, biscuit, and strong green tea. I hope we will get some coffee soon.

Tell Major Clark if he wants a horse, he can have Alex. until I come back. Should any letters have come for me, please forward them and write me at this place, to which we will return from Burwick's bay.

General E. Kirby Smith arrived here the other day. I saw him at church yesterday. Major Brown is not with him.

Excuse a longer letter. This is such a bad pen. I am horrified at my own writing. It would disgrace John B. Rowan or Ferd. Claiborne.

Remember me to Ritter, Claiborne, Franklin, Tinley, Halbrook, and all friends. Very truly yours, WM. T. PATTEN.

On the 19th of March another letter was received from Lieutenant Patten, which was the last he wrote Lieutenant Rowan.

THE COMBAT AT JACKSON.

Johnston's army reached Jackson on the night of the 7th of July, and before day the next morning was ordered into the trenches west of the town. On the 10th, the enemy appeared in front, drove in the Confederate pickets, and began to fortify. The first two days they were occupied in constructing works, and occasionally would fire a shot. During this time Johnston kept up a desultory fire upon the enemy's working parties. The position occupied by Moore's battery, commanded a view of about half of the Confederate line, consequently all the movements of either army within that space could be distinctly seen from this point. Several charges were made by the Confederates to drive the enemy's sharpshooters from buildings in front, and to destroy the buildings thus occupied, which were in every case successful.

Moore's battery occupied an angle in the line on the Raymond or Vicksburg road, and Federals constructed works in a semicircle about this point, and planted between thirty and forty pieces of artillery, consisting of twenty pounder Parrotts and Napoleon guns. The object in this concentration of artillery, was to dismount a siege gun, which occupied a position between the two sections of Moore's battery. In this angle of the line of Johnston's front were the siege piece, two twenty pounder Parrotts, two three inch rifled pieces, and three twelve pounder Howitzers, eight guns in all.

Private Henry Gordon, a member of Lieutenant Ritter's section, was killed on the evening of the second day (Saturday). He was a good soldier, and his loss was regretted by all.

Sergeant Ball, of the Missouri Artillery, acted as gunner of the siege piece, and was badly wounded on Saturday by a sharpshooter. These sharpshooters had sheltered themselves in a large building, four hundred yards from Moore's battery, on the right of the Raymond road, and annoyed his men by keeping up an incessant fire, so that they could not move without danger. Ritter resorted to everything he could think of to destroy this building, but failed. He filled shells with the composition of port fires and shot them into the building, but for some reason, unexplained, this last resort failed.

Sunday morning, 12th of July, the sun rose in a cloudless sky. It was a bright and beautiful day, and seemed more like a Sabbath, than any enjoyed for a long while. From the northeast a gentle breeze was blowing, but, save its whisperings, not a sound disturbed the stillness except an occasional picket shot, reverberating among the hills.

The men were sitting on some seats they had constructed along the parapet for their comfort, when not engaged, when suddenly they were aroused by a terrific fire from the enemy's artillery, which appeared to shake the very earth. For two hours the leaden storm raged, with increasing violence. The moment the attack opened, the men were called to action, and the fire was returned with corresponding earnestness and force. The cotton bales, which had been knocked off the parapet by the enemy's shot, were set on fire by the explosion of the shell, and had to be rolled back from the works to prevent the fire communicating with the ammunition.

Lieutenant Whitney, of the Missouri Artillery, who had been assigned to duty in Moore's battery a few days before, was wounded early in the engagement. Lieutenant Moore, who from a position on the right of Lieutenant Ritter's section was watching the effect of the shell, was struck by a cotton-bale, knocked from the parapet by a shot from the enemy, and seriously though not dangerously wounded. He called to Lieutenant Ritter, saying he was wounded and would go to the rear, and that Ritter should take command of the battery. Sergeant Daniel Toomey, of the Third Maryland, and several of his men, were wounded, as also a number of Moore's section. Lieutenant Ritter estimated the number of shell thrown at his battery during the engagement of two hours at one thousand eight hundred. He himself used one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition. It will be seen, therefore, that the estimate of the ammunition used by the enemy falls far short in proportion to that of the Confederates.

Late the next morning Corporal L. McCurry, one of the gunners of Ritter's section, was killed by a minnie ball while sighting his gun. The ball passed through the brim of his brother's hat and struck him in the forehead, passed through the brain, killing him instantly. The survivor was greatly affected by his brother's death, but immediately took his place at the gun. A coffin was made, and, placing the body in it, the men carried it at night to a small stream a mile in the rear of the battery, and there buried it in the darkness, by the fitful and uncertain light of torches. The funeral services were performed by Mr. Brown, a friend of the deceased, and a candidate for the ministry, belonging to the same detachment. They returned with saddened

hearts and "bitterly thought of the morrow." Corporal McCurry was from Rome, Ga., and was a polished gentleman, a Christian, and an excellent soldier. There was not a better artillerist in the army. The capture of the transport Minnesota in May, 1863, was due in a great measure to the excellent manner in which he handled his gun.

The losses of the Third Maryland section at Jackson, during the seven days it was under fire, was as follows:

Killed—Corporal L. McCurry, Private Henry Gordon.

Wounded—Sergeant Daniel Toomey, Privates Brown, Emmit Wells, and J. P. Wills.

Lieutenant Ritter was also wounded on the instep by a piece of shell, but was not obliged to leave his command.

Battle of Johnsonville.

By Captain JOHN W. MORTON.

[Read before the Louisville Southern Historical Association.]

To Captain W. O. Dodd, President, and to the Members

of the Southern Historical Society of Louisville, Ky.:

Gentlemen,—Our last paper brought Forrest on his Tennessee river raid to Paris Landing, where, November 1, our fleet, composed of the gunboat Undine, Captain Frank P. Gracey commanding, and the transport Venus, with her armament of two twenty-pounder Parrott guns, Colonel W. A. Dawson commanding, was equipped for service. Toward noon of the same day we were under orders and moving on Johnsonville.

Rice's battery was directed to accompany Chalmers's division of cavalry in the advance, and to keep as close to the river as possible, to protect the Undine and Venus from any attack from above. While Morton's battery was ordered to guard the rear, supported by Buford's division of cavalry, and prevent the approach of any gunboats from below. Our naval forces were instructed to move slowly and cautiously up the river, keeping under cover of the land batteries. It was understood that a combined attack would be made by land and water upon Johnsonville.

The announcement of Hood's army crossing the Tennessee river at Florence, Alabama, on his happily conceived, but ill-fated raid into Middle Tennessee, had been received by our command. General For-

rest expressed the desire to clear the river of all obstructions with his navy and land batteries, thus facilitating Hood's advance movement.

A steady rain began to fall. The roads, naturally rough and hilly, became miry and difficult to pass with artillery. Frequently, at sudden bends in the river, the road would diverge and throw our land forces some distance out of range, and from cover of the gunboat and transport. Our command encamped the night of the 1st south of the crossing of the Memphis and Clarksville railroad over the Tennessee river, the gunboat and transport anchoring under shelter of our batteries.

The location of General Bell's encampment was some two miles north of Morton's battery, in a large cypress grove, near the river bank. As we subsequently learned, this gallant command, always a favorite with the artillery, had pitched their oil-cloths and blankets—they had no tents—as best they could to protect themselves from the threatening rain. Some were drying themselves before the blazing pine fires, others were preparing their scanty meals, while others, from the fatigue of the march, had fallen asleep, and, no doubt, were dreaming of dear ones at home, or “the girl they left behind them,” when suddenly the roar as of distant thunder was quickly followed by the crashing of the cypress trees above and around, caused by the explosion of thirty-two-pounder shells right in the camp, producing confusion and naturally a first-class panic, not only among the horses, but among the men. Gallant soldiers and otherwise intrepid officers could be seen running in almost every direction, frequently running over one another, carrying with them the first thing they could lay hands upon; one had a saddle, another a camp-kettle, a bridle or a musket, while still others were dashing through the woods on horseback without saddle, and frequently without saddle or bridle, while they themselves were without coats, and often hatless. The advance of these wild men on horses struck the artillery camp, and, arousing the officers and men, declared “the gunboats were right down there in the woods, and moving right into our camp.” Some who had lost their horses and their way out of the dense forest, concealed themselves behind logs and stumps, after awhile crawled back and extinguished the fires, and a dead silence reigned throughout the camp.

Several gunboats, approaching from below, were attracted by the bright camp-fires, and, shelling the woods with great accuracy, caused this amusing incident, which was so often laughed over by the boys.

It rained continually throughout the night, making the roads still more difficult for artillery, especially with half-fed and worn-out horses, so that our fleet steaming ahead of land batteries precipitated an un-

equaled engagement between Captain Gracey, commanding the Undine, and the Federal gunboats.

For a more minute and interesting description of this engagement we take pleasure in presenting Captain Gracey's account, which we desire to incorporate in full in our paper. The following letter will explain itself:

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., April 29, 1882.

Captain John W. Morton, Nashville, Tenn. :

My Dear Captain,—On the receipt of your letter asking me to relate my adventures during the Johnsonville campaign, I supposed you wished to rub up your recollection, and that you would after reading my letter incorporate into your papers such parts as you considered of sufficient interest. I cannot, therefore, permit my letter to be read before the Society unless you will make this explanation.

Truly your friend,

F. P. GRACEY.

CAPTAIN GRACEY'S PAPER.

My Dear Captain,—I am in receipt of your kind letter, wherein you informed me you would, on the 27th instant, read a paper before the Southern Historical Society, at Louisville, on the Johnsonville campaign, and that you would be pleased to have me relate my experience in that memorable affair.

To be candid with you, my dear friend, time, business complications and perplexities, and one long, continuous struggle with Dame Fortune to better my financial condition, has played sad havoc with my recollection of old war scenes. I will, however, with pleasure relate them, trusting to you, who was one of the leading spirits of that very spirited affair, to correct any errors in my statement.

I will not attempt a description in detail of this brilliant episode, but confine myself to the especial parts in which I was engaged.

On the 29th of October, 1864, at daylight, I found myself Captain of a cavalry company attached to General H. B. Lyon's brigade, then at Fort Heiman, on the west bank of the Tennessee river. Until this time I had been continuously employed in the artillery service under General Breckinridge, then consecutively under Generals Bate, Cheat-ham, Helm, Preston and Lewis, with sixty days' service in heavy artillery during the siege of Vicksburg. My battery was familiarly known as the First Kentucky or Cobb's battery. General H. B. Lyon was its original commander, Major Cobb, of Paducah, succeeding him, whilst I in turn became his successor.

On the morning previously mentioned I was with General Lyon's brigade of cavalry concealed on the bank of the Tennessee; a portion of my command had been detailed to assist in working the six-inch "Parrott" guns sent from Mobile to blockade the Tennessee river. At this time I had not heard Johnsonville whispered, nor do I believe, except for the easy triumph of our artillery over the gunboats, that any effort would have been made to destroy Johnsonville.

About 9 A. M. a boat was reported ascending the river. She soon appeared around the point below us, heavily laden, with a barge in tow. She proved to be the *Mazeppa*, a new steamboat, on her first trip. As soon as she passed above us a few hundred yards, I had the pleasure of seeing how "Forrest's artillery" would work, and am glad to say it was served with a skill and precision I had not seen surpassed during three years of almost constant strife.

In ten minutes her machinery was wrecked, and she by the impetus she had when the fatal shot struck her, was driven aground on the opposite shore. It was a sore disappointment to the entire command to see this great prize at their mercy and yet unattainable, not a boat of any description could be found; all we could do was to gaze with longing eyes at the good things, and wish we were there. Finally my patriotism could not be controlled, and I determined to have some of the *Mazeppa's* stores, or expend considerable energy in trying. So without orders from superiors or much reflection I rolled a small log into the river, placed my hands on the end of it for support, and struck for the other shore. It was a long and fatiguing trip across the river, and I had abundance of time for reflection before I landed, several hundred yards below the steamer. At times I thought I did not want the stores as bad as I did; but one glance at the supplies would instantly renew my patriotism, and I would push my way ahead. On reaching the shore I struck out for tall timber. I knew my greatest danger was whilst exposed between the waters' edge and the timber on the top bank. As I approached the vessel from the rear or bank side, I espied several blue coats concealed behind trees (our boys were still shooting across the river with their Enfield rifles), and I confessed to myself things looked decidedly blue, and I determined then and there I would never let my patriotism or desire to secure food and clothing for the boys get me into such a scrape again. Things did look bad. I was on the enemy's side of the river, alone, with two pistols that had been in the river with me for at least an hour, with I could not tell how many blue-coats between me and the boat; but something must be done, and quickly. I determined to charge them, demand their sur-

render, which if they declined to do I would do myself. I charged, they surrendered, and in a few minutes I had them in front of me in the bow of the boat, while the boys on the other shore were yelling like madman at my success. Fortunately the prisoners, three in number, proved to be old river men—and good men, as I have found since the war. Having been engaged in that interest myself before the war, I was in my element. I ordered the prisoners into a lifeboat, whilst I passed them coil after coil of rope, until the boat would carry no more. After fastening one end to the Mazeppa's cavi, the prisoners proceeded to row across the river, playing out the cable as they progressed. They soon reached the shore, when a thousand hands reached out to draw the boat across the river.

General Buford took charge of the life-boat as soon as the rope was removed from it, and by it succeeded in getting on the Mazeppa while she was in mid-stream. The General mounted the hurricane roof, rang the bell, gave orders to imaginary crews, and exhibited many evidences of delight in securing a prize loaded with sufficient supplies to feed and clothe his entire division for a year; and thus quietly and uneventfully was landed the first great prize in the Johnsonville campaign.

The following day more serious affairs demanded our attention. The Cheeseman and Venus soon became our prey. The gunboat Undine, or No. 55, after a long and stubborn conflict, was abandoned by her crew. She was perfectly riddled with shell, but, strange to say, her machinery and boilers were uninjured. Gunboats from above and below added their din to the uproar, but to no purpose. Our light guns on the bank were too much for their heavy ones on water, and they withdrew out of range.

In the meantime, the Mazeppa, stripped of her valuable cargo, and a hopeless cripple, was consigned to the flames as worthless property. But I will not tire you with a description of this day's glory, as my share was small, and you know better than any other living man who the heroes of it were.

During the succeeding day I was informed by General Lyon that Forrest intended to utilize his captured vessels in transporting his command across the river, with the view of capturing the supplies at Johnsonville, and then load them on our transport for General Hood, who was at Tuscumbia awaiting supplies by a tortuous route from Mississippi. Had this programme been carried out, Hood would have been in Middle Tennessee thirty days sooner than he did arrive. You can imagine how much smaller would have been the forces to oppose him. The General also informed me that he had recommended me to General Forrest as a

suitable officer to take charge of his "fleet." At this time I had never met General Forrest. A few hours later I was ordered by the General to examine the gunboat *Undine*, with a view of taking charge of her, and to report to him if she needed anything to make a cruise. I reported her hull and machinery intact, armament and ordnance good, but no provisions and fuel for one day's steaming. An ox was driven under the bank and butchered, a few barrels of hard-tack from the *Mazeppa* was rolled on board, twenty cords of pipe-staves were taken from the river bank to be used as fuel in lieu of coal, when I reported to General Forrest the flagship was ready for duty.

The crew was as impromptu as the supplies, made up from material on hand. But the crew was the best part about it. The vessel was but little better than a wreck, whilst the crew was selected from my old battery, all of them tried men in heavy and light artillery. A large part of them had done volunteer duty on the *Arkansaw* ram in the terrible conflict with the whole Mississippi-river fleet at Vicksburg.

My pilots, engineers, mates and fireman were detailed from the transports captured; they all denied being in the marine service of the United States, so there was nothing wrong in impressing citizens found on our soil. Before the war I was a steamboat man, so you will see from commander down every one was familiar with the duties devolving upon him. Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson was to take charge of the transport *Venus* with our two six-inch "Parrot" guns that had done so much work the day before. I arranged with Colonel Dawson a class of signals, very simple but understood by ourselves. The *Undine* was to take the lead, running about one mile ahead. A long blast from the whistle indicated no enemy in sight; short, quick, consecutive blasts was, the enemy in sight in force, retire quickly. Everything was now arranged and understood, and we were about to start when some one noticed we had no flag to designate our nationality. Not a Confederate flag could be found. The Captain of General Forrest's escort gave us his battle-flag. In lieu of ropes to hoist it a boy climbed the mast-pole and nailed it to the mast, where it remained until it went up in fire and smoke.

We started on a cruise of observation, the whole command following along the bank of the river. We would steam along slightly in advance, occasionally catching a glimpse of the enemy's cavalry on the opposite side of the river.

Late in the afternoon of the 1st, I think, of November, we had steamed several miles in advance of our land support. We were running on slow bells, about one mile in advance of the *Venus*. On turn-

ing a sharp point or bend of the river, I was very much startled to find myself in close proximity to three of the enemy's gunboats. I at once repeated signals to my escort to retire, and after waiting a time sufficient for her to have turned around, I commenced backing slowly down stream. As I turned the point below, I was much surprised to see the *Venus* lying to at the bank. I ran alongside and learned from Colonel Dawson something was wrong with her steering apparatus, and greatly feared he would have to abandon her. During this time the enemy were firing with great rapidity at my vessel, several shots striking us, but doing little damage. One shot tore away part of the pilot-house. We were replying with our two bow guns, though feebly, when compared with the Federal gunboats. The *Venus* was released from her moorings, backed to and fro in the river, but she did not answer to her rudders. She was finally beached and abandoned. When one of the gunboats was within two hundred yards of her, the other two kept their batteries at work on the *Undine*. As soon as we came in sight of our batteries on the bank, the enemy, remembering the lessons of the day before, struck out for Johnsonville. We lay the balance of the day under the guns of the artillery. About dusk General Forrest came on board to give in his final orders before the final attack on Johnsonville. I remember them well, for they were short and explicit. He said: "In the morning at daylight I will have my artillery on the river bank a few miles below Johnsonville; at dawn you must attack the gunboats at Johnsonville and draw them down the river until they pass my upper battery, which will be concealed so that it cannot be seen, until they have passed, when, with my lower battery and your gunboat, I shall capture all the gunboats at Johnsonville."

It was raining very hard at this time, and I offered the General the hospitality of my boat for the night, offering to put him off at Johnsonville for breakfast, but he declined, saying he "was more accustomed to exercise on horseback." Promptly at 4 o'clock the next morning—the 3d, I believe—we raised steam. The rain was still falling heavily, and I felt sorry for the boys who worked all night to get their guns in position below Johnsonville, and determined the navy was the place for me during the balance of the unpleasantness. No wet or mud, all comfortable and dry, and as we steamed along through the heavy mist that had settled like a fog on the river, I built castles in the air all in the next few hours to be dissolved in smoke. Sergeant John Leonard, the only officer I had, remarked, just before we arrived at Johnsonville, how silent the artillery was. In passing the point designated by General Forrest, not a sound was heard nor a light to be seen. I gave the

artillery credit for their silence, but never even doubted that they were there just as General Forrest said they would be. Dawn had arrived, and with it our bow guns told the Yankees we meant business. Soon all was uproar in Johnsonville. Long files of infantry could be seen on the banks. Dozens of steamers, side by side, lined the shore. From out of this mass of vessels two or three gunboats made their appearance, saluting me as they arranged themselves side by side, heading toward me. I backed down stream; they came head on. The distance between us was about half a mile, about good point-blank range. I had given the entire command below decks to Sergeant Leonard, instructing him to fire as rapidly as possible. I was giving instructions to my pilots and watching the bank for our artillery, when my attention was attracted by the violent gestures of William Weaver, an Ohio river pilot and a member of my battery, whom I had placed in the pilot house in case of injury to my regular Tennessee-river pilot. I could not hear him speak, the din and uproar were terrific. Finally, I understood his gestures were to look at something in our rear, or down stream. On passing around the pilot-house I saw a sight to make him gesticulate. There were seven of the largest Ohio river gunboats within easy gunshot range. Why they did not shoot I could not say, unless they were afraid of striking their friends who were in easy range just above me. I now was certain the artillery was not on the river below me else the gunboats below could not pass without my hearing the conflict. The vessels above me, no longer fearing an ambuscade, and doubtless not wishing to divide the honors of my capture with the Ohio river fleet, closed down on us rapidly. It was perfectly evident now we could not save our vessel. The only question was, should we surrender, or blow her up, taking our chances for escape? Having no one to consult with, I soon determined to blow her up. I ordered a number of mattresses, used by the mariners, and made of shavings, to be cut open and thrown into the magazine. On this was poured a barrel of oil. A man stood by with a burning lamp to touch it off when I gave the word, and not before. Another wistful look along the shore for Forrest, another shot at the enemy, and the order was given to head her hard down for shore. She struck a sand bar in three feet of water, and about seventy-five yards from the shore. The torch was applied, and almost before you could jump into the water the flames burst through the hurricane roof, the enemy firing several rounds of canister or grape-shot at us as we were wading and scrambling up the bank, but happily without injury. The gunboats withdrew a short distance, fearing our vessel in her death throes more than they did whilst living. Soon our

side batteries, that were left heavily loaded, were fired by the heat of the burning vessel, quickly followed by the magazine. The boat, in five minutes after being fired by the torch, was in total ruins, and Forrest's fleet was dissolved forever more. And thus ended my adventures as Commodore of Forrest's Tennessee-river fleet.

After finding a safe place on the top of the bank, I began to look around for some one to carry the sad tidings to General Forrest. Some distance from the river I found a cavalryman, who loaned me his horse to seek the General myself. About three miles from the river I found him sitting with his back to a tree, an oil-cloth drawn over his lap to protect him from the still pouring rain. I approached him and reported: "General, your Tennessee-river fleet is no more." He replied: "Don't you think you gave it up rather soon?" and that was all he said, but a few days afterwards he selected me to carry his report to Chancellorsville and Richmond, where I had the pleasure of describing the main points of the final destruction of Johnsonville to both Generals Lee and Breckinridge.

Hoping I have not tired you, and hoping I have not greatly mistaken anything, I will close.

Truly, your friend, F. P. GRACEY,
Captain Cobb's First Kentucky Battery.

Our command encamped the night of the 2d two miles below and across the river from Reynoldsburg, which is about four miles from Johnsonville.

The cold rain up to the morning of the 3d had been incessant. The tramp of the cavalrymen over already muddy and broken roads made them almost impassable for artillery, and we were no doubt stuck fast on some red clay hill when Captain Gracey's boat went down, for we were unable to join General Forrest a half or three-quarters of a mile north of Johnsonville until near noon. In the meantime General Forrest had made a close reconnoissance of the positions along the river bank, above and below Johnsonville. A glance at the map, for which we are indebted to Mr. W. W. Southgate, civil engineer, Nashville, the brief outlines of Johnsonville will be understood.

There was no railroad bridge spanning the stream at that time, the railroad terminating a short distance from the east bank of the river, which here is 500 yards wide. The town attained much importance from its location as a distributing point by river and rail for army supplies and troops during the war.

The map will show that it is situated just southward of Trace creek,

where a line of rifle pits envelops the main encampment, which also guards the approaches to the town and river landing from the south and east. The river bank rises gently from the water's edge southward and east, in the distance of 300 yards reaching an elevation of about forty feet, and terminating in a hill some seventy-five feet above low water mark, upon which was constructed the lower battery. A ridge diverging eastward and south from this position terminates in a plateau some half mile distant, which is surmounted by a hill overlooking the lower fort and commanding the river for some distance northward and southward. Upon this eminence was constructed an extensive redoubt, armed with heavy ordnance. This was known as the upper fort. The western bank of the river, upon which our positions are marked on the map, is abrupt near the river, about twenty-five feet above the level of the water, and descends, as is usual with all Southern rivers, as it recedes westward. That side of the river was thickly covered with a heavy cypress growth. The trees had been felled immediately in front of Johnsonville, some distance backward to give an open view and range for their guns. The Federal position had many defensive advantages, and rendered an attack upon it hazardous, almost beyond hope of success. Forrest was never daunted in any effort, and soon put on foot a vigorous offensive movement against the position.

Four twelve-pounder Howitzers, which had just joined us with Mabry's brigade from Paris, was directed to position some half or three-quarters of a mile above Johnsonville. The river bank being higher near the water's edge, and receding backward, afforded natural protection. Brigadier-General H. B. Lyon, an accomplished artillery officer and a man of great dash and energy, took immediate supervision of this position and aided Captain J. B. Thrall in preparing redoubts for his guns before Morton's arrival. Chambers were sunk for his guns, and embrasures cut through the solid parapet in his front. This position was perfectly protected from the gunboats, but opened to a direct and plunging fire from both Federal forts, especially from the upper fort.

Colonel E. W. Rucker, who had much experience in locating and planting heavy artillery at Island No. 10, on the Mississippi river during the first year of the war, had to cut out similar chambers for Morton's battery, some half mile or three-quarters below Johnsonville, and nearly opposite, but below the mouth of Trace creek. Rice's battery was directed to position near the mouth of Cypress creek, two miles below, to prevent any gunboats from approaching from the north.

On rejoining General Forrest at the positions prepared by Colonel

Rucker for Morton's battery, he directed that these guns should be immediately placed in the chambers dug out by Colonel Rucker. Morton requested General Forrest to permit him to inspect the river bank from this position up to where Thrall's battery had been placed. This being granted, with an escort from Colonel Rucker we rode rapidly through the Cypress swamp and slough which runs a little distance, but parallel with the river. When reaching a point directly opposite to Johnsonville, we dismounted and crept up close to the river bank, carefully concealing ourselves behind trees and logs. We could plainly discover and counted two gunboats, eleven steamboats and a number of barges tied up at the landing, and one gunboat was plying in mid-stream; her guns could be plainly seen through her port-holes, and her cannoneers were noticed moving around. Passengers were idly chatting, smoking and lounging upon the decks of the transports. Some ladies were seen coming down the bank, evidently about to embark on some one or other of the transports, several of which were getting up steam. Laborers were engaged in unloading the steamboats and barges, immense quantities of Government stores lined the river bank, and a large warehouse, extending several hundred yards along the shore, seemed densely packed with army supplies. As we have stated, the river bank being several feet higher, close to the water, and receding gradually for fifty or one hundred yards, gave excellent cover under which to move close up without being observed, and presented natural breastworks, which offered protection from the enemy's sharpshooters across the river.

We were not long in making up our mind as to the most advantageous position, and, hurrying back, reported to General Forrest that we had selected a position just opposite Johnsonville, and desired to take the four rifle guns of Morton's battery. General Forrest objecting said—we suppose for the first time in his whole career—"No, Captain, the position is too close and hazardous. They will destroy you from their gunboats and from the forts." We explained to the General that our experience in fighting gunboats had proved that the closer you could get to them the more effective your own shot, and the less danger from theirs, as they invariably shoot too high.

After urging this position for some little while as the most available, General Forrest consented that two of the guns might be carried, while the other two should be left in the works prepared by Colonel Rucker. Briggs's section of Rice's battery was placed in the chambers dug out for these two guns. A detail was readily furnished from Colonel Rucker's command to open a road up the slough, and it was with great

difficulty that we could move the guns through this cypress swamp; often had to lift and carry them over fallen timber and driftwood, through water and deep mud, and when nearly opposite the point selected, the horses were detached, and the guns pushed some hundred yards by hand near the crest of the bank, where we were in easy range of the gunboats, steamboats, and the immense accumulation of stores, and almost directly under point blank range from the lower fort. General Forrest was evidently apprehensive for our safety in this, as he thought, exposed position, which he evinced in his order to Captain Thomas H. Sneed, when he directed this trusty officer to take his glasses and crawl to the river bank, conceal himself behind a log, and report the effect of the shot from the forts and gunboats on Morton, when the signal to fire was made known. We learned subsequently from Captain Sneed that General Forrest remarked to him, "I'm afraid they will knock John Morton to pieces up there with their big guns."

The several commands of cavalry were concealed behind logs and trees and in ravines in easy supporting distance of the batteries, while a detachment of sharpshooters were selected and deployed close to the river bank to oppose similar forces stationed on the opposite side of the river.

Morton's orders from General Forrest were to open with these two guns as soon as in position, which would be the signal to open along the line. We directed the pieces to be loaded and moved cautiously by hand to the river bank, when both guns were trained upon the gunboat plying in mid-stream almost within a stone's-throw of us, they little suspecting the lurking danger so close at hand. This signal being understood by the several battery commanders and the cavalry supports, we gave Zarring the order to "fire," which sent two rifled solid shots crashing through the sides of the gunboat, when immediately our guns from above and below were heard. Two more shots from Zarring's guns in quick succession were directed on the gunboat. It was then discovered that steam was escaping from her ports and her crew deserting her by jumping into the river, as she headed ashore. Now followed round after round from Thrall on the right, Brown and Briggs on the left and Zarring in the center. The troops joined in the din with their rifles, and in five minutes the enemy were running to and fro in the wildest confusion. Some ladies just approaching the transports were seen to rush frantically up the hillside toward the fort. The transports rang their bells and sounded their whistles, the gunboats opened and the heavy guns from the forts burst forth with a storm of shells, which

went screaming through the cypress trees, tearing the limbs like a tempest. The sky seemed darkened with the deadly missiles flying from fifty guns. The striking of our shot and shell against the enemy's boat could be distinctly heard. Tree-tops were pierced by the enemy's shell and dropped upon our guns, but were quickly removed and the firing resumed. The big guns from the forts bore down heavily upon Thrall, shivering the rammer staffs in the hands of his men, but sunk deep into the loose soil and exploded without harm. Soon the agonizing screams of the wounded and scalded were heard across the broad river, when we called the attention of Colonel Rucker to a gunboat in flames. The Colonel, waving aloft his sword, cried out, "Three cheers for Morton's Artillery!" Quickly other boats were afire. Generals Forrest, Buford and Bell now came up to our position, puffing and blowing bringing with them by hand the section of Morton's battery—Lieutenant Brown commanding—from the works below, and all full of enthusiasm. General Forrest now acted as gunner, General Buford, No. 1, loaded the piece and General Bell, No. 4, fired it. They took the greatest delight in their novel work. We had a distinguished lot of cannoneers, though awkward in the "step."

General Forrest would cry out, "Load, ready, fire!" with the vim of an old artillerist. As the gun was discharged he would call out to Major Tom Allison, of his staff, to "note the effect of the shot." Once the Major sang out, "Too short, General," when Forrest replied, "Good shot, boys! ricochet; it will go right through her!" and as he would strike too high, to use his own phrase, would "elevate the breech of the gun lower." At each discharge the gun would recoil some distance, as it was on an inclined plane. Forrest would cry out, "Run her up, boys!" when Buford and Bell, assisted by the cannoneers, would run the gun by hand into position.

In the meantime Morton ordered Zarring to turn his guns upon the upper fort, and soon he was exploding his shells within its walls, though more than a mile distant and elevated at least one hundred feet above his level.

Thrall's guns were turned upon two transports lying a short distance above the landing, and soon succeeded in setting them afire; their cables burning, they drifted with the current, and, coming in contact with other transports and the barges tied up at the landing, they, too, were speedily in flames. In about two hours from the firing of the signal gun every transport and barge was on fire. We now directed our batteries to the destruction of the warehouses and supplies ashore.

Observing a large pile of hay, a few well-directed shells from Brown's guns kindled it into a consuming fire that soon spread to vast heaps of bacon, flour and corn adjoining. Lieutenant Briggs discovered a large pile of barrels under tarpaulins nearly opposite his position. A few well-trained shots from his James rifles, with percussion shells, had the happiest results; for soon a blue blaze, unmistakably whiskey, was quickly seen to dart from under the tarpaulins. As this was observed along the line a loud shout went forth, though many doubtless envied the flames as they swallowed up the fluid which was rare to the boys. Soon the barrels began to burst with loud explosions, and the "red" liquor ran in torrents of living flame down the hillside, spreading the conflagration in its course toward the river, and filling the air with the blended yet distinctly recognizable fumes of burning spirits, sugar, coffee, and meat. The Confederates had been on short rations all day, yet some of them declared at night that the fumes from this enormous alcoholic roast made them feel like the traveller in "Gil Blas," as if they had been eating heartily.

Meantime all the warehouses and buildings were ignited, and the noise from the explosion of the vast quantity of ordnance stores reminded one of a desperate conflict at a distance between contending armies. The night was made almost as luminous by the conflagration as the day, under which our troops were enabled to move out of the dense forest to the main Lexington road, some two miles distant, where the train was established to feed our forces, and encamp for the night. Briggs's section, Rice's battery, Brown's section, and Morton's battery were left on the river, supported by Rucker's brigade, throughout the night.

On the following morning Morton accompanied General Forrest back to the river, and viewed the immense destruction of property and subsistence at the time with eager satisfaction—the lonely forts gloomily surmounting and silently guarding with their wide-mouthed guns broad heaps of ashes and charred, smoking ruins. Gunboats, transports, and barges all had gone down in flame. The extensive warehouses filled with supplies, and other buildings, had ceased to be, as well as the immense piles of stores that covered acres of the surrounding slope the day before.

We now ordered Brown and Briggs to withdraw their guns and rejoin their batteries. As this was being done, a regiment of colored troops dashed out from their works and displayed themselves in wild and amusing antics. Throwing off their coats and hats, with sleeves

rolled up and clenched fists presented at the despised "rebs," who had caused such complete destruction, they made the morning air ring with oaths and offensive epithets. One round from the artillery and a volley from Rucker's troopers scattered the howling crowd and sent them hastily away in the wildest confusion.

As results of this raid we recount the destruction at Johnsonville of three gunboats, eleven transports, many of them new, and on their first trip, and some eighteen barges; and of buildings, quartermasters' and commissary's stores, according to Federal estimate, to the value of over eight millions of dollars. The gunboat, *Undine*, had been previously captured and destroyed, as well as the transports, *Cheesman* and *Mazeppa*, and three barges, from which a large amount of subsistence, blankets and shoes, as already stated, had been secured. This had been accomplished with the loss of two twenty-pounder "Parrotts," which were captured with the *Venus* upon her recapture. These guns, however, had been captured by Forrest's cavalry from the enemy at Fort Pillow. Two men from the artillery were slightly wounded, and two men killed, and two from the cavalry.

The following is an incomplete list of the officers and men who took part in this raid:

Lieutenant S. K. Watkins, Ordnance Officer, and R. K. Blakemore, Adjutant, rendered valuable service.

MORTON'S BATTERY.

T. Saunders Sale, first Lieutenant Commanding, left sick in Mississippi.

Joe M. Mason, second Lieutenant, left sick at Jackson, Tennessee.

J. W. Brown, third Lieutenant, promoted for gallantry on the field, and wounded four times, was killed near Russellville, Kentucky, in a personal conflict with bushwhackers.

Dr. James P. Hanner, Surgeon.

Frank T. Reid, Orderly Sergeant.

William S. Cowan, Quartermaster Sergeant.

Harry C. Field, Hospital Steward.

William H. Matthews, first Gun Sergeant, left sick at Jackson, Tennessee.

Lemuel Zarring, second Gun Sergeant.

Samuel McKay, third Gun Sergeant.

C. T. Brady, fourth Gun Sergeant.

Joe T. Ballanfant, first Corporal, severely wounded at Harrisburg.
W. J. Morris, second Corporal, killed in West Tennessee by Tories.
Samuel Abney, third Corporal.

John H. Dunlap, fourth Corporal.

J. D. Vauter, fifth Corporal.

James Wyatt, sixth Corporal.

W. L. Jobe, seventh Corporal.

H. T. Newton, eighth Corporal.

George N. Crunk, bugler.

Charles Martin, harness-maker.

J. K. Golden, blacksmith.

H. H. Dell, teamster.

William Dean, teamster.

Pompey Shoat, teamster.

William Buchanan, teamster.

Privates.

Allen, Wm.; Bradshaw, Ed.; Brothers, J. K. P.; Burton, J. M.;
Brigance, Jas.; Burchett, Crocker J.; Caldwell, James; Carr, John H.;
Cloud, Wm. R.; Crossland, M. T.; Denny, J. P.; Dodson, Andrew;
Drawn, Chas.; Duffie, George; Fitzpatrick, Garrett; Gains, M. M.;
Geice, Geo.; Griffin, T. G.; Haig, John; Hamilton, Sam.; Hammel, J.
M.; Hanner, A.; Johnson, Tyler; Jones, Jerry; Lanier, Wm.; Mc-
Burney, W.; McGuire, Jas.; McKenney, G.; Miles, W. P.; Mitchell,
J. N.; Moore, F. A.; Morrison, J. B.; Moss, John; McDonald, J. L.;
Moran, Wm., wounded at Price's X roads, but refused to leave his gun,
killed at blockhouse near Baker's, on N. and C. railroad; Nepper, J.
C.; Peel, Thos.; Priddy, M. C.; Prout, Josh; Prout, George; Powell,
George; Reed, R. D.; Robinson, George; Sanders, Jas. L.; Scott, G.
H.; Scott, J. M.; Siegel, Chas.; Smith, S. F.; Skeggs, Eugene; South-
erland, Wm.; Stucker, Wm. G.; Summer, T. R.; Temple, C. R.;
Thornton, A. R.; Taylor, J. G.; Wermesdoff, J.; Weaver, A. B.;
Williams, Phil.; Woods, James C.; Wilson, W. W.; Wilson, T. J.

Absentees in hospital and on furlough not reported.

Non-commission officers, artificers and teamsters all took positions at
the guns when a reduction of numbers required it.

RICE'S BATTERY.

T. W. Rice, Captain, commanding.

B. F. Haller, First Lieutenant.

H. H. Briggs, Second Lieutenant, died of yellow fever in Memphis.
D. C. Jones, Third Lieutenant.
Dr. Jacob Huggins, Surgeon.

WALTON'S BATTERY.

Edwin I. Walton, Captain, commanding.
M. H. Trantham, First Lieutenant.
G. C. Wright, Second Lieutenant.
Willis O. Hunter, Third Lieutenant.
Dr. R. P. Weaver, Surgeon.

THRALL'S BATTERY.

J. C. Thrall, Captain, commanding; died of yellow fever in Memphis.
R. S. Anderson, First Lieutenant.
J. C. Barlow, Second Lieutenant.
W. J. D. Winter, Third Lieutenant.
Dr. J. L. Grace, Surgeon.

We regret not being able to furnish a list of the names of the non-commissioned officers and men of the several batteries who took part in this engagement, especially the names of those who acted with conspicuous gallantry. No list could be had except Morton's battery.

This account of the operations of Forrest's command at Johnsonville was written at the suggestion and request of Captain W. O. Dodd, President of the Louisville Branch Southern Historical Society, to vindicate the truth of history and supply omissions and correct the errors of the work entitled "Campaigns of Lieutenant-General N. B. Forrest," written by Jordan and Pryor. This book gives the credit of the management of the artillery to that gallant soldier and personal friend, Colonel Rucker, who would not deprive a brother officer, subaltern or private of anything due them, and fails to mention the fact that Captain Morton was chief of artillery or was present during the fight, and is utterly silent on the subject, and accredits various things to others than the right parties.

An utter indifference, so far as personal mention was concerned, to what was thus erroneously written, as well as the explanation given the writer of this article by General Forrest, has prevented any attempt to set the matter right. General Forrest said the error was made in cutting down matter from two volumes to one, and that the omission was not noticed until after the publication of the work.

In this work it is stated (page 601): "Colonel Rucker, who had great difficulty in getting his pieces into position," etc., etc. The facts are as hereinbefore set forth. The guns were Morton's guns, under his immediate orders and control. Colonel Rucker did just what is set out in this paper; furnished escort and working details; accompanied Morton to the central position which Morton alone had selected, and supported the guns with his command of cavalry.

On page 601 occurs this statement: "Seeing that daylight would be upon them before their work could be completed," etc., etc. This statement, following the one above quoted, makes the impression that Morton's battery was placed in position on the night of November 2d by Colonel Rucker. The fact is, Morton reached the field with his old battery at noon on the 3d, and two guns were placed in the redoubt prepared by Rucker, and two carried to the position selected by Morton in person between 2 and 3 o'clock P. M.

On page 602 this statement is made: "Forrest then, having the watches of his several subordinate commanders compared and set uniformly, ordered that his batteries should open fire simultaneously and precisely at 2 P. M." * * * * * "Meantime General Forrest anxiously surveyed the scene with his glasses until the moment of action had come, then, aiming with his own eye and hand a piece in Morton's battery at the appointed instant, ten pieces carefully trained upon the gunboats at the landing were discharged with such harmony that it could not be discerned there was more than one report—one heavy gun," etc., etc., etc.

Now, the fact is, when Morton selected the new position and opened the fight, that was the signal for the opening of fire from the right and left batteries. Forrest did not aim the piece "with his own eye and hand." He was one-half or three-quarters of a mile down the river, and did not reach Morton's position until the transports and gunboats were afire, when he brought the two other guns of Morton's battery and took position alongside of Zarring's section.

The full record of honorable and heroic deeds done by Forrest and Rucker does not need any adventitious aids from fulsome eulogy, or the wrongful appropriation of the acts of others.

Yours, respectfully,

JNO. W. MORTON,

Ex-Captain and Chief of Artillery Forrest's Cavalry.

Newport's News.*Nomen Non Locus.*

By CHAS. HARRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., September 15, 1882.

Rev. J. WM. JONES,

Secretary Southern Historical Society:

Dear Sir—I have noticed for the past two years or more that the promontory at the mouth of James river, on its eastern side, is spelled in some Virginia newspapers as Newport News, and in others as Newport's News; and I saw, a week or two ago, in a recent number of the Norfolk "Notes, Queries and Answers," a brief communication from a distinguished citizen of Richmond, Va., saying that the surnames of Captain Christopher Newport and Captain Thomas Newce "are said to have furnished the component one of *Newport Newce*, now corrupted into Newport News."

As Captain Newport left the colony of Virginia in the autumn of 1611, never to return, and as Captain Thomas Newce first arrived in the colony after April 18th, 1620,* on which date he, (being "now present" in London, as the record of the Virginia Company of London states,) was appointed, by a resolution of the Company, to be a "Deputy," to "take charge of the Company's Lands and Tenants in Virginia whatsoever," it is, I think, highly improbable that the name (even supposing it to have been originally Newport-Newce) was given to the promontory in honor of, and to commemorate the joint surnames of Captain Newport and Captain Thomas Nuce or Newce.

The distinguished citizen, above alluded to, is not the first person who has entertained the theory that the name was originally Newport-Newce, although he is, as far as I have learned, the first one who has connected the name of the deputy *Thomas Nuce* with it. That eminent citizen of Virginia, the late Hugh Blair Grigsby, in a letter dated April 14th, 1867, to Mr. Charles Deane, Recording Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, wrote a labored argument to show that the name was originally Newport-Newce, and should for all time

*Neill, in his "History of the Virginia Company of London," says, "Thomas Nuce settled at Elizabeth City, (now Hampton), but soon died. An entry on the record of the Virginia Company of London, dated August 6th, 1623, mentions the receipt of a letter from Virginia, by a member of the Company, written by "the wife of deputy Nuce, deceased in Virginia." Thomas Nuce had been appointed deputy by the Company.

be so spelled; but he contended that the name was bestowed on the place by Captain Newport, to commemorate his own surname and the surname of the Knight-Marshal of Virginia, Sir William Newce. Before going very far into Mr. Grigsby's letter, I found he had not sufficiently posted himself on the subject, and that in consequence his theory was, for the most part, a draft on his own imagination. *En passant*—I here remark that this question was one of quite earnest public discussion by numbers of the literati of Eastern Virginia (including the late Honorable John Tyler of that State) in the twenties and thirties of this century; and it seems that merely from not having delved as deeply as they could have done, even at that day, down among the records of the past, they failed to arrive at a decision of the question, and so left the controversy, to give employment to the pens of their successors, of half a century later.

As the overthrow of Mr. Grigsby's theory will be the defeat of the theories of all others who held, or now hold, that the name was originally spelled Newport-Newce, whether bestowed as to the last half of the name in honor of Captain Thomas Newce, or of the Knight-Marshal, Sir William Newce, I now proceed, without further preliminaries, to open my batteries on Mr. Grigsby's position.

Mr. Grigsby says: "Newport was the old Admiral of the Colony, and Sir William Newce, in the character of Marshal, commanded [1621] the fort at or near Newport's News;" and in much more verbiage than that I now here use, he pictures Newport and the Marshal going off together, in the latter's pinnace, to board incoming ships, which, as Mr. Grigsby says, "backed their topsails and vailed their flags in honor of the Royal Standard of St. George." Mr. Grigsby also depicts Newport, (being then "at last settled in his quiet home,") as "strolling by the shore" of Newport's News; and in this connection he says of the old salt, "he pauses in his path and gazes on the watery waste around him," &c. A vision of a city "looms before him," and under the fervors of his imagination, Mr. Grigsby represents Newport as then bestowing his own and his friend, the Marshal's, surname upon the promontory in question.

Be it observed that Mr. Grigsby commits himself to the position that the promontory did not receive its name (whether it was Newport-Newce or Newport's News) until the autumn of 1621; for, when referring to the abandonment of the Colony in 1610 by all the settlers then in it, and of their meeting, while on their way down the river, Lord De La Warr's long boat coming up the river, Mr. Grigsby says: "Now,

Newport was really present on this occasion, which, by the way, happened *eleven years before* Newport's News was named."

Now, with respect to Newport's and Sir William Neuse's* alleged joint presence in the Colony, let us see how a few facts of history will dissipate into vanishing mist the dreams of Mr. Grigsby as to this matter. But permit first a few remarks preliminary thereto.

When, in 1624, the King resolved to take away and abolish the charter of the Virginia Company of London, "an attempt was made to obtain the records of the Company by their opponents."—[*Neill.*] Mr. Neill, in the preface to his history of that Company, states that Collingwood, the Secretary of the Company, informed Sir John Danvers, "a prominent member of the Company," of this attempt, whereupon it was decided to have an accurate copy of the records made before the Company should be called on to deliver them up. To preclude discovery a clerk of Collingwood's was locked up in a room of Sir John's house "while he transcribed the minutes." After the work was done on sheets of folio paper, each page, in order to prevent interpolation, was carefully compared with the originals by Collingwood, and then subscribed "Con. Collingwood," and the whole (bound in two volumes, the first of 354 pages and the second of 387 pages, containing the Company's Transactions from April 28, 1619, to June 7, 1624), was taken by Danvers to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, who was President of the Company.

Space does not permit me to trace here the travels of these manuscript volumes through the hands and ownership of different parties in England and Virginia, until they came at length into the possession of Thomas Jefferson, and after his death were purchased by the Government of the United States, and are now in their manuscript state, in the library of that government in Washington, D. C.

Three days before the comparison was finished, judgment (in court) was pronounced against the Company, and on the 15th July the King ordered all the papers of the Company to be given up to a commission. This was done, but the commissioners knew nothing of the copies that had been executed by Collingwood's clerk.

[After repeated researches in England for the original minutes, they cannot be found, and it is supposed they were designedly destroyed because they contained entries damaging to the reputation of Sir Thomas Smith, one of the commissioners.]

* The name is variously spelled in the records, viz.: as Neuse, Nuce, Newce, Nuse, and Nuice; but we have no trace of Sir William's own mode of spelling it.

In writing the History of the Virginia Company of London, Mr. Neill made use of the above-mentioned copies, besides a large folio manuscript volume containing the letters of the Company, written in London, and the letters of the Colonial authorities, also other papers from 1621 to 1625, and a smaller folio in manuscript containing copies of earlier papers. I have given this detail of the Rev. Mr. Neill's sources of information in order to show upon what authority I stand whenever hereinafter I shall cite him as a witness.

And now let us revert to Mr. Grigsby's theory. On page 52 of Neill, it appears that John Chamberlaine wrote on the 18th December, 1611, from London, to Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador at the Hague, as follows: "Newport, the Admiral of Virginia, is newly come home, and brings word of the arrival there of Sir Thomas Gates," &c.

On the same page, and in reference to Chamberlaine's foregoing remark, Neill says: "After this, Newport was chosen one of the six masters of the Royal Navy, and was engaged by the East India Company to escort Sir Robert Shirley to Persia;" and for his authority Mr. Neill quotes Howe's continuation of "Stowe's Chronicles of England." We have no record showing that Newport ever returned to Virginia after 1611, and we have the following very strong grounds for believing that he never did return after that year to the Colony. After his return to England from Virginia in December, 1611, and his subsequent appointment to a high position in the Royal Navy, it seems he sailed for the East Indies, engaging in the meantime to convoy Sir Robert Shirley's ship to Persia. It is highly probable that the ships did not sail so early as March, 1612, which would be only three months after the arrival of Newport from Virginia.

But conceding that they did sail in March of that year, yet when we remember that in those days a voyage to the East Indies, out and home, consumed from two and a half to three years, we must admit, after making allowance for the detour to Persia, that Newport made good use of his time in getting back to London in July, 1614, after an absence only of two years and three months. We know that he did get back to London in that month and year from a foot-note by Mr. Charles Deane, recording secretary, &c., appended to Mr. Grigsby's before-mentioned letter to himself, in which Mr. Deane cites passages from letters written in London in July, 1614, stating that Newport arrived in London *from the East Indies* in that month and year.

As before said, we have no record of his having visited Virginia after 1611, and we have the following good reason to believe why he did not do so. Holding a permanent, honorable and well-paying posi-

tion in the royal navy, he would have had no grounds on which to return to Virginia on the affairs of the Colony, or the London Company, and as an officer of the royal navy, he could not have gone there, unless his ship had been ordered to go there by royal command, or he had been granted leave of absence to visit the colony on a merchant ship as a private individual. We have no record of his having so visited the colony. It must be remembered just here that his former rank of admiral was not held by commission from the royal government, but was bestowed on him by a mere corporation, the creature of the government, and liable at any moment to be deprived of all power and authority, and of its very existence, by the act of the royal government; a fate which betell the Company in 1624.

I think that Newport departed this life prior to the 17th November, 1619, for the following reason: At a "great and generall courte" of the Company in London, held on that day, the following minute was entered of record:

"Whereas, the Company hath formerly granted to Captain Newporte a Bill of Adventure* of fower hundred pounds, and his sonne † now desyringe order from this Courte for the layinge out some part of the same; Mr. Treasurer was directed and authorized by this Generall Assembly to write to Sir George Yeardley and his Counsell of State [in Va.] for the effecting thereof."—[Neill.]

This minute is, I think, inconsistent with the theory, that Captain Newport was living when it was entered of record; for if he had then been alive, and had conveyed to his son, by deed of gift or of bargain and sale, a part or all of his right to locate lands in Virginia, the son, in that case, instead of applying to the Company in London, would have had recourse direct to the Colonial Authorities, to whom Captain Newport would have written, apprising them of his transfer of right to his son.

It may have been that Captain Newport had, at an early day, located lands to the extent of a portion only of his land warrant, or had sold a part of his right to locate lands to such extent, and that his son applied in November, 1619, to the Company in London for authority to locate the residue of lands he might be entitled to as the heir of Christopher Newport.

* This was the same kind of instrument that in the United States is now called a Land Warrant. It authorized the holder to locate land at a fixed valuation per acre. If at two shillings sterling per acre (the probable price at that day), Captain Newport's Bill of Adventure would have entitled him to 4,000 acres.

† "John Newport, the only son and heir."—[Neill.]

In either event the existence of this minute disposes effectually of Mr. Grigsby's dream of Newport's being "at last settled in his quiet home" at Newport's News.

It is highly probable that Newport and Sir Wm. Newce were never personally acquainted with each other. Newport was a seafaring man sailing out of England, and was never in the Colony after 1611, and we have no record of his ever having visited Ireland while Sir William Neuse was "a planter in Ireland" before going to Virginia [Neill], and he did not visit that Colony until the autumn of 1621, when he went out as Marshal, "but died two days after reading his patent and commission" in public—[Stith, p. 159]. The Colonial Authorities, in a letter to the Company in London, dated 20th January, 1622, announce, among other things, the death of "Sir William Nuce," who, they say, "did not, above two days, survive his reading of his Patent."—[Neill, p. 363.]

As the performance of that ceremony usually took place (for obvious reasons) within a very short period after the advent into his field of official action of a public functionary, it is highly probable that Sir William died before he had been five weeks in Virginia. [Neill says that he died "in a few days" after his arrival in the Colony.] This fact effectually disposes of Mr. Grigsby's dream of Newport's retirement in 1621 from active life to his "quiet home" on his Virginia plantation, of his hobnobbing in that year with Sir William Neuse in the Colony, and of his *then* naming the eastern promontory at the mouth of James river Newport-Newce, in commemoration of Sir William and himself.

Mr. Grigsby was most evidently misled by the historian, Beverly, whose History of Virginia appeared in 1705. Mr. Grigsby says, that of all writers on the history of Virginia, Beverly "alone alludes to" the "origin" of the name. He quotes Beverly as saying: "It was in October, 1621, that Sir Francis Wyatt arrived Governor, and in November Captain Newport arrived with fifty men imported at his own charge, besides passengers, and made a plantation on Newport's News, naming it after himself." Mr. Grigsby then dwells on "the important fact" "that Newport named the place after himself," meaning, of course, that he (Newport) named it in November, 1621.

But Mr. Grigsby's authority, (Beverly,) while against his theory so far as the word Newce is concerned, (for Beverly writes it *News*, and puts Newport's name in the possessive case,) was utterly in error of the grossest kind when, through what was no doubt a *lapsus memoriae*, he substituted Newport for Gookin, as having arrived and settled at Newport's News in 1621.

When the reader shall have advanced a few lines further in this paper he will appreciate the significance and force of the argument I now adduce against Beverly's careless assertion that Newport planted fifty men at his own charge on Newport's News in November, 1621. To say nothing of the singular coincidence of the fact of Newport's planting at Newport's News, at his own cost, the same number of men that Gookin planted, in the same month and year, at the same place, and at his own cost too, how are we to account (if such was the fact) for the utter silence, as to Newport and his company of settlers, manifested by the Colonial authorities in their letter of 20th January, 1622, to the London Company? If Gookin's expedition (no larger nor more important to the Colony than was this alleged expedition of Newport's) was deemed worthy of particular mention in that letter, it is, I think, simply absurd to suppose that the Colonial authorities would have omitted even the slightest mention of Newport's expedition had they known anything of it, and to suppose that, if it really took place, they were in total ignorance of it as late as the 20th January following the November in which it is supposed to have landed, is simply to manifest the most extreme degree of idiocy.

Of course Beverly was as far from the fact as he could have been when he said Newport landed an expedition on Newport's News in November, 1621. Newport was not even the master, as some might possibly think, of Gookin's ship in that year and month, or on that expedition, for we have the name of the actual master of that ship in the following extract from a letter of 20th January, 1622, written by the Colonial authorities to the Company in London:

"Mr. Pountis hath had some conference with ye Master of the Irish Shipp, a Dutchman whose name is Cornelius Johnson, of Horne, in Holland." And Neill specially states that this Johnson was master of Gookin's ship.

How early the promontory became known by the name Newport's News, I have not been able to ascertain, but that it was so known prior to the advent into Virginia (autumn of 1621) of Sir William Neuse, we have the following very good reason to believe.

At page 274 of Neill's History begins a long letter from the Colonial Authorities to the Company in London, dated 20th January, 1622. In it is the following passage: "There arived heere about the 22d of November, a shipp from Mr. Gookin, out of Ireland, wholly uppon his owne adventure* withoute any relatione at all to his contract with you

**I. e.*, at his own cost. Mr. Gookin had, prior to this expedition, contracted with

in England. * * * He hath alsoe brought with him aboute fifty men uppon that adventure, besides some thirty other passengers. We have accordinge to their desire seated them at Newport's News, and we do conceive," &c.

Now observe just here particularly that this letter takes it for granted that the Company in London were *already* perfectly aware that there was *then* a place in Virginia called Newport's News, and the Company must have known also its precise locality. But if the place had first received its name on 22d November, 1621 (only fifty-nine days before that January letter was written), the writers of it would, for obvious reasons, most assuredly have said in it: "We have, at their desire, seated them at the east point of the mouth of James river, which point has, within the last two months, been named Newport's News."

Without some such explanatory remark, the Company in London would not have known whether Gookin's expedition had been seated above Jamestown, near Henrico, or below Jamestown, and above the mouth of the river, or on the southern shore of Hampton Roads, or on York river.

Besides this, it would be illogical and unbusiness-like to suppose that a man of Gookin's well-known intelligence, enterprise and energy, would not first visit and explore some considerable portions of the land, and doubtless select the locality where, or near where, he intended to plant his Company, before taking out from Ireland a Company of fifty emigrants, "well furnished with all sortes of pvisione, [provision,] as well as with cattle," as is stated in that January-letter.

To do this properly, and then to go back to Ireland and get up an expedition of that kind, could not have been well performed in less time, at the very least, than one year.

He probably arrived in the Colony on his visit of exploration in the Summer of 1620, if not earlier, and as, when late in November, 1621, he arrived with his fifty settlers, and then desired, as the Colonial Authorities state, to be seated at Newport's News, where he had, without doubt, decided to settle in 1620, I think we may, with the utmost safety, assume that the Point was, in the Summer of that year, universally known by the name Newport's News.

Quite possibly it may be asked if the Point was known by that name

the Company in London to take out on their account to the Colony for certain consideration to be paid him, a certain number of immigrants, cattle, &c., but had not up to January 20, 1622, yet executed any part of his contract. The expedition referred to in the letter of 20th January, was a private adventure of Gookin's, and was at his own sole risk and cost.

for some years prior to 1621, why is it that we do not find it mentioned by that name prior to that year. Premising the significant fact that we do not find it mentioned in the ancient records by *any* name prior to 1621, the obvious answer to that question springs up of itself.

So important a headland (important at least *to sailors*) as that promontory was, could not have been, and would not have been, permitted by seafaring men to stand without a name from 1608 to 1621. Their convenience absolutely required that it should, from the earliest years of the Colony, have a well-established name, and one universally known among seamen. This name I have no doubt was Newport's News, and while doubtless well known and in constant use among sailors from 1608, the chances were five hundred to one that the Colonial authorities would, in official communications to the Company in London, have no occasion to mention the name of the point *until a settlement of people should be made there*, while individuals returning to London from the Colony and masters of ships sailing between London and the Colony might, in their intercourse with members of the Company as private individuals, and with the Company itself as a corporation, have spoken, and no doubt did often speak, of Newport's News as a point which they had rounded or anchored before on such and such a date, when tide and wind were ahead.

That the point was not occupied by a settlement of white people prior to 1621, we have, I think, good grounds for believing from the facts now to be adduced. "Rolfe's Relation," written in Virginia in 1616, and now in the British Museum in the original manuscript, and sent by Rolfe to the Company in London in 1616, has, among others, the following statement :

"The places which are now possessed and inhabited are sixe,

1st. Henrico and the lymitts,

2d. Bermuda Nether Hundreds,

3d. West and Shirley Hundreds,

4th. James Towne,

5th. Kequoughtan [now; 1882, Hampton],

6th. Dale's Gift; 'upon the sea neere unto Cape Charles;' and Rolfe states that 351 persons composed at that time the entire population of the Colony.

The first legislative, representative body that was ever convened in Virginia, was organized on 30th July, 1619, at Jamestown. All the settlements in the Colony, then eleven in number, were represented in that body, each settlement by two burgesses. I have the names of the eleven settlements now before me, but to economize space I do not here

give them. Suffice it to say, that the name Newport's News, as in Rolfe's list, does not appear among them. This shows that Newport's News was not inhabited by white people as late as July, 1619. And doubtless the place remained unoccupied until Gookin and his company were seated there in November, 1621.

Mr. Secretary, if the Public Authorities of a newly founded Colony in any part of the world, who were present at the foundation of it and at the naming of public places in it, did not know the names of such places, or, if they knew them, did not know how those names were spelled; but, if knowing the spelling, did not leave a record of those names for the guidance of posterity, then most certainly no person of subsequent generations could possibly know the ancient and correct mode of spelling those names; and if we are unwilling to accept the orthography of the *first* settlers, especially as given in *official* documents by educated men, we might as well give up our quest in despair, and accept any mode of spelling the names that any person of the present day may fancifully suggest.

Let us now see how the name of the point of land on which Gookin was settled, was spelled in *official* documents during the first generation of the Colony.

We have already seen in this paper that the Colonial Authorities, in their letter of January 20th, 1622, spelled the name as Newport's News.

At page 293, of Neill's History, begins a letter from the Governor and Council of Virginia, written in April, 1622, to the Company in London, giving an account of the great massacre that occurred in March of that year. While stating in that letter that after the massacre "Wee have thought most fitt to hold those few places," which they proceed to specify by name, they mention as one of those places "Newport's News."

At page 313, of Neill's History, is an account of certain proceedings of a Quarterly Court of the Company in London, held July 3d, 1622, relating to certain land in the Colony formerly belonging to "Mrs. Mary Tue."

The record says: "Which land was for their servants psonall [personal] adventures, and lyes at Newport's Newes."

In a memorandum of the same date, and in the same Quarterly Court, it is stated that the quantity of land referred to is "one hundred and fifty acres," and was the "land she assigned over to Mr. Daniell Gookin."

[The ancient records abound with instances where the common noun

"news" is spelled as "newes;" and as further undeniable proof that the word "Newes" in the foregoing quotation was not intended by the writer to represent Sir William Neuse's (or Newce's) surname, we must not overlook the significant fact that the name Newport is *in the possessive case*.

It is worthy of being noted here, that not only the Virginia Authorities, but the Company *in London*, as early as 1622, put the first word (Newport) of the compound name in the possessive case. Such unanimity, on both sides of the ocean, between the two official bodies, plainly shows how well established the name Newport's News had become as early as 1622 (only fifteen years after the foundation of the Colony), and utterly forbids the idea that either of those bodies supposed Sir William's surname had any place, or was intended to have any place, in the compound name.

In the 18th year of Charles I, "at a Grand Assemblie holden at James Cittie, the 2d of March, 1642, '43," there was passed an Act (being the 15th Act of that session) defining the boundaries of Warwick County.

In that Act occurs the following passage: "* * * from the mouth of Heth's Creek up along the lower side, * * * with all the lands belonging to the Mills, and so down to Newport's News, with the families of Skowen's damms and Persimmon Ponds."—[*Hening's Statutes at Large*, Edit. 1809.]

Creed Taylor and William Munford, authorized examiners, certify at Richmond, Va., on the 1st September, 1809, that they have carefully compared the laws in Hening's volumes with the original manuscripts and find them to be correctly printed. They say that the terminating syllable "teon," "which is invariably written in the earlier part of the manuscripts 'con,' is printed [in Hening] as it is now spelt 'tion.'" And they add that "no other material variation from the ancient orthography has been observed."

As you have seen, I have herein produced four instances of the mode in which the name was uniformly spelled (*viz.*, as Newport's News) in public *official* documents between the years 1622 and 1643; and it is to be noted that in none of the official documents of that period and later is the name ever spelled otherwise.

I now proceed to cite an instance of what may be termed the semi-official mode of spelling the name, and which will be found to correspond with the official mode.

It seems [*Neill's History*, p. 394] that in 1622 one Captain Nathaniel Butler was sent out from England to the Colony as a kind of public in-

spector and censor, and in that year he formulated and sent to England a list of charges, separately numbered, not only against the natural condition of the country in some respects, but against the public administration of the affairs of the Colony.

A portion of his sixth charge is as follows: "I found not ye least peece of Fortification; Three peeces of ordinance onely [only], mounted at James Citty, and one at Flowerdue Hundred, but never a one of them serviceable," &c.

In their reply to another charge, in which Butler had spoken of "bogges" in the country—"Divers planters that have long lived in Virginia, as alsoe sundry marriners and other persons y't have been often at Virginia"—say: "As for Bogges, we knowe of none in all ye country, and for the rest of ye Plantacons, as Newport's News, Blunt Poynt," &c.

In their special reply to Butler's sixth charge, the planters say, among other things: "As for great ordinance, there are fower pieces mounted at James City, and * * * * there are likewise at Newporte Newes three. * * * *."

As to the mode of spelling the name by some of the private individuals, residing at that period in the colony, I now cite Mr. Deane, the recording secretary mentioned in the earlier pages of this paper. In a foot-note to Mr. Grigsby's letter to himself, Mr. Deane says, that "Newport News" is "mentioned in a letter from Virginia under date of February, 1622, '23." And Mr. D. adds, "Another letter of April 8th of that year, (the same which speaks of the death of Captain Nuse, referred to in a note further on,) is dated from 'Newport News.'" That the writer of the last mentioned letter did not use the last word (News) of the compound name as a form of spelling the surname of Sir William or of Captain Thomas Neuse, we know when we find him adverting to Captain *Nuse's* death in that very letter. This shows conclusively that he understood the name of the point was compounded of Newport's surname, and of the common noun "news."

Where, in the few instances in private letters of those early days, the first word of the name is written in the nominative case, while all the public official letters present the word in the possessive case, we have in this last mentioned fact, the best of grounds for believing that the writers of those few private letters were careless as to affixing the sign of the possessive case, or the type-setters omitted the sign through inattention; for while "Newport News" is a senseless collocation of words signifying nothing, the combination "Newport's News" would have some meaning, like the two first words in the title "Smith's

News from Virginia," to which Campbell, at page thirty-nine of his History, refers, and which, in a pamphlet form, John Smith probably published in London soon after his return from Virginia in 1609.*

So the phrase "Whittaker's News," would have some significance when mentioned by one Londoner to another in reference to "Good Newes from Virginia," written in 1613, by the Rev. Alexander Whittaker, Minister of Henrico, Virginia, and sent by him in that year to the Company in London, and afterwards published there.

I have not read from Newport's pen any account of his discoveries and acts in Virginia, but I have no doubt that on one of his early returns to England from Virginia,† he did publish a brief pamphlet respecting the affairs and prospects of the Colony, which probably was entitled or was popularly known as "Newport's News from Virginia," and in some way and for some reason that have been lost and will now never be ascertained, the first two words of the title were applied to the promontory which now bears that name. In his pamphlet he may have made special and laudatory mention of that promontory as the most desirable site on the Continent for a great seat of commerce when the country back to the mountains should become thickly settled. Possibly he may have made a hobby of the idea in his personal intercourse with people in both countries, in season and out of season, until at last people, whether in sport or otherwise, came to apply the two first words of the title of his pamphlet to the place as its name. Many a place in this country and in Europe has had its name stuck on it, or thrown at it until it stuck, in some such way by incidents or causes that no one at first supposed would result in shaping and attaching the name to the place.

As coinciding with this view of the case, and to prove that Newport was regarded as a great schemer, full of projects, vain and bombastic, I make the following quotations. Stith, at page 76 of his History, says: "Captain Newport was in reality an empty, idle, interested man, very fearful and suspicious in times of danger, but a very great and important person in his own talk and conceit."

Sir William Keith in his "History of the British Plantations in

* As early as 1608, and of course before Smith returned to England, he published in quarto form in London, "A true Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath happened in Virginia. * * * Written by Captaine Smith, Coronell of said Collony, to a worshipfull friend of his in England," &c., &c. I have never seen this Relation.

†He sailed to and fro many times between England and Virginia in the four years elapsing between 1607 and 1611.

America," speaks, at p. 81, Part I [London Edit., 1738], of Newport as one "whose head was full of projects;" and at p. 82 he says, "the vanity of Captain Newport's conduct at this time was so ridiculous that," &c. Smith, when President of the Colony, made a Report to the Company in London, which can be found in his "Generall History" [Edit. 1629]. In this Report he says, among other things, "I have not concealed from you anything I doe know, but I fear some [persons] cause you to believe more than is true. * * * * Capitaine Newport we much suspect to be the author of these inventions. * * * * The souldiers say many of your officers maintain their families out of what you sent us, and that Newport hath a hundred pounds a yeare for *carrying newes*."

By whom and why was given to the promontory the name which it has borne for more than two centuries and a half, I think we shall never know with certainty, but I think my conjecture as to how the name came to be applied (as indicated in the foregoing passages), is not far from the truth.

Although in Smith's General History the name appears repeatedly as "Nuport's News" and "Nupor's News," and once as "Nuport's *Nuse*," it is yet absolutely certain that all these instances are typographical errors; for, to say nothing of Smith's opportunities to have acquired the correct orthography of Newport's name from having crossed the ocean with him in the same ship, and from having been associated with him some time at Jamestown, I have only to refer you to two instances in a passage of this paper, a few lines back, where Smith spells Newport's name correctly, and these are by no means the only instances of the kind in Smith's General History.

To some persons, not exercising due reflection, the name "Newport's *Nuse*," quoted a few lines back, might appear, at first blush, as sustaining Mr. Grigsby's theory, but the fact of the first word in the name being in the *possessive case* is crushingly fatal to that theory, and is conclusive proof that the type-setter carelessly printed the word *Nuse* for *News*; pronouncing, in his mind, the word *Nuse* as if rhyming with *Fuse*, and therefore sounding, as to its last three letters, precisely like the sound of the last three letters of the word "News."

Mr. Grigsby, in his letter to Mr. Deane, cites the compound name Newport-Pagnall, in England, and the following compound names in this country, viz: Hampden-Sidney, Randolph-Macon, Wilkes-Barre, and Say-Brook,* in support of his theory; as if he should assert, by

*Written at the present day Wilkesbarre and Saybrook.

way of argument: "Because those compound names are what they are, and were originated, as everybody knows, to perpetuate in each case the united surnames of two persons, therefore the compound name Newport's News is orthographically incorrect, and is but a corruption of what I assert is the true and original name, *i. e.* Newport Newce."

I hardly ever saw an argument or an attempted argument that exhibited a more striking illustration than this one does of what is termed in logic a *non sequitur*. It is based wholly on an assumption; for neither the records nor tradition give any countenance to the idea that the name Newport's News was originally Newport-Newce.

The orthography of the name Newport's News we find to be Newport's News in the earliest official records; we know that it so stood and was handed down, undisputed in any quarter, through more than two centuries, viz: from 1621 to about 1828. Some one at that late day (1828), not being able to discover the reason why a common noun should have been combined with Captain Newport's surname to form an appellation for a certain point of land, and knowing that on the early settlement of Virginia there were two prominent men in the Colony bearing the name Newce, but not knowing that Newport was even acquainted with either of them, invents the theory without one single fact of history to sustain him, that the name was in its origin Newport-Newce. Others from time to time follow on his track. Some others take opposing views. "*Hinc illae lacrymae,*" *vel potius, illi torrentes atramenti*, which have been shed in the contest of half a century. If it may be mine, "*tantas lites componere,*" I shall feel that I have not written on the subject in vain.

A High Private's Account of the Battle of Sharpsburg.

[From Four Years in the Ranks, (now in Press,) by ALEXANDER HUNTER.]

PAPER No. 1.

General Lee was often asked after the war which battle he was proudest of, and where he fought the greatest odds?

He always answered at Sharpsburg. His army depleted by battles, hardships, unripe fruit—all they had to live upon—stone bruises, for not a man in a half a dozen had a pair of shoes—straggling, the vineyards of Maryland, fair as the garden of the gods, tempted thousands to leave the ranks and wander in inglorious ease through the rich coun-

try. All these causes combined, dwindled the Army of Northern Virginia away to a mere frazzle, as General Gordon expressed it; and Lee fought the battle at Sharpsburg with skeleton regiments, brigades and divisions.

I copy from my note book. * * * * * * *

ON THE MARCH.

On the 20th day of August, 1862, our brigade (Kemper's) left Gordonsville to open the campaign against Pope. The orders were to leave all knapsacks behind, and to travel in light marching order with three day's rations in our haversacks, a blanket on our shoulders, and eighty rounds of cartridges in our boxes and pockets.

Little we knew then that it would be two whole months to a day before we beheld our scanty wardrobe again, and for more than eight weeks we would be without a single change of underclothing, and that our attire on the return would shame the famous seven beggars of Coventry, and cause a decent scarecrow to look like a well-dressed gentleman beside us. There was not a single article of either kind in camp.

The regiment, though reduced a hundred or so by the battles around Richmond, had yet comparatively full ranks, and their *esprit du corps* was unimpaired. Indeed, they had gained that confidence in themselves and their officers that goes far to make a crack soldier and steady veterans; and veterans they were, with Blackburn's Ford, Bull Run, Yorktown, Williamsburg, and the seven days' fight emblazoned on their banners.

They knew what a soldier's life was by this time, and had got trained in every phase of it. In the cantonments at Manassas Junction, drilling six times a day; in the picket duty at Falls Church and Munson's Hill; in the bivouac at Fairfax Courthouse; in the winter quarters at Centreville; in the long marches from Manassas to Richmond, and thence to Johnson, on the York river; trench duty at Dam No. 1, at Yorktown; the rear guard at Williamsburg; the skirmish line on the road, holding the enemy in check; the builders of miles of fortifications; in the sudden dash and desperate battle of Seven Pines, and then to the glorious excitement of following up the retreating army of McClellan; and then the battle of Frazier's farm, had taught Kemper's men what war really was, and changed the raw levies, into gladiators who could meet death with a smile on their lips.

And so in the bright morning sunshine they jested as they received

abundance of cartridges and limited rations which was in the same proportion as Falstaff's sack to his bread.

Down the road, past Orange Courthouse, from there to the Rapidan, where we camped. Thence to the Rappahannock river, where we remained two days, watching the enemy on the opposite side. Our rations now gave out, and how to live without eating became the problem that each soldier had to solve to suit himself.

A long week of marching and countermarching ensued, in which we subsisted on green corn and apples; then a forced march of twenty-eight miles to Thoroughfare Gap, on the hottest day I ever remembered, with the dull booming of the cannon on the other side of the ridge to quicken our wearied footsteps.

The next day, the 30th of August, we fought the battle of Manassas, and lost a fourth of our brigade. The history of that glorious day I will skip.

We got each a Yankee haversack and a full square meal, and I saw scores of soldiers, nearly famished, eating while they fought, indeed, it used to be a saying of our foes, that a rebel soldier would charge through hell to capture a Yankee haversack.

The night after the battle we drank a gallon of real coffee per man, and filled up on salt pork, boiled beef and canned vegetables, and groups of soldiers sat by the camp fires, and boiled, stewed, and fried, and ate off and on all night.

Hunger is a fearful thing, and we forgot for a time many a loved comrade who was shot in the battle.

INTO MARYLAND.

On Monday the march was continued towards Fairfax Courthouse. The rain that had held up for the night now came down in streams. We ate our last mouthful this morning; indeed, but for the contents of the captured haversacks, which the men shared with each other, there would not have been enough to pick one's teeth after. Nearly all that day we tramped through the muck of the roads, that was ankle deep. There was a constant cannonading in our front.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at Chantilly, that stately old country house, where several of us had stood guard in the lovely autumn nights of 1861. It was raining in torrents, which fact prevented us from arriving earlier, to participate in the sharp action that our van had with Kearney's division. Indeed, we could not have been of any service if we had been present, for our ammunition was soaking

wet, and there was not a gun in the division that would have gone off.

Standing, then, in the drowning summer's storm, we beheld the evidence so plain before our eyes of the sacked and ruined Chantilly; that sweet, lovely place which, for nearly a century, had been famous for all that makes a home prized and loved, and an estate cared for and valued.

The fences were all levelled, the out-buildings were demolished, the splendid park cut down—every shade tree was felled by the axe, even the fruit trees were hacked down out of mere wantonness. As for the house, it was hardly habitable, the furniture was smashed to kindling wood, the windows dashed to pieces with the butt-end of the muskets, the plastering from the walls knocked off, and the rooms so defaced and defiled that it discounted a hog pen in filth. In this space lay many wounded and dead, among others General Phil. Kearny, the most brilliant, chivalrous, dashing officer in the Yankee army. His body was sent by order of General Lee to the Yankee lines under a flag of truce. He was killed in a charge, and rode in the advance with his hat in the air and the bridle held in his teeth, for he had but one arm, the other he lost in the Mexican war. He was a brave ideal of a soldier. Most of our soldiers viewed his dead body.

In the wet, showery, drowning rain, we had to spend the night. There was but little distance between the two armies—one flushed with victory, the other sullen from defeat, but both at this moment equally limp, wet, hungry and miserable. But for the pouring rain-drops, the sharp Halt! and challenge of the enemy's pickets could easily have been heard.

“From camp to camp, from the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whisper of each other's watch.”

It is said by those fishermen who ought to know what they are talking about, that eels at length learn how to get used to being skinned, and after awhile rather enjoy the operation. So it is that by continuous hardening soldiers learn to sleep in a drowning storm, in a mud puddle as sweetly as a citizen comfortably tucked away in his bed of down. They sleep in a rain that, were they not enured and seasoned, would make every man ill from the exposure.

Next morning we awoke so stiff and rigid that it took us some time to straighten our limbs. Our bodies were chilled through, but to our great delight the sun's warm beams darted through the rift in the

clouds, and dried the wet clothes, but still our situation was deplorable. Not a mouthful did we have, some few had a ration left which they would swallow secretly; the haversacks were all turned wrong side out, and the very dust of the crackers were scraped out and devoured.

That day some thieving Reb stole my oil cloth that I left drying on the bushes, and though I hunted clean through the brigade, I could not find it; I had no blanket, and that night I was in a woeful fix, for the ground was still damp, the nights cool; as a makeshift, I begged a newspaper—a copy of the *New York World*—and laid on that, and as it kept the moistened earth from my person it answered quite well, and for two weeks I had nothing to lie on but this newspaper; I would fold it up with great care every morning, but one night it rained, and there was nothing left of it. Anyway I have always had a tender feeling for the *New York World* ever since.

On the morning of the 3rd we took up the line of march with the head of the column striking northward, passing by Frying Pan Church—which name is suggestive of some hot gospels, and a place where doubtless the doctrine of total damnation of man was preached.

Still no signs of our commissary wagons, and not a mouthful of food did we have all day.

The 4th found our column halted and green corn served out.

The 5th and 6th we marched towards Leesburg, passing through on the 7th, and crossed the Potomac near Shepherdstown.

On the 8th we struck up the refrain of "Maryland, My Maryland!" and camped in an apple orchard. We were hungry, for six days not a morsel of bread or meat had gone in our stomachs—and our *menu* consisted of apples and corn. We toasted, we burned, we stewed, we boiled, we roasted these two together, and singly, until there was not a man whose form had not caved in, and who had not a bad attack of diarrhoea. Our under-clothes were foul and hanging in strips, our socks worn out, and half of the men were bare-footed, many were lame and were sent to the rear; others, of sterner stuff, hobbled along and managed to keep up, while gangs from every company went off in the surrounding country looking for food, and did not rejoin their commands until weeks after. Many became ill from exposure and starvation, and were left on the road. The ambulances were full, and the whole route was marked with a sick, lame, limping lot, that straggled to the farm-houses that lined the way, and who, in all cases, succored and cared for them.

But we fared better in the rich fields of Maryland.

In an hour after the passage of the Potomac the command continued

the march through the rich fields of Maryland. The country people lined the roads, gazing in open-eyed wonder upon the long lines of infantry, that filled the road for miles, and as far as the eye could reach, was the glitter of the swaying points of the bayonets. It was the first ragged Rebels they had ever seen, and though they did not act either as friends or foes, still they gave liberally, and every haversack was full that day at least. No houses were entered—no damage was done, and the farmers in the vicinity must have drawn a long breath as they saw how safe their property was in the very midst of the army.

On the 10th the Seventeenth defiled through the long avenue of Frederick City, and we were rather disappointed at our reception, which was decidedly cool. This wasn't what we expected. It is true the streets were generally well filled with citizens, and the balconies and porches too, but there was positively no enthusiasm, no cheers, no waving handkerchiefs and flags—instead a death-like silence—some houses were closed tight, as if some public calamity had taken place; there were many friendly people in the windows and doors, but they seemed afraid to make any manifestation of their feelings—only smiling covertly.

The marching soldiery did not imitate the cautious silence of the Frederick Citizens; they had full haversacks, and therefore light hearts, jokes, witicisms, and badinage flew from lip to lip, and some one striking up a song, it was chanted by the brigade, and in that way we went through the most loyal city in Maryland.

The following intercepted letter, from a Union lady in Frederick to a friend in Baltimore, thus speaks of the passage of our army.

FREDERICK CITY, MARYLAND, September 13th, 1862.

I wish, my dearest Minnie, you could have witnessed the transit of the Rebel army through our streets a day or two ago. Their coming was unheralded by any pomp and pageant whatever. No bursts of martial music greeted your ear, no thundering sound of canon, no brilliant staff, no glittering cortege dashed through the streets, instead came three long dirty columns, that kept on in an unceasing flow. I could scarcely believe my eyes; was this body of men moving so smoothly along, with no order, their guns carried in every fashion, no two dressed alike, their officers hardly distinguishable from the privates—were these, I asked myself in amazement, were these dirty, lank, ugly specimens of humanity, with shocks of hair sticking through the holes in their hats, and the dust thick on their dirty faces, the men that had

coped and encountered successfully, and driven back again and again our splendid legions with their fine discipline, their martial show and colour, their solid battalions keeping such perfect time to the inspiring bands of music? I must confess, Minnie, that I felt humiliated at the thought that this horde of ragamuffins could set our grand army of the Union at defiance. Why it seems as if a single regiment of our gallant boys in blue could drive that dirty crew in the river without any trouble. And then, too, I wish you could see how they behaved—a crowd of boys on a holiday don't seem happier. They are on the broad grin all the time. Oh! they are so dirty! I don't think the Potomac river could wash them clean; and ragged!—there is not a scarecrow in the corn-fields that would not scorn to exchange clothes with them; and so tattered!—there isn't a decently dressed soldier in their whole army. I saw some strikingly handsome faces though; or, rather, they would have been so if they could have had a good scrubbing. They were very polite, I must confess, and always asked for a drink of water, or anything else, and never think of coming inside of a door without an invitation. Many of them were bare-footed. Indeed I felt sorry for the poor, misguided wretches, for some were limping along so painfully, trying hard to keep with their comrades. But I must stop. I send this by Robert, and hope it will reach you safely. Write to me as soon as the route is open. * * * * *

KATE.

Confederate currency now suddenly rose in value, orders having been issued, that the store-keepers in the town should keep open their stores, and sell their goods for the “dam Rebel issue,” as one of them called our Confederate “promise to pay.” In an hour or two a store would be completely cleaned out, not a thing was left behind, the shop-keeper having enough of the notes to paper his walls. Some of them though put the money carefully by, determining if it should by chance turn out ever to be of any value, that they would have a good amount.

Another day's march brought us to Hagerstown, where the corn fields and orchards furnished our meals. The situation, in a sanitary point, of our army was deplorable. Hardly a soldier had a whole pair of shoes. Many were absolutely bare-footed, and refused to go to the rear. The ambulances were filled with the footsore and sick. Not a man among all the troops had had a change of under-clothing since the army left Gordonsville, a month ago, and the consequence was that they were dirty, tattered and infested with vermin; and now I will

devote a great many lines to this subject, which the fastidious had better skip.

I am writing of the lights and shadows of a soldier's life, and the two twin evils of vermin and the camp itch were important institutions. They followed Johnny Reb everywhere, staid by him, refused to leave, resisted every effort of force, opposed ever attempt at compromises, and they tarried with him until he doffed the gray uniform for a citizen's suit. Then only did both disappear and vanish out of sight and mind.

These insects, which in camp parlance were called graybacks, first made their appearance in the winter of 1861. At first the soldier was mortified and almost felt disgraced at discovering one of these insects on his person; their crawling made his flesh creep, and energetic efforts were made to hide the secret and eliminate the cause. At first the soldiers used to steal out companionless and alone, and hide in the woods and bushes, with as much secretness and caution as if he was going to commit some fearful crime. Once hid from the eyes of men, he would pursue and murder the crawling insects with a vengeful pleasure, thinking that now he would have peace and comfort of mind, and be able to hold up his head once more before his fellow men. On his stealthy way back he would be sure to run in on a dozen solitary individuals who tried to look unconcerned, as if indeed they were in the habit of retiring in the dim recesses of the forest for private meditation.

The satisfaction he felt would not last long, in a day or two his body would be infested again, and then, desperate, he would try every expedient—all to no purpose, it was simply impossible to exterminate them. The men would boil their clothes for hours, in a hissing, bubbling cauldron, dry and put them on, and next day these confounded things would be at work as lively as ever. Even at Fort Warren where underclothing was so plentiful that each man had an entire change for every day in the week, it was found that these pests skirmished around as usual, though where they came from and how they arrived were mysteries never solved. The salamander graybacks had more lives than a cat, and bred and propagated faster than a roe-herring. Once lodged in the seams of the clothing they remained until time mouldered the garments. You might scald, scour, scrub, cleanse, rub, purify, leave them in seathing liquid, or bury the raiment in the ground, but it was wasted labor, for the insects seem to enjoy the process and increased and multiplied under it.

On this march particular, when the troops had no change of clean clothes for weeks, the soldiers were literally infested with them, many used to place their under raiment, during the night, in the bottom of some stream and put a large stone to keep them down; in the morning they would hastily dry them and get a temporary relief. Every evening in Maryland, when the army halted and bivouaced for the night, hundreds of the soldiers could be seen, sitting on the roads or fields, half denuded with their clothes in their laps busily cracking, between the two thumb-nails, these creeping nuisances—a hundred full-fledged fathers of families was not considered an unusual number in one haul. To have a daily examination and execution was a habit just as regularly and naturally indulged in as washing our face and hands.

In our march along the turnpike, there was not left a ear of corn, or a green apple, in the bordering fields; the soldiery made a specialty of cooking these vegetables, eating them raw, roasted, boiled, and all mixed in a kind of soup, filling themselves full, but still longing for the meat and bread diet. The actions of the citizens of Hagerstown showed in vivid contrast to Frederick City, for not only were the men and women outspoken in their sympathy for the Southern cause, but they threw wide open their hospitable doors and filled their houses with the soldiers, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, as well as their limited means allowed. I saw a citizen in that place absolutely take the shoes off of his feet, in the streets, and give them to a limping bare-footed soldier.

On the morrow, instead of advancing northward the order came to right about face, and march back on the same road we advanced up the evening before; back the brigade retraced its steps, and about 4 o'clock that evening, on the 14th, took position in a corn-field on a sloping hill. A savage attack came from the enemy on our left to break the line, but was repulsed; the musketry firing and cannonading was for a short time very severe; no determined infantry charge was made upon our brigade, though several Yankee batteries shelled the line, and a feeble attack made, which was easily checked, for the regiment was in place behind a fence. The Seventeenth only lost about half a dozen wounded.

That night, or rather at early dawn of the 15th, the brigade marched towards Sharpsburg; the men had not a mouthful to eat, and squads from the different companies obtained permission to forage for themselves and comrades. I was on one of these details; leaving the road and striking across the fields, we entered into a yard in the centre of which stood a fine brick mansion; we knocked at the door—there was

no response, and then after waiting awhile we entered and found to our astonishment that it was deserted. The inmates had fled in anticipation of a battle—the fighting at Boonsboro a few hours before had evidently frightened them away. Not an article had been carried off—the parlor door was open—there stood the piano, the pictures depended from the wall, the curtains hung as gracefully as if some hand has just arranged its fold; we entered the dining-room—there rested the cat on the window-sill—everything seemed so natural, it was difficult to realize that the hostess would not enter and welcome us in a few moments.

We had no time to linger, the cannon sounded their warning note; besides, we had come to get something to eat, and not to make any voyage of discovery. So finding nothing in the pantry, nor in the kitchen, we went to the spring and filled our canteens with water, then to the dairy at the foot of the hill, and discovered several buckets and cans of milk which had been placed there last night by some visible means; we filled our canteens with the lacteal fluid, and noticing the loft, a room over the dairy, we climbed up, found it a perfect store-room. Several barrels were on stands, and on investigating the contents of one, it was found to be cider, and then the canteens were emptied of milk and filled with the juice of the apple. Then an exclamation from one of the party brought us over to him, and he showed us a barrel of apple brandy. That cider in the canteens was soon poured on the floor, and the apple jack took its place. An animated discussion took place. The whole squad, except the sergeant, wanted to carry the barrel and leave everything else behind, but then came the difficulty about obeying orders. The discussion waxed high, and to end the matter the sergeant stove in the head of the barrel with the butt of his musket, and the precious liquid that would have made glad, for a time at least, the whole brigade, poured in a useless stream upon the floor.

In the room was half a dozen tubs of apple butter, which we confiscated for the use of our comrades, and carried it off with us. Starting towards the reflected steel, that flashed in the sunlight like a beacon to the mariner, showing us where our troops were marching, we hurried after and soon caught up with them. I will drop for a second the character of a veracious chronicler, and not mention how many lips were glued long and lovingly to the mouths of those canteens. The owner's health was honestly drunk, however, none asking or caring whether he was Yank or Reb.

The Killing of Colonel Dennis J. Halisey.

By Captain GEORGE B. EASTIN.

On what was known in Morgan's command as the "Christmas raid" into Kentucky, from the fact of its having taken place during Christmas week of 1862, it became necessary for us to leave the State rather precipitately, because of our being pressed by a large Federal cavalry force in our rear. It also became necessary, on our retreat from the State, for us to flank the town of Lebanon, Kentucky, which lay in our most direct road south, from the fact that the garrison there had been heavily reinforced, and the town occupied by a large force of the enemy. This necessitated our leaving the turnpike road at Springfield on the evening of December 30th, 1862; and on that bitter night, which will be long remembered by every member of the command, we made the famous all-night march around Lebanon, and owing mainly to the almost impassable condition of the mud roads, found ourselves at day-light the next morning only about ten miles distant from the point we had left the evening before.

Thus compelled to leave the main highway, we struggled along, making slow progress over mud roads, in which our horses sank in many places to their knees, trying to get the artillery over these difficulties, and aiming to strike the turnpike running from Lebanon to Campbellsville.

During the day Captain Alexander Tribble, of Chenault's regiment, who was afterwards killed during the attack on Green River Bridge stockade, proposed to me that we should get permission from General Morgan to go ahead of the advance guard to a little town called New Market, for the purpose of getting some boots and shoes for some of the men in our respective companies. We had the impression that the command was to pass through New Market that afternoon; in which, however, we afterwards found ourselves mistaken. Acting on Tribble's suggestion, I went with him to General Morgan, and without difficulty we obtained his permission to pass on in front of the advance guard for the purpose mentioned, which we accordingly did. After going several miles, we learned by inquiring of a farmer, that New Market was about three miles off to the left of the road we were then traveling, and by his direction we left that road by the first lane leading to the left. This lane led us, after traveling over it for about a mile, into another main country road, where we had been directed to turn to the right; and following these directions we came to the junction of this road with the

Lebanon and Campbellsville turnpike where we found the little town of which we were in search. We dismounted at the best looking store in the village (which consisted of a few houses strung along on either side of the pike), but soon found that our mission was a fruitless one, as the store contained nothing that we cared to buy, even for Confederate money. In the meantime we had been asked by several citizens of the little town, and along the road, if we were Colonel Halisey's men, to which inquiry we generally responded in the affirmative. The fact was, however, that we had never heard of Halisey until the day before, and then mainly through the prayers of the enthusiastic women sympathizers of the South, who had flocked to the road-side to see the command pass, and had besought us that we would kill Halisey before we left the State. Halisey, we knew was in command of a brigade of Federal cavalry that was pressing our rear guard and picking up every unlucky straggler who happened to fall behind.

After briefly looking over the stock of goods in the store at which we had dismounted, we told the proprietor that we were members of Morgan's command. He replied that we were, perhaps, in much greater danger than we were aware of, as small bands of Federal cavalry had been passing through the village all day, at short intervals, going on to reinforce Lebanon, which place they expected Morgan to attack that night. To confirm his statement, he pointed to a house a few hundred yards further down the pike, and told us that the horse hitched there belonged to a Federal soldier who had stopped there as the last squad had passed through a few minutes before.

Tribble and I thought that we might capture this fellow, and at once mounted and started in the direction of the house referred to. We were, however, quickly discovered by the cavalryman, who seemed to know our uniforms better than the citizens we had met, and he immediately mounted and started in the direction of Lebanon at full speed. We gave chase for a short distance, but soon found that the Yankee was out-running us; and having concluded that New Market was not a very congenial clime in which to tarry, we turned our horses' heads, and going back through the village, turned off from the pike into the dirt road over which we had come, hoping soon to rejoin our command.

We had gone but a short distance in that direction before we met two stragglers from our own command going in the direction of New Market. We told them they were going in the wrong direction, and made them turn back and accompany us. It then occurred to Tribble and myself that, as we could get no shoes to add to the comfort of our men

in walking, the next best thing we could do would be to take in a couple of fresh horses, which might obviate the necessity for some poor fellows having to walk *without shoes*.

We had by this time come to the mouth of the lane through which we had passed in getting into this main dirt road, and where we would have to turn off to get back to the road on which we had left the command. About two hundred yards from where we then were, and just opposite the mouth of this lane, stood a comfortable looking farm-house with a good looking horse grazing in the yard. It was then agreed between Tribble and myself, that he should take one of the men whom we had just before met, and get this horse, provided he should find him suitable for our purposes, while I was to take the other man, and go further on down this main road to see if I could not capture, or, as we then expressed it "press" another horse. Accordingly, Tribble started for the horse referred to, and I, with one of the stragglers we had picked up, proceeded down this main road, still going away from New Market, and having passed the lane at which we should have left this road in order to get back to our command.

My man and myself had gone perhaps half a mile when at a sudden turn in the road we were met by three more men from our command going at full speed, and as though the whole Yankee army was at their heels. As they dashed by us they had time only to call out to us, "if you are Morgan's men you had better be getting away from here, as the Yankees are right on us." I looked in the direction from which these men had come, and saw three Federal cavalymen coming rapidly down the road in pursuit. I then started after the men who had dashed by me so hurriedly, and who had been promptly joined by the man who had been with me, and ordered them to halt, assuring them that there were but three Yankees in sight, and if they would stop there would then be five of us to fight them. But so badly demoralized were they that the bare suggestion of stopping to make a fight seemed only to accelerate their flight, and with my late companion well up with them, they kept on at the top of their horses' speed. We soon came in sight of the house at which Captain Tribble had stopped, and I commenced calling to him to come and join us. He recognized me at once, but thought the four men flying along in front of me were Yankees, whom I was pursuing, and although about to put a halter on the horse, for which he had gone, and which he had just succeeded in getting hold of, he dropped his game, mounted his own horse, and with the man he had taken along to assist him, started as rapidly as possible for the road-gate. The four demoralized Rebels, who were making

such good time in front of me, dashed by this gate, and kept straight on in the direction of New Market, passing by the lane at which they should have turned off in order to get back to our command, and, so far as I know, I never saw either of them again. I reached the gate at which Tribble must come out into the road, perhaps a minute before he did, and stopped there in order to hold it free for him to get into the road, but before he had reached it, the three Federals who were pursuing, having gotten within fifty yards of me, halted in the road and fired two or three shots at me, which I returned, in order to hold them in check. This I did, until Tribble and his man reached the road and passed through the gate, and our respective parties then numbered three on each side. Two of our enemies had, besides their side arms, carbines, with which they were firing at me, while neither of us had anything but pistols. Tribble at once called my attention to this disadvantage under which we were placed as long as we were in the open road, and suggested that we must get to the woods, where we would be able to bring our enemies within shorter range, and be on an equal footing with them. Accordingly we all three started in a run down the lane, which would take us back to the place where we left the command, and as soon as our horses' heads were turned, our opponents, as we had anticipated, started in pursuit of us, firing an occasional shot at us, which we would return, in order to keep up their interest in the chase.

We had gone this way for perhaps half a mile, running just fast enough to encourage our pursuers to follow us, without trying to run entirely away from them, and had not yet found the trees for which we were looking. As we thus galloped along this lane, I suddenly discovered, as I thought, the very place for our purpose. I saw that we were approaching a small, sluggish stream which crossed our road, that on the side from which we were approaching, the road, which had evidently been used for many years, was cut or worn down quite deep; that the fence on one side of the road did not extend entirely down to this stream, forming the corner of an old field, and leaving an unenclosed space, perhaps thirty or forty feet wide, between the fence and the edge of the creek. I discovered that by turning our horses squarely around this corner into the unenclosed space spoken of, we would be entirely out of sight of our pursuers until they should come within a few paces of us. I therefore turned as abruptly as possible into this open space, and called to Tribble to do the same; but before he understood my purpose his horse had carried him into the little stream above referred to. The man who was with Tribble and me,

ran straight on without making a stop, and afterwards said as I was informed, that *his horse was running away with him.*

We had scarcely time to face about, when the front man of our pursuers, who afterwards proved to be an orderly on Halisey's staff, by the name of Edwards, dashed around the corner, and though he endeavored at once to check his horse, he did not succeed in doing so until he had run squarely up to Tribble, who was then facing him. A pistol shot was exchanged between them, but neither touched the other. Tribble, who had fired first, attempted to shoot the second time, being so near that the muzzle of his pistol was against Edwards's body, but this time his pistol snapped, and left him apparently at the mercy of his antagonist. With the quickness of a tiger, however, he grappled with Edwards before the latter could fire again, and being a powerful man, and a magnificent horseman, succeeded in dragging him backwards from his horse, and landed him sprawling in the water. Each man dropped his pistol in this struggle, but Edwards being down in the water with Tribble over him, surrendered and announced himself Tribble's prisoner.

In the meantime, and not a horse's length behind Edwards, Colonel Halisey came around the corner, and reining in his horse more successfully than Edwards had done, turned into the open space spoken of above within perhaps ten paces of me. I at once fired at him and demanded his surrender. He returned my fire, and urging my horse a little nearer to him, I fired again, and saw the dust fly from the shoulder of his overcoat, though, as I afterwards discovered, the shot did not wound him. He then fired again; and spurring my horse towards him, I was within perhaps ten feet of him, and having my pistol leveled on him, was about to fire again, when he threw up his hand and surrendered to me, saying twice, "I am your prisoner, sir; I am your prisoner!" In getting within reach of him, my horse being very restive, had faced around in the other direction, thus bringing us side by side, with our horses' heads in the same direction, and he being on my left side. While in this position, and with my left leg touching his right leg, I extended my hand and demanded his pistols. Instead, however, of giving them up, he dropped his bridle rein, and reaching over with his left hand, grabbed me in the collar, and, at the same time, without taking special aim, firing under his left arm, because of our being so near together, and with the muzzle of his pistol almost touching my cheek, fired at me again. The discharge burned and blackened my face, and the flash for an instant blinded me, but

almost instinctively, and at the same moment, I grappled with him, and putting my pistol firmly against his temple, fired again.

In the excitement caused by the unexpected shot in my face, I held on to Halisey's body for a moment, though I saw the last shot was instantly fatal, and both horses being loose, moved side by side down into the pool of water. Here I released him to reach for the bridle of his horse, but missing this, Halisey's lifeless body fell over against me and down between his horse and mine into the water, which was, perhaps, a foot or eighteen inches deep. In the fall, his head caught in my bridle rein, which was hanging loose. This kept his head out of the water, but jerked my horse up and made him plunge around, dragging Halisey's body through the pool, until we reached the other bank, where it became disentangled.

I had scarcely time to look around and take in the situation as to my friend, Tribble, when the third man on the Federal side came dashing around the corner. Tribble was completely disarmed. The pistol that I had been using and still held in my hand was then entirely empty, and while I had one under my overcoat that had not been used there was no time to make the exchange; so I leveled the empty one at the lieutenant who had just arrived, and he seeing the fate of his companions, rode up and handed me his carbine and a pair of army pistols.

Our two prisoners were taken to our command, which we soon rejoined, and on the next day they were paroled by General Morgan.

Lee to the Bear.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the Wilderness, cool and gray,
While perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelsshon's "Songs without words,"

Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note,
And Nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little, as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the East;
Little by little did morn reveal
Two long, glittering lines of steel,

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see,
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the Rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the Rebels their ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and stripes o'er the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found his grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain!

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared,
Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured—
Slaughter infernal rode with despair,
Furies twain, through the smoky air.

Not far off, in the saddle, there sat
A grey-bearded man, with a black slouch hat,
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute, Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye
On two bold Rebel brigades close by—
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease,
Where the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped,
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old gray-beard rode to the space,
Where Death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouch hat—
A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"
This is what he seemed to say;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply:

"We'll go forward, but you must go back!"
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track.
"Go to the rear, and we'll send them to h—!"
Then the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea,
Bursting the dykes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled,
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky
Streamed o'er a field of a ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year;
Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest,
Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the Rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed and the cannon are dumb;
And Fate, with pitiless hand has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides,
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The grey-bearded man in the black slouch hat.

Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, for the Year ending October 31st, 1882.

[Adopted at a full meeting of the committee, held at the office of the Society, No. 7, State Capitol, Richmond, Va., Friday afternoon, November 3rd, 1882.]

In presenting to the Society our Eighth Report, your committee have reason to offer cordial congratulations on what has been accomplished in the past, and on the hopeful outlook for the future of which we have to tell.

A year ago the Society was so burdened with an old debt, which

had lapped over from 1877, and which had become very pressing, that it seemed a very serious question whether we could continue our work without risking the loss of our archives. Now we have the pleasure of reporting that we have not only been able to continue the regular issue of our *Papers*, and make our current receipts meet expenses, but that the generous aid of interested friends, and the sale of back volumes, has enabled us to liquidate nearly the whole of the old debt, and to make arrangements by which we confidently expect to be able to report on the first of next month, that we have not only paid the last dollar of our indebtedness, but have in our treasury the nucleus of a permanent endowment fund.

We have not lost sight of the fact that a main object of our Society has been the

COLLECTING OF MATERIAL FOR THE FUTURE HISTORIAN,

and we have steadily prosecuted that object. Our notices from time to time in our *Papers*, and reports, and other MSS. which we have published have shown the great value of many accessions to our material which we have had. We do not hesitate to declare that our collection is now one of the fullest, and most valuable in existence, and that in certain important directions our material is absolutely indispensable to any true history of the great "War between the States." This is coming to be appreciated more and more every year by historians both in this country, and in Europe, and we are constantly giving most valuable help to seekers after the truth of history. Major Mangold, of the Prussian army, published in German last year a history of the second Mannassas campaign which an accomplished Confederate soldier pronounces "one of the ablest, fairest, and most accurate books" he has ever seen. A distinguished Federal soldier writing to the Secretary about this book says that "Major Mangold had evidently had access to ample *Confederate* material," and desires to know where the reports, etc., which he quotes can be found. The simple reply was: "Major Mangold has been for several years in correspondence with our office and we have furnished him, as we are most happy to furnish *any* seeker after truth, all of the material which he needed."

But we have reason to know that there yet remains in the hands of individuals all through the country, most valuable material, and we appeal to them (and we beg our friends to appeal to them) to send to our office (as a *loan* if they are not willing to donate it) *anything* and *everything* which can shed the slightest light on our grand history.

PUBLICATIONS.

Our monthly (*Southern Historical Society Papers*) has been regularly issued, and we are now completing volume X, which will be ready for binding early in December.

We have been able to place these volumes in a large number of the great Libraries at the North, and find an increasing demand for them among army officers and others who take interest in historic matters. We believe that we now have the Magazine on a safe basis—that our receipts from it each year will meet the expense of publication—and it is certain that we do not mean to go in debt again, but will, if need be, suspend the publication whenever it ceases to pay expenses.

And yet there are thousands of Confederates—many of them gallant and distinguished soldiers—all over the South who praise our work, but fail to send us the \$3 per annum necessary to sustain it. We beg our friends everywhere to help us increase our circulation in order that we may lessen the subscription price of our *Papers*, while we improve their character and value.

PERMANENT ENDOWMENT.

In the judgment of your committee the time has come when we should make a vigorous effort to secure a *permanent endowment* which shall be safely invested, and only the interest on which shall be expended. We do not argue here the necessity of this as we are sure that it commends itself to all who have given the subject a moment's consideration.

To purchase books, documents, and manuscripts—to employ necessary clerical force to put in shape the vast material we have collected, and conduct properly the large correspondence of the office—to provide for the security of our archives and make them more accessible to those who desire to consult them—to provide more efficient means for collecting material now scattered all through the land—to be somewhat independent of the fluctuations of annual subscriptions and receipts—in a word, to put our Society on a footing somewhat akin to the great historical societies of the country, and to enable it to do efficiently its noble work—we *must* have a permanent endowment.

Your committee have keenly felt this all along; but neither the circumstances of our people, nor the condition of the Society seemed to justify any very decided effort in that direction. Now, however, when fruitful seasons, plenteous harvests and returning prosperity have come to bless our Southern land, we feel that the time has come when

we may, with confidence, appeal to our friends to help us place our grand enterprise on a basis of permanency, so that our children may have the means of vindicating the truth of history after the actors in the great struggle shall have passed away.

We really do not know how better some one of large means could invest money for coming years and hand his name down to posterity as a public benefactor than by linking it with this effort to preserve the history of our people. We know of no better investment for even a small amount.

We recommend that Judge George L. Christian be elected Treasurer and Manager of the "Endowment Fund" of the Society.

FINANCES.

We are glad to be able to report that we have been able to fully redeem the assurance made in 1879, that we had "made an arrangement by which in future the *Papers* will be published without risk of indebtedness to the Society." We only regret that (from various causes which we could neither foresee nor avert) our receipts fell off during 1880 and 1881, so that we could not meet our expectation of paying our old debt from surplus receipts.

The liberality of the Army and Navy Society of the Confederate States, in Maryland, who voted us in January last a contribution from their treasury of \$100—of individual friends who made us timely donations, and especially of our friends in New Orleans, who got up for us the grand meeting (of which we have published full accounts and made full acknowledgment)—has enabled us to pay \$1,694.50 on account of the old debt, to reprint six or seven missing numbers of our *Papers*, (so that we now have a larger number of full sets than ever before), to meet current expenses, and to arrange for the early and vigorous prosecution of the scheme for the permanent endowment of the Society.

We have received from all sources during the year ending October 31st, 1882, the sum of \$4,627.40. Of this amount we have paid \$1,694.50 on account of old debts, \$250 for reprinting missing numbers, \$120.50 for extra postal cards, binding, and postage in connection with the sale of back volumes, and \$2,562.40 for printing, binding, commissions to agents, salary of the Secretary, postage, stationery, telegrams, expressage, office expenses, and other current expenses, the details of which are shown on our books and sustained by proper vouchers submitted to our auditing committee.

We may add that we are conducting our business on the most eco-

conomic basis, and that for the past three years we have employed no clerk.

IN CONCLUSION

We would express again our increasing sense of the importance of the work in which we are engaged—our abiding conviction that the present is the golden period for successful effort—and our earnest hope that we may have the warm sympathies, the active co-operation, the liberal help of all who desire to see the truth of history vindicated, the name and fame of our Confederate people defended, and the heroic deeds of "the men who wore the gray" handed down to our children, and perpetuated by the future historian.

By order of the Executive Committee.

J. WM. JONES, *Secretary*.

Dabney H. Maury, Chairman.

Notes and Queries.

Did General George H. Thomas have any purpose of fighting on the side of Virginia, his native State, at the commencement of the late war?

This question has been revived by Chaplain Van Horne, in his recently published "Life of General George H. Thomas," who devotes some ten pages to an attempt to show that General Thomas never for a moment wavered in his allegiance to "the old flag," and was at all times "patriotic and loyal," while Lee "yielded to the pressure against positive convictions, and drifted into the leadership of the forces in arms against the general government."

We propose at some future time to fully consider this question, but meantime we give the following statement, which explains itself:

"It is unpalatable to have again to refute the assertions of the injudicious friends of General George H. Thomas, that he never entertained the purpose of casting his lot with his own people when the other Virginians resigned from the Federal service on the command of their State.

"Thomas was a tower of strength in the Federal army. He alone of all the Virginians who remained in that army was the one we could not well spare.

"No native of the State had been more intense in his devotion to her, none had more pride in the history of her people, and to the last moment none was more earnest in avowing his native allegiance than

he. He was serving in Texas when the crisis came which sundered the sections. His friends in Virginia were informed of his views, and the officials of the State were apprised of his intentions. He procured a furlough, came to Virginia, applied to the Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute for the appointment (with the rank of Major) of Commandant of the Corps of State Cadets.

"On the request of his friends the Governor of Virginia decided to appoint him a Colonel of the Virginia forces and Chief of Ordnance of the State.

"And when, as yet, neither Lee nor Johnston had indicated any purpose to leave the Federal service, the attitude and intention of Thomas were as well known as those of any gentleman of the State, and he was spoken of by several of the secession members of the convention as the fit man to be General of the forces of Virginia should she secede.

"After the Government had decided to appoint him Colonel, he went North, from Virginia, to make his final arrangements, and then to resign and return to take part with his people.

"The Governor held the appointment open for him until he found Thomas had resolved to remain in the Federal service.

DABNEY H. MAURY."

Richmond, October 22d, 1882.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA ASSOCIATION were very much disappointed that General A. M. Scales, of North Carolina, was prevented by severe affliction from delivering before them at their reunion on the 2d of November, his address on "The Battle of Fredericksburg."

General W. H. F. Lee (the President of the Association) but voiced the general sentiment when he paid a graceful tribute to his gallant comrade (General Scales) and to "his noble old State, whose bravesons had drenched with their blood every battle field in Virginia," and expressed the hope that he would be invited again next year to deliver the address. General Early also bore strong testimony to the ability and gallantry of General Scales, who was "true during the war and has not deserted since the war."

He also paid a fitting tribute to Captain John Hampden Chamberlayne, who had died since the last reunion, and on motion of Judge George L. Christian the Association passed an appropriate tribute to the memory of this gallant soldier and distinguished citizen.

In response to calls General Fitz Lee, Colonel R. E. Withers, and General Wm. Smith made stirring speeches. The officers of last year were unanimously re-elected.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE expects to leave Richmond on Monday, November the 13th, to meet engagements to repeat, for the benefit of the Society, his superb lecture on "Chancellorsville" at Darlington, November 14th, Charleston, November, 16th, Atlanta, November 18th, Savannah, November 22d, Augusta, November 24th, and Rome, November 28th. Returning home from this latter point for a few days, General Lee will then repeat his lecture in Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, and other points in Texas.

We doubt not that our friends everywhere will appreciate this "labor of love," and give our gallant friend, "General Fitz," a royal greeting wherever he may go, while we can assure those who may be so fortunate as to hear him, that they have in store a rich treat.

The Secretary will accompany General Lee on his tour, and will be only too happy to give any desired information concerning the Society, to enroll members, or to receive contributions to our permanent endowment fund.

A LECTURE BY REV. FATHER HUGH L. MAGEVNEY, on "THE WORTH OF BATTLE FIELD MEMORIALS," will be delivered in Baltimore, on the evening of the 21st of November, for the benefit of our Society.

The Committee of the "Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland," (under whose auspices the lecture will be delivered, and whose zeal and wise management assure, in advance, a splendid success) say of the distinguished lecturer:

"In looking over the wide field of Confederate soldiers and orators, illustrious alike for their achievements in the field and in the forum, it has selected the Rev. Hugh L. Magevney, one of the chaplains of the Society, as the orator most accomplished and most fit to present the cause to the public. Born in Tennessee, for four years he carried sabre under the flag of Forrest. In all the hard fought fields of the West he did his duty and no man could do more. When Peace had folded her halcyon wings over the strong sea of civil strife Private Magevney became Father Magevney and has ever since striven for the victory of Truth and Holiness, in the constant and never ceasing struggle of human error and human sin. Father Magevney is an orator in many respects unequalled, in the pulpit, on the hustings, or on the platform. In addition to a commanding presence he is gifted with a sonorous voice of unsurpassed power and melody, an imagination of high poetic cast and an earnestness proved by his devotion as soldier under the flag of his native land and of the Cross. His heart was wrapped up in the Southern struggle and as he said recently, he had laid more loves to rest under the willow than would ever bloom again under the laurel."

We return to the committee our warm thanks for their intelligent zeal, and for an invitation to be present and only regret that engagements elsewhere will compel us to deny ourselves that pleasure.

The committee consists of the following gentlemen :

General Bradley T. Johnson, Chairman ; General I. R. Trimble ; Winfield Peters, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer ; R. M. Blundon, Secretary ; J. Lyle Clarke, Wm. P. Zollinger, R. W. Gwathmey, Dr. Wm. H. Cole, M. O. Shriver

GENERAL GEO. D. JOHNSTON has been doing most successful work in Jackson

Miss., Vicksburg, etc. With General Johnston's push, tact, and zeal, aided by the efficient help of such kind friends as General N. H. Harris, Geo. M. Kline, Esq., &c. there is no wonder that he has had splendid success.

OUR NEXT NUMBER (December) will be issued early in the month, and will close Volume Ten, which will then be ready for binding. We propose preparing for it a *General Index* of our ten volumes, which will be very valuable, not only for its convenience in reference, but also as showing at a glance the extent and real importance of what we have already published.

LITERARY NOTICES.

DETAILED MINUTIÆ OF SOLDIER LIFE IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA. 1861-65. By Carlton McCarthy, Private Second Company Richmond Howitzers, Cutshaw's Battalion, Second Corps, A. N. V. With illustrations by W. L. Sheppard. Richmond: Carlton McCarthy & Co.

We had purposed writing a full review of this admirable book, but have concluded to reserve what we may have to say, and to give now the following extract from the full review of the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, which is in Brother Lafferty's best vein:

"'Of making many books there is no end,' and the 'late onpleasantness' is a theme so fruitful that if everything worthy of record were put in print, 'I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.' The present volume is not a philosophical discussion of the right of secession, nor a eulogy of men in high places. It fills a niche that has not been made prominent in our war-literature; and it fills it marvelously well.

"The book professes to be a 'voice from the ranks.' None but one with Irish blood warming his heart could utter such a 'voice.' At one time, its sharp sarcasms and biting satire cut like a razor; and at another, it rings with merriment, and is as full of innocent mirth and healthful enjoyment as Stuart's hilarious laughter; yet, again, in sober tones, it tells us of the march, the bivouac, the battle; then, sinking to tremulous pathos, it speaks of home, and loved ones, and comrades dead on the well-fought field, and its accents are as soft as the mother's kiss, pressed on the cheek of her sleeping infant—as sweet and tender as the lullaby with which she soothed to slumber the cooing babe. Now, there stands before us the new recruit filled with martial zeal and knowledge, and eager to test his mettle by charging alone the entire force of the enemy; then, we see the seasoned veteran, willing to *favor* the recruit with all the disagreeable duties of the mess—ready at duty's call to bare his breast to the storm of battle, but not ashamed to avail himself of the protection of a friendly tree when the call of duty is not distinct and unmistakable. But nowhere has this voice a sound of bitterness; it utters no syllable which tends to offend any portion of our reunited land, or to tear afresh the wounds which Time has largely healed.

"Mr. McCarthy was four years in the army—he speaks therefore from personal knowledge, and testifies only to what he has seen. His character as a Christian gentleman makes his testimony thoroughly reliable. His theme, also, suits the trend of his genius. He is as much in love with his subject as he ever was with

his sweetheart. He is an artist; and every sentence shows the skill of his pencil and brush. The volume contains the most life-like and graphic pictures of the private soldier, in all of his relations and circumstances. He who has "*been there*" will readily recognize the fidelity of the likenesses.

"Mr. W. L. Sheppard, who was a lieutenant in the Howitzers, and now ranks as one of the best illustrators in the country, enriches the volume with thirty-one cuts, which are *fac-simile* reproductions of his original drawings, made especially for this book. They are among his best efforts, and add to his already extended and well-deserved reputation.

"He who buys this book will read it; he who reads it will surely wish to buy it. The first proposition is high compliment; the second assertion is higher praise, and can truthfully be affirmed of not one book in a thousand. Altogether, in our candid judgment, this is the best book of its character that we have seen.

By all means, let our readers get this book. But don't commence to read it after dark, unless you have good eye-sight and wish to sit up all night. You will not put it down until the last sentence is read: and then, perhaps with tearful eyes, you will reluctantly close the volume, and recalling their heroism and patriotism, their patient fortitude and cheerful self-denial and suffering, your heart will pay a well-merited tribute to the grandest body of men that ever stood on earthly battlefields—the private soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, unconquered and unconquerable, who, in rags and famine, would gladly have continued the unequal contest, and who only *once* turned their backs to the foe—when, with a breaking heart, their peerless General was constrained by Providence to surrender them to "overwhelming numbers and resources."

THE LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS. By THOS. B. VAN HORNE, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner Sons.

We have received from the publishers this beautifully gotten up book, and shall take an early opportunity of giving it a careful reading, and a candid review. Meantime we advise our readers to buy this biography of a distinguished soldier, written by the competent pen of his personal friend, who has had ample material for his work.

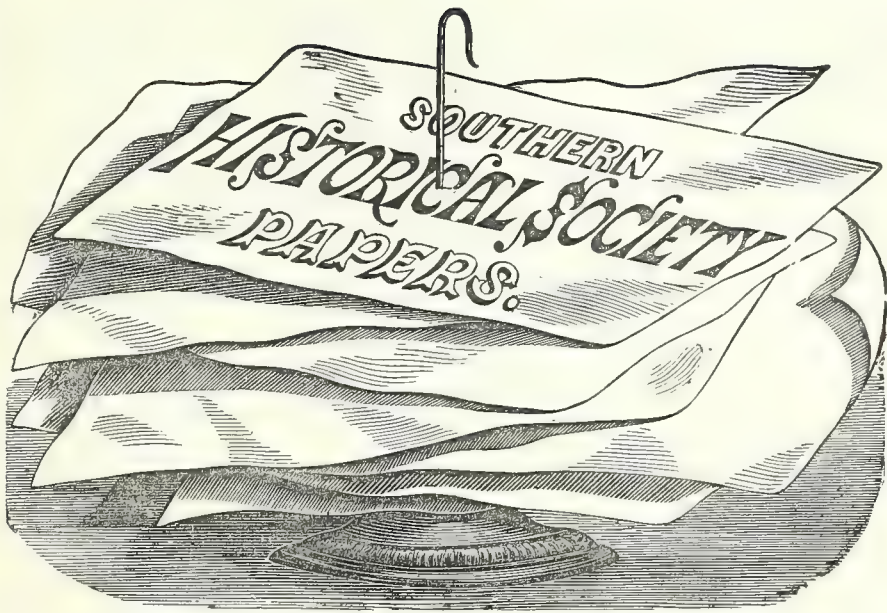
THE BIVOUAC." Published monthly by the *Southern Historical Association*, of Louisville. Terms \$1.50, payable in advance.

We have received two numbers (September and October) of this new candidate for public favor, and most cheerfully place it on our exchange list, and commend it to our friends.

We regret that we find our space too limited for the full review we had intended. We can only say now that the contents are fresh, interesting, and of decided historic value—that the enterprise is one which old Confederates, and lovers of truth generally, ought to patronize—and that we wish it the most abundant success.

We cordially welcome the editors as our co-laborers in the great work of vindicating the truth of Confederate history, and shall hail their complete success with the liveliest satisfaction.

We congratulate the Louisville Association that they are strong enough to sustain an organ of their own.



Vol. X.

Richmond, Va., December, 1882.

No. 12.

General J. A. Early's Report of the Gettysburg Campaign.

[From the original MS., with some explanatory notes written by General Early for the *Southern Magazine* in 1872.]

HEADQUARTERS EARLY'S DIVISION,
August 22d, 1863.

Major A. S. PENDLETON, A. A. General 2d Corps A. N. Va.:

I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this division during the recent campaign; commencing with its departure from Fredericksburg, and ending with its arrival in the vicinity of Orange Courthouse.

MARCH FROM FREDERICKSBURG.

On the 4th of June the division marched from Hamilton's Crossing, and having been joined by Jones's battalion of artillery, passed Spotsylvania C. H., Verdierville, Somersville's Ford on the Rapidan, Culpeper C. H., Sperryville, Washington (the county seat of Rappahannock), and crossing the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap, arrived at Front Royal late on the night of the 12th. Hoke's and Smith's brigades crossed both forks of the Shenandoah that night and encamped, and

Hays's and Gordon's brigades with Jones's battalion of artillery and the division trains encamped on the east side of the south fork near Front Royal.*

CAPTURE OF WINCHESTER.

Early on the morning of the 13th Hays's and Gordon's brigades, Jones's artillery and the trains were crossed over to the north side of the north fork of the Shenandoah, and I received orders from the Lieutenant-General commanding to move my division to the Valley turnpike, and advance to the vicinity of Kernstown, and then move to the left so as to get a position from which the main work of the enemy at Winchester could be attacked with advantage, information at the same time being given me that there was a hill to the westward of this work and commanding it, of which it was desired I should get possession. Lieut. Barton of the 2d Virginia regiment of Walker's brigade of Johnson's division accompanied me as a guide, and Brown's battalion of reserve artillery under Capt. Dance was ordered to accompany my division.

Having received the instructions of the Lieutenant-General commanding, the wagons, except the ambulances and the regimental ordnance and medical wagons, were left at Cedarville, and I diverged from the Winchester and Front Royal turnpike at Nineveh, reaching the Valley turnpike at Newtown, and thence advancing towards Winchester. I found Lieut.-Colonel Herbert, of the Maryland line, with his battalion of infantry, the battery of Maryland artillery, and a portion of the battalion of Maryland cavalry, occupying the ridge between Bartonsville and Kernstown, and engaged in occasional skirmishing with a portion of the enemy who had taken position near Kernstown. I halted my command here, forming it into line on either side of the turnpike, and proceeded to reconnoitre the ground for the purpose of ascertaining the position and strength of the enemy near Kernstown, and also of finding the road by which I was to diverge from the turnpike so as to reach the position in rear of the enemy's works which I had been directed to gain. The only portion of the enemy in sight on my arrival

* The 2d corps, composed of Rodes's, Johnson's and my divisions, under Lieut.-General Ewell, had remained in the vicinity of Culpeper C. H. on the 9th, and on that day my division was moved towards Brandy Station during the cavalry fight there, but was not needed. On the 10th we resumed the march, and on the 12th Rodes's and Johnson's divisions preceded mine in the march, crossing both forks of the Shenandoah and camping near Cedarville, a mile or two north of the north fork.

consisted of cavalry, but I was informed that an infantry picket occupied Kernstown, and I soon discovered that a battery of artillery was located on Pritchard's Hill, near Kernstown which was the same position occupied by the enemy's artillery at the time of General Jackson's engagement at this place. Finding it necessary to dislodge the enemy from this hill, after making a reconnoissance I moved Hays's brigade to the left, through a skirt of woods and a meadow, to the foot of the ridge along which General Jackson made his advance, and thence along a road which runs from Bartonsville to the Cedar Creek turnpike, until an eligible position for advancing upon Pritchard's Hill from the left was reached. From this point Hays was ordered to advance and gain possession of the hill, which he did without opposition, the enemy having hurriedly withdrawn his battery; but whilst advancing General Hays sent me word that the enemy had a considerable infantry force on the ridge to his left, and I immediately conducted Gordon's brigade over the same route, and sent word to Hays to halt until Gordon could get up. Gordon then advanced rapidly to the left of Hays, and in conjunction with skirmishers sent out by the latter, drove the enemy's force across the Cedar Creek turnpike and over the ridge between that road and Abraham's Creek, which latter here crosses the Valley turnpike. While this was going on, Hoke's and Smith's brigades, which had been left in line on the right and left of the Valley turnpike respectively, were ordered to advance towards Kernstown. Gordon having continued to advance until his right reached the Valley turnpike, was halted, and Hays was moved to his left, and then Smith to the left of Hays, the three brigades being formed in line in rear of the crest of the ridge which is immediately south of Abraham's Creek, beyond which the enemy had been driven. The enemy then occupied Bowers's Hill, on the north of the creek near Barton's mill, with a considerable force of infantry and artillery; and as it was near night, and too late for further operations, Hoke's brigade, under the command of Colonel Avery of the 6th N. C. regiment, which had been ordered to the support of the other brigades, was ordered back to Kernstown, where it was placed in position to protect the ambulances, wagons, and artillery which had been brought to that point from an attack from the left and rear; and Colonel Herbert was ordered to take position with his battalion of infantry on the right of Gordon, who had extended his line on that flank across the Valley turnpike. In this position the troops remained all night under a drenching rain.

Very early next morning (the 14th) I ordered Gordon and Hays respectively to advance a regiment across the creek and get possession

of Bower's Hill then occupied by the enemy's skirmishers only, as his artillery and main force of infantry had been withdrawn during the night. This was accomplished after some skirmishing, the skirmishers of Smith's brigade being also advanced across the creek on the left at the same time. General Ewell had come over to my position in the meantime, and we proceeded together to reconnoitre the position from the fort on the top of Bowers's Hill then occupied by my skirmishers, from which point we had a fair view of the enemy's works about Winchester; and we discovered that the hill to the north-west of the enemy's works which I had been ordered to gain, had also been fortified and was occupied. It was found to be necessary then to take this hill by assault; and a position having been discovered beyond it on the north-west from which it was thought an assault might be made with advantage, I was directed to move the greater part of my division around to that position and make the attack, leaving a force at the point then occupied to amuse the enemy and conceal the movement upon his flank and rear. I will here state that when our skirmishers had advanced to Bowers's Hill, Major Goldsborough of the Maryland battalion, with the skirmishers of the battalion, had advanced into the outskirts of the town of Winchester, but fearing that the enemy would shell the town from the main fort, I ordered him back.

After receiving final instructions from Gen. Ewell I replaced the skirmishers of Hays's and Smith's brigades by others from Gordon's brigade, and leaving Gen. Gordon with his brigade, the Maryland battalion and two batteries of artillery (the Maryland and Hupp's), to amuse the enemy and hold him in check, I moved with Hays's, Hoke's and Smith's brigades, and the rest of the artillery, all under Col. Jones, to the left (west and north-west), following the Cedar Creek turnpike for a short distance, and then leaving it and passing through fields and woods, which latter I found sufficiently open to admit of the passage of artillery, thus making a considerable detour and crossing the Romney macadamised road about three miles west of Winchester, and half a mile from a point at which the enemy had a picket the night before. After crossing the Romney road, where I left the 54th N. C. regiment, of Hoke's brigade, on picket, I continued to move on through fields and woodland and on obscure paths until I reached the position from which I wished to assault the enemy's works, which proved to be a ridge with its northern end close to the Pughtown road, a very considerable portion being wooded. On the south side of the main woods immediately confronting the fortified hill which I desired to assault, was an orchard and the ruins of

an old house called "Folk's Old House," and on the north side was a corn-field on Mrs. Brierly's land, both of which points furnished excellent positions for artillery within easy range of the work I proposed assaulting, which was on the summit of a hill on Fahnestock's land, adjoining the Pughtown road. To the desired point I was guided by a worthy and intelligent citizen whose name I withhold, as he has already been the subject of the enemy's persecutions, and I was so fortunate as to reach it without meeting with any scouts, pickets or stragglers of the enemy, or exciting his attention in any way.* I reached this point about 4 P. M., and as the day was excessively hot and the men had marched a circuit of some eight or ten miles without getting any drinking water, and were very much fatigued, I massed them in the woods out of view of the enemy to give them time to blow. In the meantime, having proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy's position and the ground on which I would have to operate, I discovered the two favorable positions for my artillery before mentioned, and that the intervening woods afforded an excellent cover under which troops could advance to within a short distance of the foot of the hill on which was the work I wished to assault. I also discovered that the enemy occupying this work, which was a bastion front presenting the appearance of an enclosed work from my point of view, were not keeping a lookout in my direction, but were looking intently in the direction of Gordon's command, on which a gradual advance was being made by infantry deployed as skirmishers and some pieces of artillery well supported. Meanwhile Col. Jones had quietly prepared for running his artillery into position as quick as possible when the moment for attack should arrive; and the men having been allowed to rest as much as possible under the circumstances, I directed Gen. Hays, whose brigade had been selected to make the assault, to move near to the edge of the woods facing the enemy's work, and to keep his men under

* My guide was Mr. James C. Baker, who resided a few miles from the town. As we were moving along an almost unused path or road north of the Romey road, at a sudden turn in it we came upon a young girl 13 or 14 years of age on horseback, with her small brother behind her and a large bundle of clothes tied up in a sheet. She was very much startled and frightened at meeting us, but on discovering the Confederate gray she pulled off her bonnet, waved it around her head, cried, "Hurrah!" and then burst into tears. The enemy had been shelling the country about her father's house, and one or two shells had fallen near to or on the house, and she had been sent from home to get out of danger. She said, "Oh, I am so glad to see you! I had no idea any of our men were anywhere near here." That girl will make a good wife to some Confederate soldier, if she does not already occupy that position.

cover until the artillery opened, and then to advance as rapidly as possible to the assault with three regiments in front and the two others following a short distance in rear, as soon as he should discover that the enemy was sufficiently demoralized by the artillery fire. The artillery under Jones was divided so as to put twelve pieces in the old orchard mentioned, and eight pieces near the edge of the corn-field on the north of the woods. The 57th N. C. regiment was detached and so posted as to protect these latter pieces from an attack in the direction of the Pughtown road, which ran not far from there, and the rest of Hoke's brigade, and the whole of Smith's, were placed in line ready to support him. The enemy's works on the front presented to me, consisted of the bastion-front on the high hill which has been mentioned, another smaller breastwork between that and the Pughtown road, and a more extensive, but incomplete, work on the north side of the Pughtown road. He had evidently been making recent preparations against an attack from this quarter, and had commenced felling the timber in the woods under cover of which I operated, but strange to say, on this occasion he failed to keep a lookout in that direction. About an hour by sun, everything being ready, Jones ran his pieces by hand into position, and opened almost simultaneously from the whole of his twenty guns upon the enemy, before he was aware of our presence in his vicinity.* The cannonading was kept up briskly about three-quarters of an hour, when Hays advanced as directed, ascended the steep slope of the hill leading to the enemy's works, through a brush-wood that had been felled to answer the purpose of abattis, and drove the enemy from his fortifications in fine style, capturing in the assault six rifled pieces, two of which were immediately turned upon the enemy, thus preventing an effort to recapture the works before reinforcements could arrive, for which a portion of the enemy's main force commenced preparing. As soon as I saw Hays's men entering the works, I ordered forward Smith's brigade to the support, and also ordered Jones to advance with the pieces that were posted on our left, leaving Colonel Avery with that part of Hoke's brigade with him to look out for the rear. On reaching the captured work, which proved to be open in the rear, I found that it overlooked and commanded, as had been anticipated, the enemy's main work near the town, and also a redoubt to the north of the main work, which was also occupied by infantry and artillery, and that all the works on the left (north) of the captured

* This was the remarkable case of a surprise of a fortified position by artillery in broad daylight.

one had been evacuated. The enemy was in evident commotion, but by the time the artillery and Smith's brigade reached the captured hill, dusk was approaching, and it was too late to take any farther steps for the capture of the main work, which was very strong, and to accomplish which would have required the co-operation of the other troops around Winchester.* I contented myself therefore with directing an artillery fire to be kept up until dark on the enemy's position, which was returned from the main work and redoubt spoken of, though with but little effect.† During the night I had the captured work turned and embrasures cut, so as to be able to open at early light on the main work. The Fifth-seventh N. C. regiment was ordered to the work on the north of the Pughtown road; Hays's brigade occupied the works captured by it; Smith's brigade was formed in line in rear of Hays; Avery was left with two regiments of Hoke's brigade to prevent any surprise by the enemy from that direction; and the Fifty-fourth N. C. regiment was allowed to remain on picket on the Romney road. In this position the troops lay on their arms all night. I sent my aid, Lieutenant Calloway, to General Gordon, to direct him to move upon the main fort at light next morning, and I also sent a courier to General Ewell to inform him of what had been accomplished, and that I thought the enemy would evacuate before morning.

As soon as it was light enough to see the next morning it was discovered that the enemy had evacuated, taking the Martinsburg road, and very shortly afterwards firing was heard on that road, which proved to be from the encounter of Johnson's division with the retreating enemy. I immediately ordered my whole command in pursuit, after having detached the Thirteenth Virginia regiment, of Smith's brigade, to guard the abandoned wagons and property. Gordon's brigade, which first reached the main fort and pulled down the flag left flying over it, pre-

* From Cedarville, Rodes had been sent by the way of Berryville to Martinsburg, and he drove off a force from the former place, and captured some artillery and prisoners at the latter. Johnson had moved with his division on the direct road from Front Royal to Winchester, and during my operations at Kernstown as well as on the north-west of Winchester, had made demonstrations against the enemy on the east and south-east of the town, occasionally having some very heavy skirmishing up to the very outskirts of the town; and my operations were very greatly facilitated and covered by those of Johnson. General Ewell was with Johnson's division.

† A very valuable officer, however, Captain Thompson, of the Louisiana Guard Battery, had his arm shattered by a shell, and died that night from hemorrhage from his wound.

ceded the rest of the division; and on reaching the point at which General Johnson had encountered the enemy, I found his division halted and in possession of the greater part of the enemy's infantry as prisoners. It was evident that further pursuit on foot of Milroy and the small body of mounted men who had escaped with him was useless, and I therefore halted my command and camped it near the place of Johnson's engagement.

The enemy had abandoned at Winchester all his artillery, all his wagons, and a considerable quantity of public stores. Twenty-five pieces of artillery in all, with their caissons, were secured, as was a considerable quantity of artillery ammunition, though somewhat damaged. In the hurry of the pursuit in the morning I gave such directions, and took such steps, as were possible under the circumstances to preserve the captured property; nevertheless, much of it was pilfered and damaged by stragglers, and even after it got into the hands of the quartermasters and commissaries, much of it seems to have been made away with.

I cannot too highly commend the conduct of Generals Hays and Gordon, and their brigades, in the two days' fighting which occurred around Winchester. The charge of Hays's brigade upon the enemy's works was a most brilliant exploit, and the affair of the day before when General Gordon drove the enemy from the position he occupied near Kernstown, reflected equal credit on himself and his brigade. All the arrangements of Lieutenant-Colonel Hilary P. Jones, and the conduct of himself and his artillery (including that under Captain Dance), were admirable, and have not been surpassed during the war. I must also commend the gallantry of Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert and Major Goldsborough of the Maryland line and their troops. Hoke's and Smith's brigades did not become engaged on either day. The members of my staff, Major Samuel Hale, Division Inspector, Major John W. Daniel, A. A. General, and Lieutenants A. L. Pitzer and Wm. G. Calloway, aides-de-camp, acquitted themselves to my entire satisfaction; and Mr. Robert D. Early and Mr. Lake, volunteer aids (the latter being a citizen of Maryland, who had been sent through the lines by the enemy the day before our arrival), rendered me efficient service, as did Lieutenant Barton of the Second Virginia infantry, detailed to accompany me as a guide. My loss in the whole affair was light, consisting of 29 killed, 130 wounded, and 3 missing. Among the killed and wounded, however, were some gallant and efficient officers.

Having been afterwards assigned to the command of Winchester for

a short time, I sent to Richmond, by way of Staunton, 108 officers, and 3,250 enlisted men as prisoners, leaving in Winchester several hundred prisoners sick and wounded. The greater part of the prisoners were captured by General Johnson's division while attempting to make their escape after the evacuation.

MARCH FROM WINCHESTER INTO MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA,
AND OPERATIONS UNTIL THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

While in command at Winchester, I detached the Fifty-fourth N. C. regiment, of Hoke's brigade, and the Fifty-eighth Virginia regiment, of Smith's brigade, to Staunton in charge of the prisoners, and leaving the Thirteenth Virginia regiment, of Smith's brigade, on duty in Winchester, I left that place on the afternoon of the 18th, and proceeded with the residue of Hoke's brigade, and Jones's battalion of artillery, to Shepherdstown on the next day, Gordon's and Hays's brigades, and the three remaining regiments of Smith's brigade, having preceded me to that place. *On the 22d I crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown and moved through Sharpsburg and Boonsboro', encamping on the road towards Hagerstown, about three miles from Boonsboro'.* The Seventeenth Virginia cavalry, under Colonel Wm. H. French, of Jenkins's brigade, reported to me on this day, by order of General Ewell, and remained with me until the battle of Gettysburg. On the 23d I moved through Cavetown, Smithtown, and Ringgold (or Ridgeville, as it is most usually called) to Waynesboro in Pennsylvania. On the 24th

* My tri-monthly field return made out at Shepherdstown, and the original of which is now in my possession, shows the strength of my division present on the 20th of June, as follows:

	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Agg'te.
General Division and Brigade Staff,	27	27
Troops present for duty,	487	5,124	5,611
Total present for duty,	514	5,124	5,638
Present sick,	7	336	343
“ Extra duty,	16	452	468
“ In arrest,	6	16	22
Total present,	543	5,928	6,471

It was the portion of this force which was able to march with which I crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania. The large number of men on extra duty is accounted for by the fact that we had no employés, but all teamsters, ambulance men, artificers, etc., etc. were enlisted soldiers. My division, notwithstanding the absence of three small regiments, was fully an average one in our army; and we had but nine in all of infantry.

I moved through Quincy and Altodale to Greenwood on the macadamised road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg.† At this point my division remained in camp on the 25th, and I visited General Ewell at Chambersburg, and received from him instructions to cross the South Mountain to Gettysburg, and then proceed to York, cut the Northern Central railroad running from Baltimore to Harrisburg, destroy the bridge across the Susquehanna at Wrightsville and Columbia, on the branch railroad from York towards Philadelphia, if I could, and rejoin him at Carlisle by the way of Dillstown.‡ Colonel Elijah White's battalion of cavalry was ordered to report to me for this expedition, and on the morning of the 26th, having sent all my wagon trains to Chambersburg except the ambulances, one medical wagon for each brigade, the regimental ordnance wagons, one wagon with cooking utensils for each regiment (including the officers), and fifteen empty wagons to use in gathering supplies, and carrying no other baggage, I moved towards Gettysburg.§ On reaching the forks of the road, on the east slope of

† Rodes's and Johnson's divisions had preceded me across the Potomac, the former at Williamsport and the latter at Shepherdstown, taking the route through Hagerstown and Greencastle to Chambersburg. My route was along the western base of South Mountain, and the very excellent public maps of the counties in Maryland and Pennsylvania which we obtained from citizens, enabled me to move along this part of the route as well as afterwards without the assistance of a guide.

‡ It will be seen that General Lee says in his report, published in the August number of the *Southern Magazine*, that orders were given to me to seize and hold the bridge from Wrightsville to Columbia. The orders received by me were as stated in my report, which was written very shortly after the close of the campaign. This discrepancy may have arisen from a misapprehension by General Ewell; but my recollection is very distinct, and I have now a memorandum in pencil, made at the time in General Ewell's presence, showing what was to be my march on each day, and the time of my probable junction with him, and also a note from him from Carlisle, all of which rebuts the idea that I was to hold the bridge. However, afterwards I determined to depart from my instructions and to secure the bridge, cross the river, and move up in rear of Harrisburg, as I found the condition of the country different from what was contemplated at the time the instructions were given. This discrepancy is a matter of very little moment really, as the destruction of the bridge by the enemy settled the question without any agency of ours; and I have made this explanation simply from the fact that the statement as contained in my original report is variant from that in General Lee's report. I can well see how General Ewell may have misapprehended General Lee's directions, or how the latter, writing more than eighteen months after the events had happened, may have fallen into the mistake from the fact that I really attempted to secure the bridge and the enemy burned it to thwart my purpose.

§ Before leaving Greenwood I had the iron-works of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, near that place, burned and destroyed, as the enemy had made it an invariable rule to burn all such establishments wherever he had gone in the Confederacy.

the mountain, about one and one-half miles from Cashtown, I sent General Gordon with his brigade and White's battalion of cavalry on the macademised road through Cashtown towards Gettysburg, and I moved with the rest of the command to the left through Hilltown to Mummasburg. I had heard on the road that there was probably a force at Gettysburg, though I could get no definite information as to its size, and the object of this movement was for Gordon to amuse and skirmish with the enemy while I should get on his flank and rear so as to capture the whole force. On arriving at Mummasburg (with the cavalry advance) I ascertained that the force at Gettysburg was small; and while waiting here for the infantry to come up—its march having been considerably delayed by the muddy condition of the country roads—a company of French's cavalry that had been sent towards Gettysburg, captured some prisoners, from whom it was ascertained that the advance of Gordon's command (a body of forty cavalymen from White's battalion), had encountered a regiment of militia which fled on the first approach. I immediately sent forward Colonel French with the whole of his cavalry to pursue this militia force, which he did, capturing a number of prisoners. Hays's brigade on its arrival was also sent towards Gettysburg, and the other brigades, with the artillery, were ordered into camp near Mummasburg.* I then rode to Gettysburg and found Gordon just entering the town, his command having marched with more ease than the other brigades because it moved on a macadamised road. The militia regiment which had been encountered by White's cavalry was the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, consisting of 800 or 900 men, and had arrived in Gettysburg the night before, and moved out that morning a few miles on the road towards Cashtown, but had fled on the first approach of White's advance, taking across the fields between Mummasburg and Gettysburg and going towards Hunterstown. Of this force a little over 200 prisoners in all were captured and subsequently paroled. Hays's brigade was halted and camped about a mile from Gettysburg, two regiments having been sent to aid French in the pursuit of the fugitive militia, but were not able to get up with it. The

*In speaking of camping my men on this whole campaign, it must be understood that I merely mean that they bivouacked, their beds being generally the naked ground, and their covering the sky above them. A few officers only had some tents which were absolutely necessary to enable them to attend to their duties, but on this expedition to the Susquehanna, no officer of any rank, including myself, had a tent or any baggage that he did not carry on his back or on his horse. This day had been a very cold rainy one, and the night was most uncomfortable and dreary.

authorities of Gettysburg declared their inability to furnish the supplies required of them, and a search of the stores resulted in securing only a very small quantity of commissary supplies; but about 2,000 rations were found in a train of cars and issued to Gordon's brigade. The cars, numbering ten or twelve, were burned, as was also a small railroad bridge near the place. There were no railroad buildings of consequence. The day was cold and rainy and the roads were very muddy, and as it was late when I reached the place, and desired to move upon York early next day, I had no opportunity of compelling a compliance with my demands on the town or ascertaining its resources, which, however, I think were very limited.*

I ordered Tanner's battery of artillery and a company of French's cavalry to report to General Gordon during the night, and directed him to move with them and his brigade on the turnpike towards York at light next morning; and I also directed Colonel White to proceed with his cavalry to Hanover Junction on the Northern Central railroad, destroying the railroad bridges on the way, and to destroy the Junction and a bridge or two south of it, and then proceed to York, burning all the bridges up to that place. Having returned to Mummasburg that night, I moved next morning from that place with the rest of my command, through Hunterstown, New Chester, Hampton, and East Berlin, towards Dover, and camped a short distance beyond East Berlin. I then rode over to Gordon's camp on the York turnpike, which was about four miles distant, to arrange with him the manner of the approach upon York if it should be defended. But all the information we could gain induced me to believe that there was no force in York, and that night a deputation came out from the town to Gordon's camp to surrender it. I directed General Gordon, in the event of there being no force in the place, to march through and proceed to the Columbia bridge and secure it at both ends if possible. Next morning (the 28th) General Gordon marched into the town of York without opposition and I proceeded with the rest of the command by the way of Weigalstown, leaving Dover to my left. At Weigalstown I sent Colonel French, with the greater part of his cavalry, to the mouth of the Conewago, to burn two railroad bridges at that point, and all other bridges on the railroad between there and York; and I then proceeded on to York, sending

* I subsequently saw it stated that the people of Gettysburg boasted of their failure to comply with my requisition, and twitted the people of York with their ready compliance with the demand on them. The former pleaded their poverty most lustily on the occasion, and the people of York were wise in "accepting the situation."

Hays's and Smith's brigades into camp at Lauck's mill near the railroad, some two miles north of the town. Hoke's brigade, under Avery was marched into the town and quartered in some extensive buildings put up for hospitals. I found General Gordon in the town, and repeated to him the directions to move to the Susquehanna and secure the Columbia bridge if he could, and he promptly moved his command in that direction. I then made a requisition upon the town authorities for 2,000 pairs of shoes, 1,000 hats, 1,000 pairs of socks, \$100,000 in money, and three day's rations of all kinds for my men. Subsequently, between 1,200 and 1,500 pairs of shoes and boots, the hats, socks and rations were furnished and issued to the men, but only the sum of \$28,600 in money was furnished, which was paid to my quartermaster, Major Snodgrass—the chief-burgess or Mayor and other authorities protesting their inability to raise any more money, as they said nearly all in the town had been previously run off, and I was satisfied that they had made an honest effort to raise the amount called for.

A short time before night I rode out in the direction of the Columbia bridge to ascertain the result of Gordon's expedition, and had not proceeded far before I saw an immense smoke rising in the direction of the Susquehanna, which I subsequently ascertained arose from the burning of the bridge in question. On arriving at Wrightsville, on the bank of the Susquehanna opposite Columbia, I learned from General Gordon that on approaching Wrightsville in front of the bridge he found a command of militia, some 1,200 strong, entrenched, and after endeavoring to move around the flank of this force to cut it off from the bridge, which he was unable to do promptly from want of knowledge of the locality, he opened his artillery on the militia, which fled at the bursting of the third shell, when he immediately pursued; but, as his men had then marched a little over twenty miles on a very warm day, the enemy beat them running. He, however, attempted to cross the bridge in pursuit and the head of his column got half-way over, but he found the bridge, which had been prepared for the purpose, on fire in the middle. As his men had nothing but muskets and rifles to operate with, he sent back for buckets to endeavor to arrest the flames, but before they arrived the fire had progressed so far that it was impossible to extinguish it; he had therefore been compelled to return and leave the bridge to its fate. This bridge was one and one-quarter miles in length, the superstructure being of wood on stone abutments and piers, and it included under one covered structure a railroad bridge, a passway for wagons, and also a tow-path for the canal which here crosses the river by means of locks and a dam below. The bridge was entirely con-

sumed, and from its flames the town of Wrightsville caught fire and several buildings were consumed, but the farther progress of the conflagration was arrested by the exertions of Gordon's men.* I regretted very much the failure to secure this bridge, as, finding the defenceless condition of the country generally and the little obstacle likely to be afforded by the militia to our progress, I had determined, if I could get possession of the Columbia bridge, to cross my division over the Susquehanna, cut the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, march upon Lancaster and lay that town under contribution, and then move up and attack Harrisburg in the rear, while it should be attacked in front by the rest of the corps, relying, in the worst contingency that might happen, upon being able to mount my whole command from the immense number of horses that had been run across the river, and then move westwardly, destroying the railroads and canals and returning back again to a place of safety. This project, however, was entirely thwarted by the destruction of the bridge, as the river was otherwise impassable, being very wide and deep at that point. I therefore ordered General Gordon to move his command back to York next day, and returned to that place myself that night.

Colonel White succeeded in reaching Hanover Junction and destroying the depot at that place, and also one or two bridges in the vicinity; but he did not, however, destroy all the bridges between that point and York, as one or two of them were defended by an infantry force, as he reported. Colonel French succeeded in destroying the bridges at the mouth of the Conewago, and all the bridges between that point and York; and I sent him to destroy the remaining bridges over the Cordorus, between York and Hanover Junction, which he succeeded in doing, any force which may have been defending them having disappeared. I found no public stores at York. A few prisoners found in the hospital, with some others captured by Gordon at Wrightsville, were paroled. All the cars found at the place were destroyed, but the railroad buildings, two large car-manufactories, and the hospital buildings, were not burned, because, after examination, I was satisfied that the burning of them would probably cause the destruction of the greater part of the town, and notwithstanding the barbarous policy pursued by the enemy in similar cases, I determined to forbear in this case, hoping that the example might not be without its effect even upon

* These men were Georgians, and it is worthy of note that the town of Darien in their own State was destroyed about this time by an expedition sent by the enemy for the express purpose.

our cruel enemy.* It has been lost upon the Yankees, however, as so far from appreciating the forbearance shown, I am informed that it has been actually charged by some of their papers that Gordon's command fired the town of Wrightsville, whereas the exertions of his men saved the place from utter destruction.† On the afternoon of the 29th I received through Captain Elliott Johnson, Aide to General Ewell, a copy of a note from General Lee, and also verbal instructions, which required me to move back and rejoin the rest of the corps on the western side of the South Mountain; and accordingly at daylight, on the morning of the 30th, I put my whole command in motion, taking the route with the main body through Weigalstown and East Berlin, in the direction of Heidlersburg, from which place I could move either to Shippensburg or Greenwood by the way of Arendtsburg, as circumstances might require. I, at the same time, sent Colonel White's cavalry on the turnpike from York towards Gettysburg, to ascertain if any force of the enemy was on that road. At East Berlin a small squad of

* Before leaving York I wrote and had printed the following address to the citizens, and I think they will bear me out in the assertion that my troops preserved the most perfect order, and that they themselves were deprived of nothing, except what was furnished on the requisition made upon the town authorities. It was well that my demands were complied with, as otherwise I would have been compelled to have resorted to measures that would not have been agreeable either to them or to me. The balance of the money, however, is still unpaid.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL EARLY TO THE PEOPLE OF YORK.

YORK, PA., June 30th, 1863.

To the Citizens of York:—I have abstained from burning the railroad buildings and car shops in your town, because, after examination, I am satisfied the safety of the town would be endangered; and acting in the spirit of humanity, which has ever characterized my government and its military authorities, I do not desire to involve the innocent in the same punishment with the guilty. Had I applied the torch without regard to consequences, I would have pursued a course that would have been fully vindicated as an act of just retaliation for the many authorized acts of barbarity perpetrated by your own army upon our soil. But we do not war upon women and children, and I trust the treatment you have met with at the hands of my soldiers will open your eyes to the monstrous iniquity of the war waged by your government upon the people of the Confederate States, and that you will make an effort to shake off the revolting tyranny under which it is apparent to all you are yourselves groaning.

J. A. EARLY, *Major-General C. S. A.*

† The houses that were burned adjoined the toll-house, which was connected with the bridge, and their destruction was thus inevitable from the burning of the bridge.

the enemy's cavalry was seen and pursued by my cavalry advance; and I received information at this point from Colonel White, by a messenger, that a cavalry and infantry force had been on the York and Gettysburg road at Abbotstown, but had moved south towards Hanover. A courier from General Ewell met me here with a despatch, informing me of the fact that he was moving with Rodes's division by the way of Petersburg to Heidlersburg, and directing me to move in that direction. I encamped that afternoon about three miles from Heidlersburg, and rode to see General Ewell at that point, where I found him with Rodes's division, and was informed that the object was to concentrate the corps at or near Cashtown, and I received direction to move next day to the latter point. I was informed that Rodes would move by the way of Middletown and Arendtsville, but it was arranged that I should go by the way of Hunterstown and Mummasburg.*

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Having ascertained that the road from my camp to Hunterstown was a very rough and circuitous one, I determined next morning (July 1st) to march to Heidlersburg, and thence on the Gettysburg road to the Mummasburg road. After passing Heidlersburg a short distance I received a note from yourself,† written by order of General Ewell, informing me that General A. P. Hill was moving towards Gettysburg against the enemy, and that Rodes's division had turned off at Middletown and was moving towards the same place, and directing me to move directly for Gettysburg. I therefore continued on the road I was then on, and on arriving in sight of the town I discovered that Rodes's division was engaged with the enemy to my right on both sides of the Mummasburg road. A considerable body of the enemy occupied a position in front of the town, and the troops constituting his right were engaged in an effort to force back the left of Rodes's line. I immediately ordered my troops into line and formed them across the Heidlersburg road, with Gordon's brigade on the right, Hays's in the centre, Hoke's (under Avery) on the left, Smith's in the rear of Hoke's, and Jones's artillery in the field immediately in front of Hoke's brigade on the left of the Heidlersburg road, in order to fire on the enemy's right flank. As soon as these dispositions could be made, a fire was opened

* When I had moved across South Mountain Ewell had moved with Rodes's and Johnson's divisions and Jenkins's cavalry to Carlisle, Rodes's division and Jenkins's cavalry going from there towards Harrisburg.

† Major A. S. Pendleton, A. A. G., to whom this report is addressed.

by my artillery on the enemy's infantry and artillery with very considerable effect; and Gordon's brigade was advanced to the aid and relief of Doles's brigade, which was Rodes's left, and was being pressed back by a considerable force of the enemy that had advanced from the direction of the town to a wooded hill on the west side of Rock Creek (the stream which is on the north-east and east of the town). When Gordon had become fairly engaged with this force, Hays's and Hoke's brigades were ordered forward in line, and the artillery, supported by Smith's brigade, was directed to follow. After a short but hot contest Gordon succeeded in routing the force opposed to him, consisting of a division of the eleventh corps commanded by Brigadier-General Barlow, and drove it back with great slaughter, capturing among a number of prisoners General Barlow himself, who was severely wounded. Gordon had charged across the creek, over the hill on which Barlow was posted, and through the fields towards the town, until he came to a low ridge behind which the enemy had another line of battle extending beyond his (Gordon's) left. The brigade was halted here to reform and replenish its ammunition, and I then ordered Hays and Avery, who had been halted on the east side of Rock Creek while I had ridden to where Gordon had been engaged, to advance towards the town, on Gordon's left, which they did in fine style, encountering and driving into the town in great confusion the second line of the enemy on this part of the field. Hays's brigade entered the town, fighting its way, while Avery moved to the left of it across the railroad, and took his position in the fields on the left and facing Cemetery Hill, which here presented a very rugged ascent. This movement was made under the fire of the enemy's artillery from Cemetery Hill, which had previously opened when my artillery first opened on the enemy's flank, but Avery succeeded in placing his men under the cover of a low ridge which runs through the fields from the town. Hays's brigade was formed in line on a street running through the middle of the town. A very large number of prisoners were captured in the town and before reaching it, their number being so great as really to embarrass us. Two pieces of artillery (Napoleons) were also captured outside of the town, the capture being claimed by each brigade; but it is unnecessary to decide which reached the pieces first, as their capture was due to the joint valor of the two brigades (Hays's and Hoke's).

While these operations were going on with Hays's and Hoke's brigades, I saw farther to our right the enemy's force on that part of the line falling back and moving in comparatively good order on the right of the town towards the range of hills in the rear, and I sent

for a battery of artillery to be brought up to open on this force and on the town, from which a fire had opened on my advancing brigades; but before the battery got up my men had entered the town, and the retiring force on the right had got beyond reach. I had at the same time sent an order to General Smith to advance with his three regiments, but he thought it advisable not to comply with this order on account of a report that the enemy was advancing on the York road, near which he was. As soon as my brigades entered the town I rode into that place myself, and after ascertaining the condition of things I rode to find Generals Ewell and Rodes or General Hill for the purpose of urging an immediate advance upon the enemy before he could recover from his evident dismay, in order to get possession of the range of hills to which he had fallen back with the remnant of his forces; but before I found either of these officers General Smith's aide came to me with a message from the General, stating that a heavy force of the enemy consisting of infantry, artillery and cavalry, was advancing on the York road, and that we were about to be flanked; and though I had no faith in this report, I thought it best to send General Gordon with his brigade to take charge of Smith's also, and to keep a lookout on the York road and stop any further alarm. Meeting with an officer of Major-General Pender's staff, I sent word by him to General Hill (whose command was on the Cashtown road and had not advanced up to Gettysburg) that if he would send up a division we could take the hill to which the enemy had retreated;* and shortly afterwards meeting with General Ewell, I communicated my views to him, and was informed by him that Johnson's division was coming up; and General Ewell then determined with this division to take possession of the wooded hill† on our left of Cemetery Hill, which commanded the latter. But Johnson's division arrived at a late hour, and the movement having been further delayed by another report of an advance on the York road,‡ no effort was made to get possession of the wooded hill that night.§

* I subsequently learned that my message was delivered by this officer to General Hill, but the latter said he had no division to send.

† This was the hill mentioned in the accounts of the battle as Culp's Hill.

‡ Not from Gordon, however, but from some straggling courier or cavalryman. These reports all proved to be false, but they were very embarrassing to us.

§ Johnson had come by the way of Shippensburg and the Greenwood and Cash-town Gap, and did not arrive until after the fighting was all over on that day.

As much censure has been cast upon General Ewell for the failure to prosecute the advantage gained on the first day—more, however, by private than public

Having been informed that the greater portion of the rest of our army would move up during the night, and that the enemy's position would be attacked on the right and left flanks very early next morning, I gave orders to General Hays to move his brigade, under cover of night, from the town into the field on the left of it, where it would not be exposed to the enemy's fire, and would be in position to advance on Cemetery Hill when a favorable opportunity should occur. This movement was made, and Hays formed his brigade on the right of Avery, and just behind the extension of the low ridge on which a portion of the town is located. The attack did not begin in the morning of next day as was expected, and in the course of the morning I rode with General Ewell to examine and select a position for artillery. Having been subsequently informed that the anticipated attack would begin at 4 P. M., I directed General Gordon to move his brigade from the York road on the left to the railroad, immediately in rear of Hays and Avery, Smith with his regiments being left under General J. E. B. Stuart to guard the York road.* The fire from the artillery on the

criticism—I will make the following statement:—He was on his way to Cashtown, or Hilltown, near it, to which point he had been ordered by General Lee, when he received Hill's message in regard to his expected engagement with the enemy, and though Ewell was the ranking officer he moved promptly to the aid of Hill. He found the latter engaged with the enemy at great disadvantage, and immediately ordered the division with him into action, when the enemy turned his main force on that division (Rodes's), which had to bear the brunt of the battle until the arrival of my division turned the fate of the day. Hill did not advance to the town of Gettysburg, and made no offer of coöperation in any advance on Cemetery Hill that I am aware of; and I must say that I do not recognise the justice of throwing the whole responsibility on Ewell. I was anxious for the advance, and urged it with great earnestness; but two of my own brigades were neutralized by the reports of flanking columns on the York road, as I found it necessary in the excitement that then prevailed to put an adequate force on that flank under an officer who I knew would not permit any false alarms to be raised at a critical moment, the evil consequences of which all experienced soldiers can understand. Though I had strong faith in the result of an advance, the troops at Ewell's command had then marched from twelve to fifteen miles and were embarrassed with several thousand prisoners, and from our then stand-point—however it may appear now—it was not apparent that we would not encounter fresh troops if we went forward; and the fact was that two fresh corps (Slocum's and Sickles's) were very near the battle-field, while a reserve of three or four thousand men (Steinwehr's division) had been left on Cemetery Hill and had not been engaged.—See statement in Swinton's *Army of the Potomac*, and Doubleday's testimony, *Report on the Conduct of the War*, vol. 1, 2d series, p. 309.

* General Lee had come to the rear of the position of our corps between sunset and dusk on the evening before (the 1st), and had a conference with Ewell,

extreme right and also on the left having opened at 4 P. M., and continued for some time, I was ordered by General Ewell to advance upon

Rodes and myself, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact condition of things, and, after we had given him all the information in our possession, he expressed the determination to attack the enemy at daylight next morning, and asked us if we could not make the attack from our flank at that time. We suggested to him that, as our corps constituted the only troops that were immediately confronting the enemy, he would manifestly concentrate and fortify against us by morning (which proved to be the case); and we informed him that the enemy's position in our immediate front was by far the strongest part of the line, as the ascent to it was very rugged and difficult; by reason of all of which we thought it would be very difficult to carry the position, and if we did so it would be at immense sacrifice. We also called his attention to the more favorable nature of the ground on our right for an attack on the enemy's left, and pointed out to him the outline of Round Top Hill, which we could see in the distance notwithstanding the approaching dusk, as a position which must command and enfilade that of the enemy. The three of us concurred in these views, and General Lee to whom the day's battle had been unexpected, and who was not familiar with the position, recognised the force of our views. He then remarked that if our corps remained in its then position, and the attack was made on the left flank of the enemy from the point suggested, our line would be very much drawn out and weakened, and the enemy might take the offensive and break through it, and he said it would perhaps be better for us to be drawn to the right for the purpose of concentration. We were very loth to yield the position we had fought for and gained, especially as a large number of the enemy's wounded and a large quantity of small arms were in our possession in the town, and many of our own wounded were not in a condition to be moved, and we assured General Lee that we could hold our part of the line against any force, and suggested that in the event of a successful attack on the enemy's left we would be in a better condition to follow it up from where we were. All of his remarks were made in that tone of suggestion and interrogation combined so familiar to those who had frequent intercourse with General Lee, and which often left those with whom he was conversing under the impression that they were really prompting him, when he was only drawing them out and trying to ascertain whether they understood what they were expected to perform. He finally announced his purpose to make the main attack at daylight from the right of the army, while an attack by division was to be made from the left of our corps, to be converted into a real attack on a favorable opportunity. He then left us to give the necessary orders for carrying out his plans, and we prepared for coöperation at the designated time, having undoubting faith in a successful result. If General Lee had contemplated receiving the attack of the enemy at Gettysburg, the arrangement of his line would have been faulty by reason of its length and form; but neither he nor any one else apprehended such an attack, and for the purpose of attack on our part the arrangement was the best that could have been made. Had we concentrated our whole force at one point, the enemy could have concentrated correspondingly, and we would not have been in as favorable a position for taking advantage of success.

Cemetery Hill with my two brigades that were in position, as soon as Johnson's division, which was on my left, should become engaged at the wooded hill [Culp's] in its front on which it was about to advance, information being given me that the advance would be general, and that Rodes's division on my right and Hill's divisions on his right would unite in it. Accordingly, as soon as Johnson became fully engaged, which was about or a little before dusk, I ordered Hays and Avery to advance and carry the works on the heights in their front. Their troops advanced in gallant style to the attack, passing over the ridge in front of them under a heavy fire of artillery, then crossing a hollow between that and Cemetery Hill, and moving up the rugged slope of this hill in the face of at least two lines of infantry posted behind stone and plank fences, but these were driven from their positions, and passing over all obstacles the two brigades reached the crest of the hill and entered the enemy's breast-works crowning it, getting possession of one or two batteries; but no attack was made on their immediate right, and not meeting with the expected support from that quarter, these brigades, whose ranks were very much depleted, could not hold the position they had gained, because a very heavy force of the enemy was turned against them from that part of the line which the divisions on the right were to have attacked, and they had therefore to fall back, which they did with comparatively slight loss, considering the nature of the ground over which they had to pass and the immense odds opposed to them. Hays's brigade, however, on this occasion brought off four captured colors from the top of Cemetery Hill. At the time these brigades advanced, Gordon's brigade moved forward to support them, and advanced to the position from which they had moved, but was halted there because it was ascertained that no advance was being made on the right, and it was evident that the crest of the hill could not be held by the three brigades without other assistance, and that the attempt would be attended with a useless sacrifice of life.*

* The position attacked by my brigades was held by the Eleventh corps under Howard; and General Gibbons, U. S. A., in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, in speaking of the attack by Longstreet on their left says:—"After we had repulsed one attack there was heavy firing over on the right of Cemetery Hill. I received a message from General Howard, commanding the Eleventh corps, asking for reinforcements. Just about the same time General, Hancock became alarmed at the continued firing and desired me to send a brigade, designating Colonel Carroll's, and afterwards three other regiments from my division, to the assistance of our right centre. Colonel Carroll moved off promptly and as reported to me arrived on the right of Cemetery Hill to find the enemy

Hays's and Hoke's brigades were reformed on the line previously occupied by them, on the right and left of Gordon respectively. In this attack Colonel Avery of the Sixth North Carolina regiment, commanding Hoke's brigade, was mortally wounded; and with this affair the fighting on the 2d of July terminated.

After night I was directed by General Ewell to order Smith's brigade (three regiments) to report to General Johnson on the left by daylight next morning; and General Smith, in pursuance of the orders given him, did report to General Johnson, and his three regiments were engaged on the 3d, on the extreme left, under that officer's direction. As the operations of this brigade on that day were under the immediate control of General Johnson, I will in that connection merely refer to the report of Colonel Hoffman, the present brigade-commander, which is herewith forwarded.

Before light on the morning of the 3d, Hays's and Hoke's brigades (the latter now under the command of Colonel Godwin of the 57th N. C. regiment) were withdrawn to the rear, and subsequently formed in line in the town, on the same street formerly occupied by Hays's brigade, Gordon's brigade being left to occupy the position held by these brigades on the previous day. In these positions the three brigades remained during the day, and did not again participate in the attack, though they were exposed during the time to the fire of sharpshooters and an occasional fire from the enemy's artillery posted on the heights.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 4th my brigades were quietly withdrawn, under orders, from their positions, and moved around to the Cashtown road, where they were formed in line across the said road, in rear of Rodes's and Johnson's divisions, which occupied the

actually in our batteries and fighting with the cannoniers for their possession. He gallantly moved forward with his command, drove the enemy back, retook the position, and held it till the next day."—Report of the Committee, 2d series, vol. 1, pp. 440-1.

At the same time Johnson was making excellent progress in capturing the works on Culp's Hill when the part of the Twelfth corps that had been sent to meet Longstreet's attack on their left, returned and arrested his progress. Had Rodes's division on my immediate right and one of Hill's divisions on his right advanced simultaneously with my two brigades, we would have attained such a lodgment on Cemetery Hill, while Johnson would have been enabled to gain Culp's Hill, that the enemy must have been forced to retire from his position in great disorder; but there was such a misconception of orders or delay in carrying them out, that this most promising movement was thwarted just as it was on the point of proving a grand success.

front line on our left along the crest of Seminary Ridge, west of the town.*

My loss in the three days' fighting at Gettysburg was 154 killed,

* As there has been much criticism in regard to the management at this battle, and especially in regard to the lateness of the attack on the 2d, I make the following extracts from Swinton's *Army of the Potomac*. He says:—"Indeed, in entering on the campaign, General Lee expressly promised his corps-commanders that *he would not assume a tactical offensive*, but force his antagonist to attack him. Having, however, gotten a taste of blood in the considerable success of the first day, the Confederate commander seems to have lost that equipoise in which his faculties commonly moved, and he determined to give battle.*"

[Foot-note.] "This and subsequent revelations of the purposes and sentiments of Lee I derive from General Longstreet, who, in a full and free conversation with the writer after the close of the war, threw much light on the motives and conduct of Lee during this campaign."—p. 340.

"Longstreet, holding the right of the Confederate line, had one flank securely posted on the Emmetsburg road, so that he was really between the Army of the Potomac and Washington, and by marching towards Frederick could undoubtedly have manœuvred Meade out of the Gettysburg position. This operation General Longstreet, who foreboded the worst from an attack on the army in position and was anxious to hold General Lee to his promise, begged in vain to be allowed to execute.*"

[Foot-note.] "The officer named is my authority for this statement."—pp. 340-1.

"The absence of Pickett's division the day before made General Longstreet very loth to make the attack; but Lee, thinking the Union force was not all up, would not wait. Longstreet urged in reply that this advantage (or *supposed* advantage, for the Union force *was* all up,) was counterbalanced by the fact that he was not all up either, but the Confederate commander was not minded to delay. My authority is again General Longstreet."—Foot-note, p. 358.

These extracts will serve to throw much light on the causes of the extraordinary delay in the attack on the 2d, and show who was mainly responsible therefor. The statement that General Lee had promised his corps-commanders not to take the offensive, but force the enemy to attack him, is a very remarkable one; and it is very certain that neither General Ewell nor General Hill claimed the benefit of any such promise, for both of them advanced to the attack on the 1st without General Lee's knowledge even. The "Union force" *was not* all up when General Lee wanted to make the attack, for Meade's army was arriving all the morning, and Sedgwick's corps (the 6th) did not get up until 2 P. M. A large portion of Meade's army did not get into position until the afternoon, and Sickles did not take the position which Longstreet subsequently attacked until 3 P. M., while Round Top was unoccupied all the forenoon and until after the attack began.—(See the testimony of Meade and his officers in the report before quoted from.) An attack therefore in the early morning or at any time in the forenoon must have resulted in our easily gaining positions which would have rendered the heights of Gettysburg untenable by the enemy. It was the delay which occurred in the attack that thwarted General Lee's well-laid plans.

800 wounded, and 227 missing, a large proportion of the missing being in all probability killed or wounded.

THE MARCH FROM GETTYSBURG, RECROSSING THE POTOMAC, AND
RETURN TO THE VICINITY OF ORANGE C. H.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 5th, under orders from General Ewell, my division moved on the road towards Fairfield, following in the rear of the corps and constituting the rear-guard of the whole army. While I was waiting at the junction of the road on which the corps had moved with the direct road from Gettysburg to Fairfield, for the passage of all the troops and trains, a few pieces of artillery were run out by the enemy and opened at long range, but without doing any damage. The whole force having got on the road in front of me, I moved on slowly in the rear, Gordon's brigade bringing up my rear, followed by White's battalion of cavalry.* On arriving in view of Fairfield, which is situated in a wide low plain surrounded by hills, I found the wagon-trains in front blocked up, and while waiting for the road to be cleared, I received a message from Colonel White that a force of the enemy was advancing in our rear. I immediately sent word forward to hasten the trains up, but as they did not move I was preparing to fire a blank cartridge or two for the purpose of hastening their movements, when the advance of the enemy appeared on a hill in my rear, and it became necessary to open on him with shells. The enemy also brought up a battery and returned my fire, and the trains very soon moved off and cleared the road. One of Gordon's regiments (the Twenty-Sixth Georgia) was deployed as skirmishers and sent against the enemy, and drove back his advance, thus holding him in check while my division was gradually moved forward in line past Fairfield to a favorable position for making a stand, when the Twenty-Sixth Georgia regiment was called in. In this affair it sustained a loss of some eight or ten killed and wounded. The enemy not advancing, the division was encamped not far from Fairfield, and so posted as to protect the trains which had been parked a little farther on.† The enemy did not again molest me, and at light next morning

* I did not leave the view of the enemy's position at Gettysburg until the afternoon of the 5th.

† It was Sedgwick's corps which followed us as far as Fairfield, and it did so most cautiously; but it followed no further. There were presented none of the indications of a defeated army in the rear of ours, and my division came off with a feeling of defiance, and was as ready to give battle as ever.

(the 6th) my skirmishers were replaced by those of Rodes, whose division was this day to constitute the rear-guard, when I moved to the front of the corps, and, passing the Monterey Springs on the summit of the mountain, crossed over to Waynesboro, where I encamped for the night. Early next morning I moved towards Hagerstown, by the way of Leitersburg, following Rodes and being followed by Johnson, whose division this day constituted the rear-guard. My division was halted and encamped about a mile north of Hagerstown, on the Chambersburg turnpike, where it remained until the afternoon of the 10th, when it was moved through the town and placed in line of battle, along the crest of a ridge a little south-west of the town, with the left resting on the Cumberland road. On the next day (the 11th) the division was moved to the right and placed in position, with its right flank resting on the road from Hagerstown to Williamsport, and remained there until after dark on the 12th, when it was moved across the Williamsport road to the rear of General Hill's position, for the purpose of supporting his line which faced the Sharpsburg road, along and near which a considerable force of the enemy had been massed in his front.

At dark on the 13th my division was withdrawn and moved to Williamsport that night, bringing up the rear of the corps; and after light on the morning of the 14th it was crossed over the Potomac, Gordon's, Hoke's, and Smith's brigades (the latter now commanded by Colonel Hoffman, as General Smith had resigned and received leave of absence on the 10th) fording the river above Williamsport, and Hays's brigade with Jones's artillery crossing on the bridge at Falling Waters.† The division encamped near Hainesville that night, and the next day moved through Martinsburg, reaching Darksville on the 16th, where it went into camp and remained until the 20th, when it was ordered to move across North Mountain at Mills's Gap and then down Back Creek, to intercept a body of the enemy reported to have advanced to Hedgeville. On the night of the 20th I camped near Gerard's Town, and next day crossed the mountain, and proceeding down Back Creek, reached the rear of Hedgeville, but found that the enemy had hastily retreated the night before, when I recrossed the mountain, through Hedgeville, and encamped on the east side. That night I received orders to move up the Valley for the purpose of cross-

† The river was quite high and the current at the ford was so strong that the men could not cross there, but had to be crossed above where the water was deeper. The river was rising at the time, as it had been raining a good deal, and very shortly after the crossing of my division the water was too deep for infantry to cross by wading.

ing the Blue Ridge, and I moved next day to Bunker Hill, and then through Winchester on the 22d to the Opequan on the Front Royal road; but, in consequence of instructions from General Ewell, I turned off to the main Valley road from Cedarville the next day, and marching by the way of Strasburg, New Market, Fisher's or Milam's Gap, Madison C. H., Locust Grove and Rapidan Station, I reached my present camp near Clark's Mountain, in the vicinity of Orange C. H., on the 1st of this month. The Fifty-Fourth N. C. regiment and Fifty-Eighth Virginia regiment rejoined their brigades near Hagerstown on the march back, after having participated in the repulse of the enemy's cavalry attack on our trains near Williamsport on the 6th of July, and the Thirteenth Virginia regiment rejoined its brigade on our passage through Winchester.

The conduct of my troops during the entire campaign, on the march as well as in action, was deserving of the highest commendation.* To Brigadier Generals Hays and Gordon I was especially indebted for their cheerful, active and intelligent coöperations on all occasions, and their gallantry in action was eminently conspicuous. I had to regret the absence of the gallant Brigadier-General Hoke, who was severely wounded in the action of the 4th of May at Fredericksburg and had not recovered; but his place was worthily filled by Colonel Avery of the Sixth N. C. regiment, who fell mortally wounded while gallantly leading his brigade in the charge on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg on the 2d of July. In his death the Confederacy lost a good and brave soldier. The conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Jones and his artillery battalion on all occasions, as well as that of Brown's battalion under Captain Dance at Winchester, was admirable. My commendations are also due to Colonel French and Lieutenant-Colonel White and their respective cavalry commands for the efficient services performed by them. To the members of my staff, Major S. Hale, Division-Inspector, Major J. W. Daniel, Assistant Adjutant-General, Lieutenants A. L. Pitzer and Wm. G. Calloway, my aides, and Mr. Robert D. Early, a volunteer aide, I was indebted for the active zeal, energy and courage with which they performed their duties.

* Smith's brigade had not gone into action under my immediate command, but on the 3d at Gettysburg his three regiments present had gone into action under General Johnson's command on his extreme left when he attacked the enemy's right flank on that day. They acted with their usual gallantry, and the Forty-Ninth Virginia regiment sustained a very heavy loss—heavier perhaps than that of any other regiment in my division. The loss of this brigade is included in that of the division mentioned in the report.

Accompanying this report will be found lists of the killed, wounded* and missing, and also the official reports of Brigadier-Generals Hays and Gordon, Colonels Godwin and Hoffman, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jones; also a report by Colonel Murcheson, of the Fifty-Fourth North Carolina regiment, of the part taken by his regiment in the repulse of the enemy's cavalry near Williamsport, Maryland.

Very respectfully,

J. A. EARLY,
Major-General Commanding Division.

Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, (General R. E. Lee commanding,) August 28 to September 1, 1862.†

[We are indebted to the courtesy of Colonel R. N. Scott, of the "War Records" office, Washington, for a number of Rosters of the organization of Confederate troops. We shall publish them all, from time to time, not only as a matter of interest, but in order that corrections may be made if any errors are found. We are sure that Colonel Scott would esteem it a favor, if any one discovering errors would call attention to them.]

RIGHT WING, OR LONGSTREET'S CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

Major-General R. H. Anderson.

<i>Armistead's Brigade.</i>	<i>Mahone's Brigade.</i>	<i>Wright's Brigade.</i>
Brig.-Gen. L. A. Armistead.	Brig.-Gen. W. Mahone.	Brig.-Gen. A. R. Wright.
9th Virginia.	6th Virginia.	3d Georgia.
14th Virginia.	12th Virginia.	22d Georgia.
38th Virginia.	16th Virginia.	44th Georgia.
53d Virginia.	41st Virginia.	48th Georgia.
57th Virginia.	49th Virginia.	
5th Virginia Battalion. (?)		

*One hundred and ninety-four of my wounded were left in field-hospital near Gettysburg under the care of competent surgeons because they were too badly wounded to be transported. Ample provisions for them for several days were left, and a sum of money (part of that obtained at York) was left with the surgeon in charge for the purpose of buying such comforts for the wounded as might be needed.

†Based upon organization of July 23, 1862, subsequent orders of assignment and transfers, and the reports.

JONES'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General D. R. Jones.

Toombs's Brigade.
Colonel H. L. Benning.
Brig.-Gen. R. Toombs.

2d Georgia.
15th Georgia.
17th Georgia.
20th Georgia.

Drayton's Brigade.
Brig.-Gen. T. F. Drayton.

50th Georgia.
51st Georgia.
15th South Carolina.
Phillips's Georgia Legion.

Jones's Brigade.
Col. Geo. T. Anderson.

1st Georgia, (Regulars.)
7th Georgia.
8th Georgia.
9th Georgia.
11th Georgia.

WILCOX'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General C. M. Wilcox.

Wilcox's Brigade.
Brig.-Gen. C. M. Wilcox.

8th Alabama.
9th Alabama.
10th Alabama.
11th Alabama.
Anderson's Va. Bat., (Thomas
Artillery.)

Pryor's Brigade.
Brig.-Gen. R. A. Pryor.

14th Alabama.
5th Florida.
8th Florida.
3d Virginia.

Featherston's Brigade.
Brig.-Gen. W. S. Featherston.
Colonel Carnot Posey.

12th Mississippi.
16th Mississippi.
19th Mississippi.
2d Mississippi Battalion.
Chapman's Virginia Bat.,
(Dixie Artillery.)

HOOD'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General John B. Hood.

Hood's Brigade.
Brigadier-General John B. Hood.

18th Georgia.
Hampton's S. C. Legion.
1st Texas.
4th Texas.
5th Texas.

Whiting's Brigade.
Colonel E. M. Law.

4th Alabama.
2d Mississippi.
11th Mississippi.
6th North Carolina.

Artillery.

Major B. W. Fobel.

Bachman's South Carolina Battery.
Garden's South Carolina Battery.
Reilly's North Carolina Battery.

KEMPER'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General James L. Kemper.

Kemper's Brigade.
Colonel M. D. Corse.

1st Virginia.
7th Virginia.
11th Virginia.
17th Virginia.
24th Virginia.

Jenkins's Brigade.
Brigadier-General M. Jenkins.
Colonel Joseph Walker.

1st South Carolina, (Volunteers.)
2d South Carolina Rifles.
5th South Carolina.
6th South Carolina.
4th S. C. Battalion. (?)
Palmetto (S. C.) Sharpshooters.

Pickett's Brigade.
Colonel Eppa Hunton.

8th Virginia.
18th Virginia.
19th Virginia.
28th Virginia.
56th Virginia.

EVANS'S BRIGADE.*

Brigadier-General N. G. Evans.
Colonel P. F. Stevens.
17th South Carolina.
18th South Carolina.
22d South Carolina.
23d South Carolina.
Holcombe (South Carolina) Legion.
Boyce's S. C. Bat., (Macbeth Artillery.)

ARTILLERY OF THE RIGHT WING.

Washington (La.) Artillery.

Colonel J. B. Walton.

Eshleman's 4th Company.
Miller's 3d Company.
Richardson's 2d Company.
Squires's 1st Company.

Lee's Battalion.

Colonel S. D. Lee.

Eubank's Virginia Battery.
Grimes's Virginia Battery.
Jordan's Va. Bat., (Bedford Artillery.)
Parker's Virginia Battery.
Rhett's South Carolina Battery.
Taylor's Virginia Battery.

Miscellaneous Batteries.

Huger's Virginia Battery.†
Leake's Virginia Battery.‡
Maurin's Louisiana Battery, (Donaldsonville Artillery.)‡
Moorman's Virginia Battery.†
Rogers's Virginia Battery, (Loudoun Artillery.)‡
Stribling's Virginia Battery, (Fauquier Artillery.)‡

LEFT WING, OR JACKSON'S CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL T. J. JACKSON.

JACKSON'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General Wm. B. Taliaferro.
Brigadier-General Wm. E. Starke.

First Brigade.

Colonel W. S. H. Baylor.
Colonel A. J. Grigsby.

2d Virginia.
4th Virginia.
5th Virginia.
27th Virginia.
33d Virginia.

Second Brigade.

Colonel Bradley T. Johnson.

21st Virginia.
42d Virginia.
48th Virginia.
1st Virginia Battalion.

Third Brigade.

Colonel A. G. Taliaferro.

47th Alabama.
48th Alabama.
10th Virginia.
23d Virginia.
37th Virginia.

* An independent brigade. On August 30th Evans commanded Hood's division as well as his own brigade.

† Attached to Anderson's division, but not mentioned in the reports.

‡ Mentioned in the reports, but assignments not indicated.

Fourth Brigade.

Brigadier-General W. E. Starke.

Colonel Leroy A. Stafford.

1st Louisiana.

2d Louisiana.

9th Louisiana.

10th Louisiana.

15th Louisiana.

Coppens's Louisiana Battalion.

Artillery.

Major L. M. Shumaker.

Brockenbrough's Maryland Battery.

Carpenter's Virginia Battery.

Caskie's Va. Battery, (Hampden Artillery.)

Poague's Va. Battery, (Rockbridge Artillery.)

Raine's Virginia Battery, (Lee Artillery.)

Wooding's Va. Battery, (Danville Artillery.)

HILL'S LIGHT DIVISION.

Major-General Ambrose P. Hill.

Branch's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. L. O'B. Branch.

Gregg's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. Maxey Gregg.

Field's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. C. W. Field.

Col. J. M. Brockenbrough.

7th North Carolina.

18th North Carolina.

28th North Carolina.

33d North Carolina.

37th North Carolina.

1st South Carolina.

1st South Carolina Rifles.

12th South Carolina.

13th South Carolina.

14th South Carolina.

40th Virginia.

47th Virginia.

55th Virginia.

2d Virginia Battalion.

Pender's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. W. D. Pender.

16th North Carolina.

22d North Carolina.

34th North Carolina.

38th North Carolina.

Archer's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. J. J. Archer.

5th Alabama Battalion.

19th Georgia.*

1st Tennessee, (Prov. Army.)

7th Tennessee.

14th Tennessee.

Thomas's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. E. L. Thomas.

14th Georgia.

19th Georgia.*

35th Georgia.

45th Georgia.

49th Georgia.

Artillery.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Walker.

Braxton's Virginia Battery, (Fredericksburg Artillery.)

Crenshaw's Virginia Battery.

Davidson's Virginia Battery, (Letcher Artillery.)

Latham's North Carolina, (Branch Artillery.)

McIntosh's South Carolina Battery, (Pee Dee Artillery.)

Pegram's Virginia Battery, (Purcell Artillery.)

* In Archer's brigade August 9th, according to his report of Cedar Run or Slaughter Mountain, and in Thomas's brigade August 30th, according to Surgeon Guild's report of casualties.

EWELL'S DIVISION.

Major-General R. S. Ewell.

Brigadier-General A. R. Lawton.

Lawton's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. A. R. Lawton.

Colonel M. Douglass.

13th Georgia.

26th Georgia.

31st Georgia.

38th Georgia.

60th Georgia.

61st Georgia.

Early's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. J. A. Early.

13th Virginia.

25th Virginia.

31st Virginia.

44th Virginia.

49th Virginia.

52d Virginia.

58th Virginia.

Hays's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. Harry T. Hays.

Colonel Henry Forno.

Colonel H. B. Strong.

5th Louisiana.

6th Louisiana.

7th Louisiana.

8th Louisiana.

Trimble's Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. I. R. Trimble.

Captain W. F. Brown.

15th Alabama.

12th Georgia.

21st Georgia.

21st North Carolina.

Artillery.

Balthis's Va. Battery, (Staunton Artillery.)

Brown's Md. Battery, (Chesapeake Artillery.)

D'Aquin's Battery, (Louisiana Guard Artillery.)

Dement's Maryland Battery.

Latimer's Va. Battery, (Courtney Artillery.)

CAVALRY.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

*Hampton's Brigade.**

Brigadier-General Wade Hampton.

1st North Carolina.

2d North Carolina.

10th Virginia.

Cobb's Georgia Legion.

Jeff. Davis Legion.

Lee's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Fitz. Lee.

1st Virginia.

3d Virginia.

4th Virginia.

5th Virginia.

9th Virginia.

Robertson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson.

2d Virginia.

6th Virginia.

7th Virginia.

12th Virginia.

17th Virginia Battalion.

Artillery.

Hart's South Carolina Battery.

Pelham's Virginia Battery.

* On detached service until September 2d.

ARTILLERY.†

First Virginia Regiment.

Colonel J. T. Brown.

Coke's Va. Battery, (Williamsburg Artillery.)
 Dance's Va. Battery, (Powhatan Artillery.)
 Hupp's Va. Battery, (Salem Artillery.)
 Macon's Battery, (Richmond Fayette Artillery.)
 Smith's Battery, (3d Co. Richmond Howitzers.)
 Watson's Battery, (2d Co. Richmond Howitzers.)

Sumter (Georgia) Battalion.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Cutts.

Blackshear's Battery, (D.)
 Lane's Battery, (C.)
 Patterson's Battery, (B.)
 Ross's Battery, (A.)

Miscellaneous Batteries.

Ancell's Va. Battery, (Fluvanna Art.)
 Cutshaw's Virginia Battery. §
 Fleet's Va. Battery, (Middlesex Art.) §
 Huckstep's Virginia Battery.
 Johnson's Virginia Battery. §

Milledge's Georgia Battery.
 Page's (R. C. M.) Va. Bat., (Morris Art.)
 Peyton's Va. Battery, (Orange Artillery.)
 Rice's Virginia Battery. §
 Turner's Virginia Battery.

Two Foreign Opinions of the Confederate Cause and People.

As illustrating the absurd opinions which may be published by even an intelligent foreigner whose only view of the facts about our late war has been through the medium of so called "history," manufactured by fanatics of the North for consumption across the waters, we give the following, as presented by our gallant and accomplished Vice-President for Mississippi—General W. T. Martin, in the *Natchez Democrat*. We may add that the author from whom General Martin quotes never saw, so far as we know, a copy of the *Southern Historical Papers*, or anything giving our side of the question.

GENERAL MARTIN'S LETTER.

Editor Natchez Democrat:

I have just read the closing volume of "Martin's Popular History of France." It is a continuation of Guizot's History, and closes with an account of MacMahon's resignation of the office of president of the French republic in 1881, and the installation of M. Jules Grevy. This

† The following artillery organizations were in the Army of Northern Virginia, July 23 and October 4, 1862, but with the exceptions noted, they do not appear in the reports of the battles of Manassas Plains.

§ Mentioned in the reports, but assignments not indicated.

work, as translated from the French, is published in Boston. It is beautifully printed and illustrated, its style is captivating, and altogether it is highly interesting and must needs be generally read. Already it has been distributed to thousands of subscribers in our own country, and it is reasonable to suppose that it will find its way into public and private libraries, and be regarded as history by readers in all civilized countries.

I give you below some extracts from the third volume, to show the pressing necessity for the dissemination of the facts touching the late civil war, that the South may have justice and a fair hearing the world over. The Historical Society aims to meet this necessity, and will do it if we are true to ourselves, to the illustrious dead, the brave survivors of the armies, to our wives and our children.

The author, writing of the interference of the Federal government in Mexican affairs just after the close of our civil war, says:

"The South, thanks to the leisure which slavery gave her, was far more given to politics than the North; and although very inferior in numbers, the Southern people had hitherto held public office and the reins of government, far more frequently than those of the North. The North at last reacted against this preponderance; the slavery question let loose the dogs of war. Popular feeling in the North, on this point, agreed with popular interest. Aside from political jealousy and manufacturing greed, religious and philosophical principles were brought powerfully to bear, and the men devoted to the abolition of slavery formed a party whose sincerity was incontestible, and whose energy was undaunted. The whole world was shaken by the tragic story of John Brown, *that martyr of liberty, hung by slave owners for preaching the enfranchisement of the blacks.* * * * *The North would fain have avoided civil war; the South hurried it on, and took the offensive.* Two Southern States, *Virginia, the home of Washington,* and Maryland, refused to be led astray, and saved the seat of the Federal City of Washington by remaining loyal to the union.

"The South nevertheless had the advantage at first. *Nearly all the officers of the small Federal army belonged to her, and she was far better prepared for the war than was the North.*

"The Northerners were not people to be discouraged by a few defeats. They squandered men and money in Cyclopean efforts unceasingly renewed. They improvised an army; they improvised with the free help of individuals, an admirable organization for the succor of the wounded and sick of their army. This indomitable nation extemporised war as it extemporised everything. * * * Early in 1864 the South seemed

lost. She revived temporarily, by a desperate effort. A relentless Dictatorship converted every inch of ground left her into one vast camp. *The Southern government waged a truceless and relentless war, trampling under foot all law, all justice, all humanity.*"—Volume 3, pp. 467-8-9-70.

The italics are mine. And this is history! Shall it be unchallenged? Shall the grandest Christian heroes of modern days, Generals Sidney Johnston, Jackson, Davis and their compeers, and the gallant armies that fought with them for a cause they believed to be just, be handed down to posterity as barbarians, such as Attala, Genghis Khan, or Hyder Ali. "Waging a truceless and relentless war; trampling under foot all law, all justice, all humanity?"

So it will be if we lie idle. And the murderer of Harper's Ferry be exalted into "a martyr of liberty," while the Spartan-like soldiers of the South—whose feet were often shoeless, whose clothing was in shreds, whose haversacks were empty, but whose courage was undaunted—whose cartridge boxes were full and their bayonets always bright—will be doomed to an immortality of infamy.

WILL T. MARTIN,

Vice-President Southern Historical Society for Mississippi.

November 18th, 1882.

In vivid contrast to the miserable twaddle of the above extracts from this "Popular History of France," (which will no doubt be circulated even in the South and used in some of our schools), we give the following beautiful tribute of that accomplished Englishman, Percy Greg, Esq., who was in the Confederacy during a part of the war, who has been since a student of American History, who is a regular reader of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and has made himself familiar with the true history of our great struggle for constitutional freedom. As a regular contributor to the London *Standard* and other periodicals, he has written a number of articles in defence of Confederates, and their cause, and the following but adds to the many obligations under which he has placed us.

PERCY GREG'S TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATE HEROES.

"Do you forget, then," rejoined Cleveland, "how often the hand of Providence has been manifestly against the better cause? Do you forget the Pagan saying that reconciles so many readers of history to the fall of the noblest States and the defeat of the truest heroes, '*Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni*,' or the cynical paradox of the French

Empire, that 'Heaven is on the side of the bigger battalions?' Do you forget, again, that in the American struggle everything that was personally great and noble was to be found almost exclusively on the Southern side? The North produced no gentleman and chevalier worthy to be named in the same day with him who led so long the splendid chivalry of Virginia and the Carolinas, and before whom, on every occasion, the Northern cavalry (often the Northern infantry) were scattered like chaff before the wind. The Unionists had no twenty statesmen whose combined moral and intellectual powers would have reached the level of President Davis; indeed, the comparative quality of the two nations could hardly be better illustrated than by contrasting the Mississippi soldier and gentleman chosen to rule the 'rebels' with the 'rail-splitter' representative of the 'legitimate' democracy, whose term, had he died in his bed four or five years later, would have been remembered only as marking the nadis of American political decline; the culmination of the vulgarity, moral as well as formal, of the unworthiness and ignobleness that had so long dishonored more and more deeply the chair of Washington. Lincoln's uncleanness of language and thought would hardly have been tolerated in a Southern 'bar.' Or, again, take the favorites of the North—the best known names in the camp and Cabinet—Sheridan and Hunter, whose ravages recall the devastation of the Palatinate, political rowdies like Banks and Butler, braggarts like Pope and Hooker, or even professional soldiers like Meade, Sigel, Sherman. These are the 'household words' of the North, and any one Southern chief of the second rank—Ewell, Early, Fitzhugh Lee, Hardee, Polk, Hampton, Gilmer, Gordon—alone outweighs them all. Needless to remind you that among the 'twenty millions—mostly fools'—was no man whom even party spirit dared liken to the stern, simple Virginia professor, the Cavalier-Puritan, whose brigade of recruits stood 'like a stone wall' under the convergent fire of artillery and rifles that was closing round them at Mannassas; no A. P. Hill, second only to Jackson among the lieutenants of Lee; no strategist comparable to him whose death by simple self-neglect marred the victory of Corinth, or his namesake, who baffled so long the threefold force of Sherman in the Georgia campaign. Rivers, railways and brute numbers only enabled the Federal power not to conquer, but to exhaust, on fifty battlefields, nearly all disastrous and disgraceful to the Union, the flower of that 'incomparable Southern infantry,' whose superiority is acknowledged in these very words by one of the bitterest of Northern historians. Washington himself cannot sustain as soldier, statesman or citizen a comparison with the last and greatest of the long list of Virginia heroes.

Not all the military exploits of all former American history thrown into one can count with the defence of thirty miles of slender earth-works by a force never from the first numbering more than 45,000, and at last dwindling to 28,000, against armies counting as potentially or actually available a quarter of a million. 'Since the last Athenian covered his face with his mantle and mutely died,' the world has seen no such example of absolute, unconscious simplicity, utter self-devotion, patriotism, yet more signally exhibited in humiliating disaster than in a brilliant career of victory, as that shown by General Lee—the first military chief of the age, yet greater in the college than even in the camp; the noblest member of a splendid chivalry, yet most noble amid the ruins of his cause, his country, and his fortunes; the one true knight *sans tache, sans peur, et sans reproche*, the living embodiment of all that is grandest in the ideals of the past as of all that is simplest in the promised republican manhood of the future; ideal soldier, pattern Christian, selfless man, and stainless gentleman. Little as man can know of the ways of Providence, what indication, however clear, of the probable purposes of Heaven could for a moment countervail to my conscience or to yours the warranty given for the righteousness of a cause by the names of Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, and Robert Edward Lee?"

We are willing that *the world* shall judge our cause and people, if only the world shall have *the facts*, and not the false and slanderous version with which the mind of the nations has been poisoned against us. Surely our people ought to sustain this Southern Historical Society, and place it on such a foundation that it may make itself still more potent at home and abroad in vindicating the truth of history.

Diary of Rev. J. G. Law.

June 1st, 1861.—On my return from Hatchie river, General Sneed signed a furlough, giving me leave of absence for five days. Arrived at Memphis at four o'clock this morning. Enjoyed the luxury of a bed and a home breakfast for the first time in four weeks. The city seems quite deserted. Most of the young men have volunteered to defend their native land.

June 2nd.—This is the holy Sabbath. Strange emotions were awakened in my soul as I entered the house of God, and taking my accustomed seat, listened again to words of wisdom from the lips of my pastor. War is demoralizing. How much the poor soldiers do need the restraining influences of the sanctuary.

June 3rd.—Stephen A. Douglas, the greatest of living statesmen, died this morning at his home in Chicago. Left Memphis at one o'clock on the fleet little steamer "Grampus," and arrived at Randolph at half past nine o'clock.

June 6th.—To day John Trigg and I agreed to read a chapter in the Bible every night. Am reading "Plutarch's Lives."

June 8th.—This is the day that is to decide the future course of the State of Tennessee. The question is submitted to the people of this sovereign State. Shall we break the iron chains that bind us to the abolition hords of the North, and unite our destiny with that of our Sisters of the Confederate States; or shall we continue in subjection to a government that has destroyed the peace and prosperity of our once happy land, and brought upon us all the horrors of a civil war? This place voted four thousand for separation, and not one in favor of union.

June 12th.—Again on fatigue duty. Carried rails for two hours, and piled brush for two hours more. Weather very warm.

June 13th.—This day has been set apart by the Hon. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, as a day of fasting and prayer. At ten o'clock we formed in regimental order, and under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Marcus J. Wright, marched to a beautiful grove, and listened to a sermon from Rev. Dr. Collins. Dined on turtle soup.

June 14th.—Beautiful day, but very warm. Detailed for fatigue duty. Shoveled dirt on the entrenchments for three hours. Received a beautiful little Confederate flag with the compliments of Miss Mary Facklen of Huntsville, Ala. That helps a soldier to shovel dirt on a hot summer day.

June 19th.—Arrived in Memphis at five o'clock this morning. Better to-day; no fever, but coughing frequently. General Pillow, and Mr. Russell, correspondent of the *London Times* were passengers on the boat from Randolph. Vigorous preparations for defense are going on in the city; the streets are barricaded and breastworks are thrown up. It begins to look like war in earnest.

Sunday, June 23d.—Found myself seated in the old family pew in the Second Presbyterian Church, listening to an excellent sermon from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Grundy. Spent the afternoon reading his fast-day sermon.

July 4th.—How different the celebration of this anniversary of American Independence from any that have preceded it. Formerly it was a day of jubilee, and general rejoicing; the booming of cannon in honor of the day was heard throughout the length and breadth of our

great Republic, from the shores of the Atlantic to the golden beach of the Pacific, from the snow-clad hills of the north to the land of flowers and tropic fruit. Now it is celebrated by the South on the tented field, and by the North, by the assembling of the remnant of our National Congress to devise means for the subjugation of a brave and independent people, who have risen in their might, and thrown off the yoke of a corrupt and oppressive government, hostile to our institutions, and totally at variance with Southern customs and manners. The morning of the 4th July dawned bright and clear on the tented fields of Randolph. At eleven o'clock the band of the Fourth Tennessee Regiment marched to the head-quarters of the Thirteenth Tennessee, playing the Marseilles hymn. Major H. S. Bradford, a truly eloquent man, and a brave soldier made an oration to the troops, which was received with great enthusiasm. After the oration, I remained in the camp of the Thirteenth Tennessee and dined with some friends of the Yancey rifles. At four o'clock we had battalion drill. The regiment formed on the parade ground, and under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Marcus J. Wright marched to an old wheat-field about a mile from camp, where we were drilled for about two hours. The weather was intensely hot and many of the boys were compelled to fall out of ranks, so great was the fatigue. The day was closed with speaking by the captains of the several companies; many privates also addressed their fellow-soldiers, among whom were James Brett, Jr., Eldridge Wright, and a son of the lamented General Haskell. So ended our first Confederate fourth of July.

Sunday, July 7th.—A beautiful Sabbath morning. Spent the morning writing letters, when I should have been attending the preaching service. Try and excuse myself, but conscience reproves me. Captain Gennette was to day elected Major, and Mr. Haskell chaplain of the regiment. Why was the election held on the Sabbath?

July 8th.—Drilled in skirmish drill for about two hours this morning. Very warm day. Suffered from the heat. Cleaned my gun, and read Plutarch's comparison of the lives of Numa and Lycurgus.

July 11th.—Received from home some flannel shirts and letters. Spent the day playing chess, reading Macauley's History of England, and drilling. Drilled in skirmish drill for four hours this morning, and bayonet exercise in the evening.

July 12th.—On picket guard for twenty-four hours. Carried Macauley along, and read one hundred and twenty pages during the intervals of relief.

Sunday, July 14th.—Regimental guard mounting this morning for

the first time. It really seemed like a desecration of the Sabbath, the band playing lively airs, and the officer of the day passing the guard in review. I miss the chiming of church bells, and in fact there is nothing to remind one of the sacredness of the day, until at inspection of arms, it is announced that our young and gifted chaplain, Mr Haskell will preach in a beautiful grove near at hand. The Rev. Samuel Watson of Memphis conducted the services, and preached a fine practical sermon to a congregation of about one hundred of the one thousand soldiers of the regiment. Such is the proportion of God-fearing men in the camp. I feel as if I had lost the day; have done nothing; neglected reading my Bible, though not intentionally. Mr. Haskell proposed to organize a Sunday school, and prayer meeting; but for some reason, no one was present at the appointed time.

July 19th.—On picket. Post at the river. About nine o'clock, immediately after relieving the old guard, a deep rumbling noise was heard, similar to that of steam escaping from a boat. As there was no boat at the landing my attention was turned to the river for the cause of the noise. The water from one bank to the other, and as far down the river as the eye could reach, was in a great commotion, huge waves rolling on high, and breaking upon the shore, impressed us all with the thought of an earthquake, but the cause of the disturbance was the caving in of a bank, carrying with it many large trees.

July 21st.—A beautiful Sabbath morning. John Trigg and I walked down to the spring this morning, and enjoyed the luxury of a cold bath. Attended preaching at eleven o'clock. The service was conducted by our young chaplain, Wm. Haskell, who preached a short sermon, but very appropriate and impressive. He begun by saying that as chaplain of the regiment, commissioned by the State, he might claim the attention of his fellow soldiers, but he made his claim on a higher ground, and that was, that he was commissioned by him who rules the universe. He then presented some very beautiful and striking thoughts, and succeeded in gaining the undivided attention of his congregation.

Read a chapter in the Gospel of Mark, also the Message of President Davis. Slept about one hour, and went on dress parade at six o'clock.

July 24th.—Tidings of a great battle in Virginia have been received. While we were listening to the word of God on the Sabbath, our brave boys in Virginia were facing death on the field of battle. General Beauregard, it is said, defeated McDowell at Manassas Gap on the 21st of the month. The loss is said to be heavy on both sides. Received marching orders to day. A dispatch from General Pillow, orders us to

be ready to march to-morrow with two days' rations. Our destination is not known, but we will probably go either to Virginia or Missouri. Some think that we are to attack Bird's Point, Missouri. If so, we will have some very hard fighting, and many of the brave and gallant Tennessee volunteers will bite the dust.

July 26th.—In pursuance with the orders of General Pillow we have been busy to day making preparations for our march. It is now reduced to almost a certainty that we are going to Missouri. The last scene at Randolph is a sublime one. I am writing by the brilliant light of a bonfire made from dry boxes and barrels, the remnants of the camp of the Hickory Rifles, and as I look around, and take a farewell view of Randolph I can but be impressed with feelings of sadness, to think that so many of our brave boys who are leaving the old camp ground in such high spirits will never see their homes again. Several steamboats are at the landing to convey us to our destination, and in a few hours we will be ploughing the waves of the mighty Mississippi, and hundreds of miles will separate us from our homes, and those we love. The greatest excitement in camp to-night. Cheer upon cheer is given for the different companies, as with slow and measured tread their bayonets gleaming in the light of a thousand fires, they take up the line of march for the front.

July 27th.—This morning found us still at Randolph. Left the camp at ten o'clock, and waited on the river bank for about five hours, for the steamer W. M. Morrison. Left Randolph at sunset.

Sunday, July 28th.—Arrived at New Madrid, Mo., about four o'clock this evening. We were most heartily cheered from both the Missouri and Kentucky shores as we steamed up the river. This portion of the State is all right for the South. After disembarking and unloading our boat, I was detailed to go on a scouting expedition, but the scouting expedition, proved to be two hours' hard work, pulling "thirty-two pounders." Supped to-night on middling and cold bread, soldiers fare; never enjoyed a meal more; imagined that the Gayoso could not furnish a bill of fare that would be more agreeable to my appetite. After the despatch of that important business, and I had retired to my soldier's couch, on the ground, promising myself a sleep such as visits only the weary, I was summoned from my slumbers, to go to the river as "corporal of the guard," to protect our worthy General Gideon J. Pillow. I am excusable for any hard thought I entertained at that time against the General.

July 29th.—Was relieved from duty this morning at nine o'clock. Paid twenty-five cents for my breakfast on the boat. Spent the morning

sleeping and walking about the neat little town of New Madrid. It is quite a pretty place; streets are wide and level. The houses are all painted white, and have an air of comfort and neatness which make a favorable impression upon the stranger. The inhabitants are hospitable, and treat the soldiers with marked respect and attention. We are encamped in a beautiful grove about one hundred yards from the town, immediately on the banks of the Mississippi. Near at hand is a winding stream of clear water which affords an excellent bathing place for the soldiers. There are about five thousand troops here, including cavalry and artillery. We will be reinforced by about ten thousand men, and then expect to take up the line of march for some unknown place. St. Louis seems to be the place fixed upon in the minds of the soldiers after an attack upon Cairo.

Dress parade this evening in the streets of New Madrid. There was quite a crowd of spectators.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE'S TOUR in South Carolina and Georgia, in behalf of the *Southern Historical Society*, has been one continued ovation, and a splendid success.

Leaving Richmond at 3:15 P. M., on Monday, Nov. 13th, by the "Atlantic Coast Line," we found ourselves at 2 A. M. the next morning, at the little town of Florence, S. C., expecting to find some difficulty in securing quarters at so unseasonable an hour. But we were met, on stepping from the cars, by a committee from Darlington, ten miles off, who had provided for us a comfortable room, and every way excellent accommodation at the hotel kept by an old Confederate.

At

DARLINGTON,

General Lee was met at the depot by a committee of the "Legion of Honor," and the "Darlington Guards," (commanded by Lieutenant White,) who greeted him with three rousing cheers, and, headed by a band of music, escorted him to his quarters, amid the plaudits of the crowd, who lined the streets of the beautiful little town.

That night the "Guards," and the Cadets of the Military Academy, (under the Principal, D. E. Hydrick,) escorted General Lee to the hall, where a packed house greeted him. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Capers, and a brief statement of the objects and plans of the Society, by the Secretary, Captain R. W. Boyd, in a few well chosen words, introduced General Lee, who was greeted with enthusiastic applause, frequently repeated, as he proceeded to deliver his admirable lecture on Chancellorsville.

The lecture gave the liveliest satisfaction to all who heard it, many crowded forward to take the distinguished soldier by the hand, and all seemed delighted. Our brief stay was rendered very pleasant by the kind courtesies of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, at whose pleasant house we staid, and the calls of a number of old soldiers and other friends.

The next morning we were off for

CHARLESTON,

where we were met at the depot by a committee of gentlemen, and escorted to elegant quarters in the beautiful home of Captain F. W. Dawson, Editor of the *News and Courier*, who gallantly and skillfully served on General Lee's staff during the war, and who now seemed to count it a high privilege to do everything in his power for his old chief, and his friend, and for the cause they represented.

That night Captain Dawson, and his accomplished wife, gave us an elegant reception, at which we met a number of the most gallant soldiers, and polished gentlemen of Charleston, and had a "feast of reason and flow of soul," as well as a magnificent supper.

At 12 o'clock, General Lee was serenaded by the "Palmetto Guards," and responded in a happy speech, after which Captain Dawson invited the company in to refresh themselves, and a number of little speeches were made, closing with a singularly felicitous and eloquent one by Captain Dawson, which showed that he can use the arts of the orator as well as handle the sword, or wield the pen.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, we were escorted to the Armory of the Washington Light Infantry, where we were met by a committee of that historic corps, and courteously shown a number of interesting relics and mementoes, which we regret our space will not permit us to describe in detail.

Then followed, in the new city hall, a reception, which was tendered by the following official action of the city council:

HIBERNIAN HALL,

Special Meeting, Nov. 9, 1882.

Council met this day at 7 P. M. Present—Hon. Wm. A. Courtenay, Mayor; Aldermen Dingle, Roddy, Aichel, Webb, White, Ufferhardt, Sweegan, Loeb, Eckel, Thayer, Johnson, Mauran, Rodgers, Ebaugh and Knee.

The Mayor announced to the Council that he had called the meeting to consider the proposed visit of General Fitzhugh Lee to Charleston in the interest of the Southern Historical Society. He was sure that Council would be glad of the opportunity to give expression to their feelings at this time, and to commend the object of the visit.

Alderman Dingle offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the City Council of Charleston learn with unfeigned pleasure that General Fitzhugh Lee, who wears so worthily an illustrious name, is about to visit this city.

"*Resolved*, That the City Council commend to the public the immediate object of General Lee's visit, which is to strengthen the financial condition of the Southern Historical Society, the only Society in the South which was formed and is carried on for the purpose of publishing the Southern annals of the Confederate war, in vindication and assertion of the purity of motive, the fortitude and the valor of the Southern people.

"*Resolved*, That the City Council, in remembrance and appreciation of the distinguished merit and high position of General Fitzhugh Lee as a Confederate

officer, and of his wisdom in council and liberality of sentiment since the war, do tender to him a public reception in the Council Chamber on Thursday, the 16th instant, at noon.

"*Resolved*, That the City Council in like manner will give a hearty welcome to the Rev. John Wm. Jones, one of the chaplains of the Army of Northern Virginia, now the Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, and tender him a public reception at the time and place first mentioned.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of five aldermen and five citizens be appointed by the Mayor to carry out these resolutions.

The Mayor appointed the following committee:

Alderman G. W. Dingle, A. B. Rose, B. L. White, Samuel Webb, P. Moran, and the following citizens: Captain F. W. Dawson, E. L. Wells, Esq., Captain James Simons, Asher D. Cohen, Esq., and Captain J. J. Wescott.

In accordance with the above resolutions we had a reception from twelve to two, during which a large number of the best people of Charleston (including a number of ladies) did us the honor to call, and be introduced by His Honor, Mayor Courtenay, who, by the way, was none the less courteous and cordial in all of his arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of his guests, because he had been a gallant Confederate soldier.

At two o'clock we were escorted into an elegant collation, spread in the city court room, and over which His Honor, the Mayor, gracefully presided. At the close of the feasting, Mayor Courtenay offered as a sentiment, "The State of Virginia, and her two distinguished and honored sons here with us."

General Fitzhugh Lee, amid oft repeated and enthusiastic applause, responded to the toast. After thanking the Mayor and the citizens of Charleston for the magnificent welcome which had been given him and his companion, Dr. Jones, General Lee said: "Although I stand for the first time beneath the blue sky which contains the sentinel stars that watch over the destinies of your people, I feel that I am not a stranger in a strange land, for I know full well that I stand within the hospitable walls of the Queen City of the Palmetto State. For many years I have had a warm spot in my heart for the people of South Carolina. When a cadet at the United States Academy many years ago, my room-mate was a South Carolinian, and during those four fiery years of trial, when the crimson tide of battle ebbed and flowed over the soil of the old Commonwealth of Virginia, when the war drums throbbed, and sheeted flashes flew from serried ranks of steel, I had two representatives from South Carolina on my personal staff—one my adjutant-general, and the other my chief of ordnance, Captain F. W. Dawson, then a gallant soldier, now an honored adopted son of South Carolina, a patriotic citizen of Charleston, who has played since the war so important a part in restoring equal rights and privileges to all the citizens of your State. It has been my fortune in the days gone by, often to have stood, as many of you have done, watching and waiting for the coming day, and as I have stood and watched and waited, I have seen the clouds gradually become brighter and brighter, until at last their tips were gilded with the coming sunshine, and the great orb of day would burst forth in all the splendor of his unclouded majesty. I think to day, that I may congratulate the people of South Carolina, that the dark clouds that have hung like a funeral pall over their State, have at last permanently drifted away before the new sun of peace and prosperity, whose rays are now gilding with a new glory her lovely hillsides and valleys. In the beautiful drama of Ion, when the death-devoted Greek is about to yield his life as a sacrifice to fate, he is asked by his Clemantheif they would ever meet again, and he responds I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that are eternal, of the clear streams that flow forever, of the stars amid whose azure fields my raised spirits have walked in glory, and they are dumb; but when I look upon thy living face I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet.

again Clemanthe! We shall meet again South Carolina—meet in better and happier days, meet when we once more feel a patriotic pride in knowing that we are citizens of a common country, entitled to all the rights and privileges of citizens of all other sections; meet when all traces of National hostile legislation are removed, and the Confederate soldier is the legal equal of the brave soldiers who fought against him. Then going forward with renewed patriotism, it will be their pleasant duty to contribute their humble share in restoring the ancient landmarks of the Republic, and in contributing their earnest efforts in making her what our fore-fathers intended she should be, “the glory of America and a blessing to humanity.” In that event, while the South is growing in material prosperity and wealth, in manufactures and commerce, she will look upon the National government with loving eyes, and will exclaim from the very veins of her heart, “Thy gentleness hath made me great!”

Gentleman of Charleston: For your kind hospitality, and for this magnificent reception, I beg to tender you my most heartfelt thanks. [Loud applause.]

We quote from the *News and Courier* a part of its full and admirable report of General Lee's lecture that night:

“The magnificent audience which assembled in Hibernian Hall last evening to hear the lecture of General Fitzhugh Lee spoke in tones louder than words the high esteem in which the lecturer is held and how dear to the hearts of the people of Charleston is the sacred cause in which he is laboring. A larger and more brilliant assemblage has rarely before been gathered together in Charleston. At 8 o'clock General Lee and Dr. Jones, in charge of a committee, arrived at the Hall and were escorted through double ranks of the cadets of the State Military Academy who were drawn up in the rotunda. A few minutes later General Lee, leaning upon the arm of Mayor Courtenay, and followed by a large number of prominent citizens, entered the Hall and ascended the stage amidst loud applause. Upon the stage with the lecturer were seated Dr. J. William Jones, Mayor Courtenay, Judge Bryan, Major Buist, Rev. John Johnson, General Siegling, Colonel Edward McCrady, General B. H. Rutledge, Captain F. W. Dawson, Colonel J. P. Thomas, Aldermen Fehan, Dingle, and Webb, Mr. J. H. Harleston, Mr. Edward Wells, Captain James Simons, Mr. Asher D. Cohen, Colonel Zimmerman Davis, Colonel Wm. M. Bruns, and Captain Wm. Aiken Kelly.

“Mayor Courtenay presided and at his request the Rev. John Johnson offered a prayer.

“Mayor Courtenay then came forward and introduced General Lee to the audience. In doing so he said:

“*Ladies and Gentlemen.*—We have assembled this evening to extend a warm welcome to our friends from Virginia, and to encourage them in an important work they are doing—the preservation of the Southern records of the war between the States. I know of no place in the South where General Lee's presence and appeal should be received with more attention than in Charleston, for while within sight of our steeples great events have happened and heroic deeds been enacted, the permanent narrative which is to perpetuate the valor and virtue of a disastrous period has not yet been written. The best and most protracted defence of a fortified place, since the siege of Troy, was made in our harbor; the courage and persistency of the besiegers has been long ago told, but, alas! the story of the three hundred who fought and held the fort is yet unrecorded. We keep in our minds and in our hearts remembrance of these things, and affection for the actors

in that great war drama, but ere the survivors pass away and nothing but tradition remain to those who come after us, let us make our record of these military events. The day will come when this great Union of States will recognize the wondrous glories of the late civil strife; then the names of our heroes will be inscribed on the common roll of illustrious sons worthy of love and reverence. In England, the White and Red Roses of York and Lancaster bloom on the same stem, and the genius and services of Cavalier and Roundhead, of Jacobite and Hanoverian, each working out the destinies of this nation in his own way and according to his own conscience, are equal now in public honor and remembrance, and if from English history the names of so called English traitors were stricken off, much of her glorious record would be lost. Our Southern communities, self confident, in some respect careless of their historic record, need this Southern Historical Society for this special work, and it is with great pleasure that I present to you General Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia.'

"General Lee arose amid a burst of applause, which lasted for some moments, and as soon as he could be heard commenced the delivery of his lecture."

After a full synopsis of the lecture, for which we have not space, the *News and Courier* thus concluded its appreciative notice:

"His summing up of the results of the campaign, and quiet humor over Hooker's famous general order, contained some very fine touches. His closing eulogy on Stonewall Jackson, was an eloquent tribute from a gallant and able soldier to one of the great military geniuses of all history.

"The lecture was, in a word, an able military criticism of a great campaign, a vivid description of interesting movements, and an eloquent tribute to the skill of our leaders, and the heroism of our men which emblazoned "Chancellorsville" on the tattered battle flag of the Army of Northern Virginia.

"General Lee spoke throughout in a strong, clear voice, and his every word could be heard in the most remote parts of the hall. The closest attention was paid to the speaker, and all the finer passages of the lecture were received with warm and generous applause. At the close of the lecture, Dr. Jones, in a few well chosen words, thanked the people of Charleston for the more than cordial manner in which they had received General Lee and himself, and for the magnificent audience which had greeted the lecturer. He expressed also his particular gratification at the official recognition of the work of his Society, which had been so frankly vouchsafed by the city authorities. Those who desired to aid the Society further by subscription to the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, he referred to Colonel Zimmerman Davis, the Charleston agent of the Southern Historical Society."

After the lecture we fell into the hands of "an old cavalryman," (Mr. E. L. Wells,) who spread for us one of the most elegant suppers we ever saw, which was seasoned until "the wee sma' hours" with delightful converse and congenial company.

At ten o'clock the next morning the committee took charge of us again, and we had a most delightful excursion to the historic points of Charleston harbor,—Moultrie, Sumter, Morris Island, &c.—the time passing away most charmingly as a number of Confederate veterans pointed out to us everything of interest, and recalled reminiscences of thrilling or ludicrous incidents in the ever memorable defence of Charleston.

We spent an hour in Sumter, with the rare advantage of having with us the first commandant of the fort during the siege (Colonel Rhett), its last commandant (Major T. A. Huegenin), and the present United States engineer officer in charge (Captain Post),—all of whom were very polite in explaining everything to us. We came away more impressed than ever with the heroic skill and indomitable pluck with which Sumter and Charleston were held to the last, and more anxious than ever to see in print the history of the siege which our old college friend, Major John Johnson, (now Rev. John Johnson, of Charleston), the engineer officer in charge of Sumter, has nearly completed. We hope we have arranged with a competent writer for a series of papers on the siege of Charleston.

An elegant collation on the steamer closed a charming day, and after adieus to our kind friends, and further delicate courtesies from Captain Dawson and his good wife, we were off for Atlanta.

Our printers warn us that our space is now very limited, and we can barely allude to much that we had purposed saying.

We received many courtesies from friends in Atlanta, were elegantly entertained at the Kimbal House by mine hosts Scoville and Terry, and General Lee had a very appreciative audience to hear his lecture.

In Savannah we had another grand ovation; but we will be compelled to postpone, until our next, a notice of that, and of a number of points of historic interest in the beautiful "Forest City." It must suffice to say now that the Messrs. Goodsell gave us elegant quarters and entertainment at the Pulaski House—that the committee had made every arrangement for our pleasure, and for the success of the lecture, that we were driven all over the city (in beautiful carriages kindly tendered us by Messrs A. W. Harmon and Luke Carson)—that the Savannah theatre was crowded with the best people of the city, who heard General Lee's lecture with enthusiastic appreciation—that the banquet given General Lee by the famous old Chatham Artillery, was a superb affair—that the reception at the City Exchange, under the courteous management of His Honor, Mayor Wheaton, was very pleasant—and that our visit to Savannah was in every respect as charming as possible.

And so we can only say now, that our visits to Augusta, Athens, Rome, and Greenville, S. C., were made very pleasant by our kind friends, and that the whole trip was a decided success, financially, and in every other respect.

Acknowledgments of all of the courtesies received would fill pages, but, reserving others for future mention, we must here thank Supt. J. R. Kenly, of the Richmond and Petersburg railroad; Supt. R. M. Sully, of the Petersburg railroad; President R. R. Bridges, of the Weldon and Wilmington, and Wilmington and Columbia railroads; John B. Peck, General Manager of the S. C. R. R.; Colonel J. W. Green, General Manager of the Georgia railroad; General E. P. Alexander, President of the Central & S. W. Ga. R. R.; Gov. Jos. E. Brown, President of the Atlantic and Western railroad; Dr. Hillyer, President of the Kingston and Rome railroad; Colonel W. J. Houston, General Ticket Agent Piedmont Air-Line; and Colonel T. M. R. Talcott, General Manager Richmond and Danville railroad, for courtesies which facilitated our journey, and enabled us to pass in comfort over their admirably managed lines.

But to General Fitz. Lee the Society is under the highest obligations for giving us so much of his valuable time in this "labor of love" for our good cause.

OUR REPORT OF REV. FATHER HUGH S. MCGIVNEY'S LECTURE in Baltimore for the benefit of the Southern Historical Society is crowded out of this issue, and we can only say now that it was an eloquent and effective lecture, before a very large and appreciative audience, and that our warmest thanks are due to the distinguished lecturer, as also to the efficient committee who worked it up so thoroughly and made of it a splendid financial success—enabling us to redeem the promise made in our annual report and now to declare the Society not only *out of debt*, but in better financial condition than ever before.

RENEWALS ARE NOW IN ORDER as this number closes the year, and we beg our friends to remit their subscription AT ONCE. And while sending your own please see if you cannot send us *at least one new subscription*.

A PERMANENT ENDOWMENT for the Southern Historical Society is not only a *desideratum* but an *absolute necessity* if we would accomplish even a small part of the work before us. This is clearly set forth in our annual report, and will be insisted upon from time to time. But the practical question is how shall we secure an endowment? There are several ways in which it can be done:

1. If the Legislature of each one of the late Confederate States would make even a small appropriation to this object, (under such proper restrictions as might be devised) the work would be at once, simply, and effectively, accomplished.

Will not our Vice-Presidents, and other friends in the several States think over the matter, and advise with us concerning it?

2. If some wealthy friend, or friends, could be found who would give us \$100,000, \$50,000, \$25,000, or \$10,000, that would solve the problem. And why can we not find the men (or women) who will do this? How could one better invest money for coming years than to link his (or her) name with this effort to vindicate the truth of History? We are looking for the men, or women, who can, *and will*, do this, and we beg our friends everywhere to help us in the search, and let us have the names.

3. In the course of time we can accumulate an endowment by the proceeds of lectures, small contributions, and the surplus of receipts over our current expenses. We have made an encouraging start. The recent tour of General Lee, the grand meeting in New Orleans last April, and the recent lecture of Father McGivney in Baltimore show what can be done by the zealous help of our friends, and we beg that in every quarter they will move in this direction. The Executive Committee have elected Judge George L. Christian—the gallant soldier, able jurist, and incorruptible gentleman—Treasurer and Manager of our Permanent Endowment Fund, and contributors may feel assured that the money could not possibly be in safer hands, or under better management.

PUSH ON THE WORK and let us be able to announce at an early day that an ample endowment is secured.

GENERAL GEORGE D. JOHNSTON has been doing noble work for the Society in Jackson, Vicksburg, Port Gibson, Yazoo City, Natchez, Columbus, and other points

in Mississippi. He writes us that General W. T. Martin (our able Vice-President for Mississippi) and Captain James W. Lambert of Natchez, Captain A. K. Jones of Port Gibson, Major E. T. Sykes and others of Columbus, and friends wherever he has been, have rendered him and the cause most efficient aid. He says that he has also been under many obligations for the kind and effective help of the press of Mississippi.

In Columbus he organized an Auxilliary Society, with the following officers: President, W. H. Sims; first Vice-President, W. C. Richards; Secretary, C. H. Cocke; Treasurer, Lewis Walberg. Vice-Presidents for Supervisors Districts: James L. Egger, J. O. Banks, A. S. Payne, J. H. Sharp, R. W. Banks. Executive Committee: E. T. Sykes, Chairman; J. M. Billups, J. E. Leigh, J. H. Field, W. D. Humphries, E. Gross, C. A. Johnston, A. J. Ervin, John A. Neilson.

General Johnston will visit several other points in Mississippi, and then, after a few days rest with his family, go to Arkansas, St. Louis, etc. We commend him to our friends wherever he may go as a gallant, genial gentleman, and the most efficient agent we ever knew.

MAJOR LACHLAND H. McINTOSH, our General Agent for Georgia, Alabama and Florida, has just sent us a list of subscribers from Savannah, which is, we trust, an earnest of many more to follow. It was a great pleasure to have the Major with us in Atlanta and Savannah on our recent tour, and to know personally the accomplished gentleman who represents us in these States.

COLONEL H. D. CAPERS has just entered upon an agency for the Society in Tennessee and Kentucky, and we cordially commend him to the friends of the cause among whom he may labor.

LITERARY NOTICES.

POEMS OF PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE—COMPLETE EDITION—WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. We have received from the Publishers this superb specimen of the Book-maker's art, of which, (reserving a full review for a future number) we can only say now that it presents the sweet poems of our Southern bard in most attractive form and we really know of no more appropriate gift book for the approaching holidays than this beautiful volume which is sold for \$4, \$5, \$7, or \$10 according to binding. Agents are wanted everywhere.

THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS lose none of their attractions as the months and years go on. The former maintains its well earned reputation as a really first class family Magazine, and as for *St. Nicholas* we would leave it to any intelligent boy or girl in the land, who has had the privilege of reading it to say if there is anything in this country or in Europe at all comparable to it. Our boys pronounce the December (Christmas) number, "Just splendid, the best one yet out."

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, (Louisville, Ky.) for November, is full of good things, and we again bid it a hearty God speed!

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